TALES OF OUR KINSFOLK

PAST AND PRESENT

THE STORY OF

Our Butler Ancestors

FOR TEN GENERATIONS

FROM

1602 —TO— 1919

BY

HENRY LANGDON BUTLER

NEW YORK
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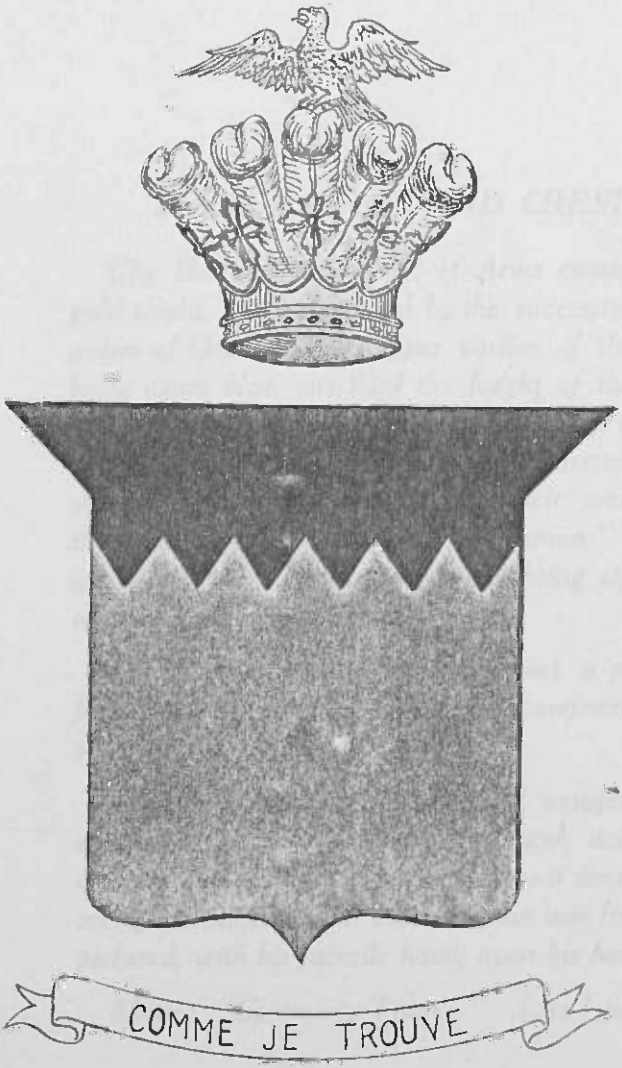


Butler

The
BUTLER ARMS AND CREST

The Butler family Coat-of-Arms consists of a gold shield, which was used by the successive Marquises of Ormonde; the upper portion of the shield being azure blue, one-third the height of the shield and separated from the lower portion by an indented contour, like the teeth of a saw. In various deeds, still in possession of descendants, their mention of the name is always qualified "gentleman," the use of such word in a deed at that time being significant of their right to coat armor.

Crest: Out of a gold ducal coronet, a plume of five silver ostrich feathers. Issuing therefrom a rising silver falcon.

Falconry was one of the principal amusements of our ancestors. A man of social rank was rarely seen without his falcon: so much was it considered a mark of distinction that the nobleman was frequently pictured, with his favorite hawk upon his hand.

Motto: "Comme je Trouve." (As I find.)

Mary S. Butler.

91 years of age on May 23, 1919

From a photograph made in the summer of 1913

A notable figure in the Butler family

With rare vitality, remarkable personality, admired by a large circle of friends and by her relatives unanimously beloved, from sons and daughters to her eighteenth great-grandchild.

To my grandmother

Mary Scudder Stryker Butler

these pages are affectionately dedicated;

the evidence of
whose righteous life,
steadfast character and unfailing
devotion to her family, inspires and permeates
this whole volume and fills it with memories which will
ever linger as the sweet scent of roses.

—H. L. B.

FOREWORD

THE history of the Butler family is before you. It would be a pleasure to state that it is absolutely complete, but it is not. If the information herein contained meets with the approval of the Butler family now living and those yet unborn, the author will feel repaid for the time and expenditure it has entailed. So many of the family have encouraged and assisted him in the writing and preparation of the book and patiently watched its progress, the writer feels that but little credit belongs to him. In bygone days the story of men's lives was not told in the genealogical books, because it was not thought worth while to record anything unless a man had been a king among men, or had fought in a great battle.

All life is a great battle and we believe that the narrative of human lives is worthy of being told.

The purpose of this work has been to trace the rise and progress of the Butler family, from the time its first representatives set foot upon American soil. The early history of our forefathers is one of peril and privation and of patient industry.

Our ancestors were earnest, hardy and fearless men who in addition to the labors of pioneers were obliged to guard their humble firesides from the prowling wolf and stealthy savage. The annals of such a people and their successors cannot be devoid of interest to anyone.

Resplendent in the beginning, their nobility of blood has been carried downward pure and unstained. Not all of their descendants have been distinguished, as the world goes—the majority of them have been contented with modest lives—but they have been good citizens and faithful Americans.

In giving considerable space to the adventures, experiences and mode of life of the pioneers, the endeavor is not merely to

make the narrative more attractive to the reader, but to reproduce the spirit of those times and to emphasize the debt we owe to those early settlers. The object of the book is to awaken in the reader a greater thought of the life and character of our kinsfolk and to foster a keener desire for knowledge and information concerning them.

Influenced by a wish to preserve some record of the scenes, buildings, anecdotes and history of our own family and moved by an ancestral reverence and desire to preserve from oblivion some of the interesting and beautiful characters of our kindred, we have sought to make them live again in our minds and to introduce them to those who have not been permitted to know them more intimately, thus serving to unite the present with the past.

Histories of men are frequently written, but that personal note is not always conspicuous in them and in some cases seems to be omitted entirely.

The effort is here made to furnish some of those side-lights by means of which individuality in human portraiture may be detected and in the other lighter and more playful quality of which are recognized or recalled those more endearing characteristics of persons, which make them widely remembered and genuinely loved.

Much of the material given herein has been obtained from contributors who write of memories still vivid, particularly from Mrs. Henry L. Butler, the good fortune of whose excellent memory for names, dates and other details of family interest has furnished a veritable repository of family history and provides a unique and valuable record of the period in which she lived, which covers nearly a century.

Drawing upon this remarkable faculty for remembering so many things she has tinged the pages of this book in many places with the color and glow of reminiscence. In no other way could much of the information which is now vouchsafed and preserved to future generations be obtained, and to her we are all

indebted, for otherwise the record would have been lost forever. The writer desires to express his grateful acknowledgements to all those who have so greatly aided in the undertaking; for many of the interesting traditions and items of family history I cheerfully accord the credit to others; especially to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roome Parmele, to Mrs. T. Linton Alburger, and to my wife's mother, Mrs. D. C. Pinney of Brooklyn, whose tireless efforts in original genealogical research have so materially helped to make this volume possible.

Having brought to light so much interesting material from many different sources, it would seem unfortunate if this collection were not given to every member of the family who cared to know, instead of living out their days with only a few fragments of facts about their own immediate relatives.

As a usual thing genealogies are dry, dusty and uninteresting compendiums of births, marriages and deaths and afford no more enjoyable reading than the pages of an encyclopaedia or a dictionary.

It has been the writer's aim to make the contents of this volume as unlike the conventional genealogy as possible, and to that end it has been designed to be, so to speak, a true family story and picture book of the personalities of preceding generations; their life, activities and the times in which they lived.

History is the study of the life of our ancestors and of the growth of institutions which we enjoy.

Every generation of men is built upon the achievements of the preceding generation. The civilization of the present rests entirely on the past. There are few things indeed that we use in our every-day life for which we are not indebted to the past.

If you sit down to write a letter, the pen you use, the chair on which you sit and the clothes you wear are the products of machinery that took centuries to develop, and the alphabet you use is the inheritance of thousands of years. We live more comfortably than our ancestors only because we have added to what they bequeathed us. Each generation adds a little to what

it receives from the past, and thus the conditions of the present rest on the accumulated inheritance of the ages.

The fifth commandment of the Mosaic law was, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Whoever writes his father's name on his father's tombstone is primarily a genealogist. He shows the germ of an inherent sense of perpetuating indelibly, as far back as possible, the names and dates in connection with his lineal ancestors.

But why does that man or woman limit genealogical interest to the record in his family Bible, or depend upon verbal traditions wholly, to keep alive the memory of his forefathers?

In America we too often let each generation come and go with scarcely any record of the worthy men and devoted women who have adorned the home-circle.

He who forgets the past has no claim to be remembered by the future. It is Marshall P. Wilder who says:

> "Who is so dead to sympathy and affection, to kindred and country, that would not preserve the record of his ancestors; the place of his birth, the home of his childhood and the sacred spot where repose the loved and lost ones of earth."

"The trouble with So and So," said a gentleman, in speaking to a friend of a certain official, "is that he has too much blue blood and too little red blood." It was an apt characterization.

Blue blood is a good thing to have in one's background; but red blood is a better thing to have in one's foreground. To have been well born is a fortunate thing; but to live up to its motto, "*noblesse oblige*," is still more to be desired.

Tahan, a half-breed Osage Indian, whose father, a white man, "California Joe," was one of Custer's scouts, has a lecture called "From Savagery to Civilization." He wears a full set of Indian togs, blanket, moccasins, fringed trousers and all that, but he is a highly civilized and witty person, as this extract from

his lecture, reported by The Indianapolis News, more than shows:

> I recently addressed the Boston Art Club. The gentleman who introduced me boasted of his ancestry. Some of them had come over in the Mayflower. Then I had the pleasure of telling him that though I could not boast of any of my ancestors coming over in the Mayflower, some of them were probably on the reception committee.

Thus, while it is perceived that the descendants of folks who came to Provincetown, Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay do well to praise and magnify their ancestors, yet they are old only by comparison. The "real old American families" were the Tawnies, as Cotton Mather calls them, the copper-colored gentlemen, with high cheek bones, who served on a good many "reception committees," and were a little careless with tomahawks and firearms. Osages, Comanches, Pequots, Apaches and the rest, from Asia by way of the Aleutian Islands, these and their descendants are the old American families.

Thanks to *Tahan* for reminding us of it again.

We repudiate the idea that there is any honor in searching for an illustrious ancestry as a means of covering a multitude of transgressions, yet it is true that the upright son of a worthy ancestry possesses an enviable heritage. To belong to a good family, whose fair fame he has himself not tarnished, is not, however, an advantage for which anyone can take credit to himself. It *gives him* credit.

In the eloquent words of Edward Everett, "the sacred tie of family which, reaching backward and forward binds the generations of men together and creates an indelinable pride, which leads the Americans of the present day to talk of the victories *we* gained over the enemy at Lake Erie or Gettysburg and teaches us to duly honor the memories of our forefathers who, like ourselves, were fashioned in the image of the Divine One who has fashioned the leaf that unfolded itself last Spring in

the same pattern of the leaf which was bathed in the dews of Paradise on the morning of Creation."

Our country is the home of our earthly existence; of all its affections, of all its ties of kindred and friendship, of all its joys and sorrows, of all its prospects and hopes.

No soil on earth is like the natal soil, no fields are like those where our childhood has played and our manhood labored; no ground as holy as that where we took our birth and which shall hold our sleeping dust; where our children were born and shall live after us.

"He who careth not whence he came, careth little whither he goeth."

Thus the fortunes of successive geoerations are woven together in that bond which we call country, and nothing in its future or its past can be indifferent to us, till we are indifferent to ourselves.

If we have had ancestors who have bravely met the struggles and vicissitudes of the early days, they deserve to be remembered; not that we have anything extravagant to say of their merits. They were good men and true women, who did the duty of the hour. They made their contribution in their day and generation to the Christiao inheritanee and have left us the heritage of their example, which it is our part to carry forward and make better through generations to come, for a good name is more to be desired than great riches. The great poet Cowper has said:

My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The son of parents passed into the skies.

The perpetuity of a family depends upon the character of its collective members, and their integrity, goodness and loyalty as individuals. So in like manoer, the perpetuity of our country as a nation will depend upon our fidelity in *maintaining* the

moral and religious principles of our fathers, who builded better than they knew and whose influence still prevails in so many things for the development of the best in humanity.

In conclusion, the writer desires to say that this book is not a perfect genealogy. While accuracy and veracity have been the constant aim, there are bound to be some omissions and errors of dates or facts in it. To make such a book an object of absolute reliability would require years of very expensive research. It is, however, a substantially complete and reliable history of the family, which for about 300 years has been associated with the life and history of this country, and it is published with the assurance that it has been a labor of affection as well as of duty. It is the result of much time, energy and devoted effort, and is offered with the hope that it will be accepted in a spirit charitably disposed.

H. LANGDON BUTLER.

PAGE
14
MISSING

Chapter I.

ORIGIN OF THE BUTLER NAME.

In the earliest times a single name was sufficient for each individual and that name was generally invented for the person; the books of the Old Testament, as well as Greek and Roman history, furnish many instances of this; in Biblical times the twelve Apostles were known simply as Matthew, Luke or John; they had no other names, or if they had, history has failed to reveal them.

At the time of the Crusades in the 13th Century, or shortly before it, a total change in the system of names became indispensable and hereditary surnames were at first written not on the same line with the Christian or given name, but above it. This was done for the purpose of distinguishing from each other, persons who bore a common apellative.

Surnames were selected which represented some identifying or descriptive characteristic which appealed at once to the popular understanding. Oftentimes it was the trade or occupation of the recipient, such as Miller, Smith, Mason, Cooper, Tailor, Waterman, Shoemaker or Schumacher, the German equivalent; or perhaps the surname was identified by reference to the place of residence, such as Underhill, Woodhouse, Field, Rockledge, etc. John of Folkstone became contracted to Johnstone. Again, the nationality was utilized, and we find such names as Welch, Scott and French; relationship was used extensively. Robertson was obviously the son of Robert and similarly Adamson, Williamson, Frederickson and MacDonald, the prefix Mac being the early Scotch form for sire. In 1465 Irishmen were required by act of Parliament to take surnames from the name of a town, color, art or science. This Act directed every Irishman "whom it concerns, to take to him an English surname of one towne, as Sutton, Chester, Cooke, Kinsale; or colour as white, blacke,

browne, or arte or seience as Smith or Carpenter, and that he and his issue shall use this name under payne of forfeyting of his goods yearely till the premises be done." The original statute is:

> "Intituled an Act, that the Irish men dwelling in the Counties of Dublin, Myeth, Uriell and Kildare, shall goe apparelled like Englishmen, and weare their beards after the English maner, sweare allegeance and take English surname."
>
> (5Edw.IV.1465.) Rot.Parl., c 16.

More recently it has been the custom for people to have names of two distinctions; one being the family surname or patronymic acquired at birth and the other a given or so-called Christian name, usually selected by the child's parents.

A world of hidden history therefore lies within the significance of a name, and of all the thousands of family names scarcely one has been given in vain; each had a meaning originally; there are deeds of forgotten valor that are summed up in a word—there are trivial incidents that have named generations of men and women.

The question then arises, "Whence came the name of Butler and how did it originate?"

The name of Butler is of Irish origin.

John C. Hart, in his "Irish Pedigrees," says: "The ancestors of the Butlers came from Normandy to England with William the Conqueror."

Their original name was Walter.

One of their ancestors, Theobald, came to Ireland with Henry II, in 1172; upon him was conferred the hereditary dignity of Chief Butlership of Ireland, the duty attached to which was to attend at the coronation of the kings of England and present them with the first cup of wine. From the office of Butlership of Ireland they took the name of Butler.

Theobald Walter was possessed of the baronies of Upper and Lower Ormande, as well as of numerous other places. His son and heir, Theobald, was the first to assume the name of Butler in 1221. He was known as Lord Ormonde of Kilkenny Castle, Ireland; his brother was Hubert Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the time of Richard Coeur de Lion.

In the reign of Edward III, Tipperary was formed into the "County Palatine of Ormond," under the Butlers, who thus became so powerful that different branches of them furnished many distinguished families in Ireland. They became Earls, Marquises and Dukes of Ormond.

Irish antiquarians give a line of 21 barons, earls, marquises and Dukes of Ormond, down to 1708.

The history of the house of BUTLER of Ormond, we learn from "Burke's Peerage," is in point of fact the history of Ireland, from the time of the Anglo-Norman invasion. At the head of the great nobility of that country have ever stood the Butlers and the FitzGeralds.

The family Coat-of-Arms is traceable back to the Twelfth Century. This consists of a blue shield, which was very plain, showing that not only was the family an ancient one, but one of its owners at least took part in one of the Crusades.

Later as the science of heraldry progressed they added a crest with ducal coronet above the shield, surmounted with a plume of five ostrich feathers, upon which a falcon alights with outstretched wings. The family motto is "Comme je trouve" (as I find). Many of the Butlers loyal to the Stuarts, who were the hereditary stewards of the Crown of Scotland, followed James the Pretender into exile in France, where we find the name Le Boutellier, this being the French equivalent.

One branch of the family (whose descendants reside at present in Baltimore and Annapolis) came over with Lafayette to march in the cause of American freedom.

HOW TO TRACE YOUR PEDIGREE.

GENEALOGY is the art or science of tracing families to or from their ancestors.

Pedigrees may be traced in two ways, either forward or backward. The forward system is the one most commonly used, and is referred to as ascendant genealogy. Descendant genealogy, which is also in use at the present time, makes comparatively easy the establishment of records which are too frequently overlooked and consequently in the course of time are lost.

Ascendant genealogy begins with the immigrant ancestor, who may be any number of generations back—although in America ten generations is as high as pedigrees reach, as a rule.

Descendant genealogy starts with the present and traces the pedigree back, generation by generation, to the immigrant ancestor, if possible.

Difficulties when encountered may be solved in a number of different ways, according to the circumstances of the ancestor hunter and the difficulties involved.

A visit to the place where the earliest known member of the family came from is generally productive of information that is a valuable start. Many persons take genealogical automobile trips through long settled towns where ancestors were known to have lived.

Sometimes writing to the church parish to which the ancestor belonged will bring some results, from names upon the old church records, and there may also be names and dates on old tombstones in village graveyards which will prove connecting links.

Each year a greater number of these parish records are being published, so that there is always a possibility of stumbling upon such information in a library, although such good fortune is not frequent at the beginning, until the family history hunter has become more accustomed to the methods of library search and

is acquainted with the class and character of volumes in which the information sought would be most likely to occur.

A quest through the wills and deeds of a county register's office is often rewarded with success.

Errors in dates are easy to make and difficult to correct, the exercise of extreme care and common sense in the matter of dates is therefore essential.

The fact that two systems of dates, which are described on page 50, prevailed in colonial times also gives trouble to amateurs.

Christian names are apt to be repeated from one generation to another, a fact which should be borne well in mind. In many families of English origin the custom of giving the eldest son the name of his father and grandfather is frequently followed, and it is not unusual to find a high school boy writing his name as John Robinson 3rd or even 4th. It is probable that the first son of a man so named will also be called John.

Not the least of the difficulties encountered in tracing family names is illustrated by the following incident:

In November, 1918, while Major Butler was serving in the War Department in Washington, a young man entered the office bringing a letter of introduction from the Acting Adjutant General of New York.

In substance, the letter recited that the bearer, Mr. Jacob E. Butler, desired very much to enter the army, and sought advice as to what particular branch of the military service his past experience and business qualifications would best fit him for. "The name should appeal to you," the letter said. The young man was employed by his father, who owned a number of retail clothing stores in the upper counties of New York State.

While discussing the probabilities of his military future, Major Butler had noticed that the cast of features and characteristics were unmistakably those of an Israelite.

"By the way, Mr. Butler," said the Major, "from what branch of the Butler family do you come?"

"Well, we haf lived in Troy for seferal years."

"What was your grandfather's name?" asked Major Butler.

"Abraham. My grandfater came ofer from Russia when he was a boy, but he had his name changed from Budkar to Butler."

Mr. Chas. E. Potter says: "Biography is generally considered to be one of the most instructive and delightful forms of literature, and there is no reason why the history of a family should be less worthy of preservation than the career of an individual."

Doubtless family histories are too often mere genealogical compilations of dry statistics of births, marriages and deaths, and yet when the history of a family is the history of the great events of a nation and portrays those virtues which have made mankind better and happier, then the natural pride which loves to pay tribute to the living and a memorial to those who have passed on may find becoming expression in a permanent form, and such a history it is the compiler's earnest purpose to produce.

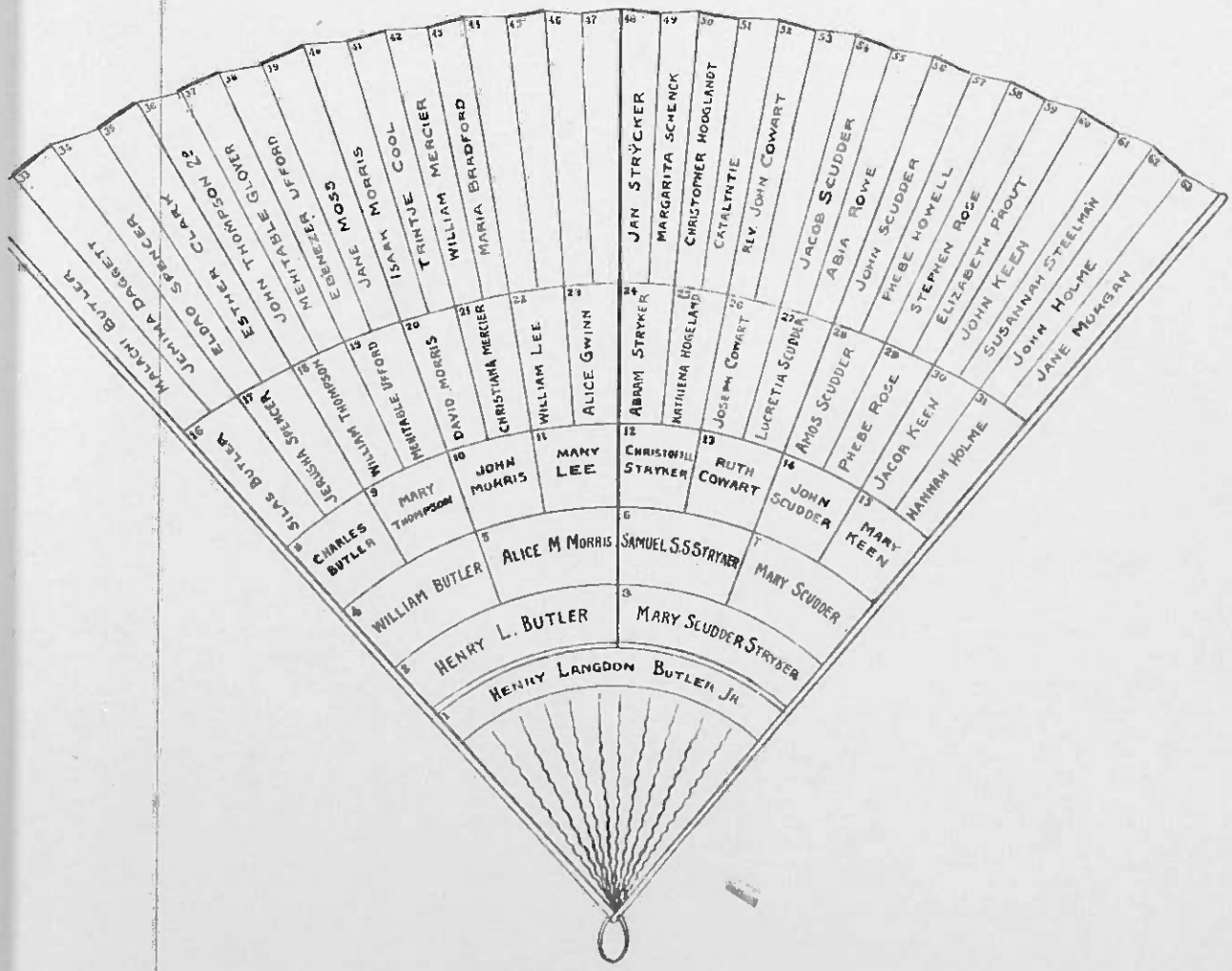
The population which settled New England and made it prosperous and enlightened was of heroic stock; it has been said that "God sifted a whole nation that He might send choice seed into the wilderness." Since Nicholas Butler sailed from England in 1637 and gave settlement to Dorchester and Martha's Vineyard, there has never been a period in the history of the country in which his descendants have not been worthy, loyal and true in their several vocations, in the councils and ministrations of the Church, and when their country needed them, on the field of battle. Not all have been distinguished, but they have exemplified those virtues of mind and heart which founded and preserved the Republic, nor has the lapse of years wrought degeneration of the blood.

It is not given to all men to be great, and all men do not choose to be good, but the compiler of this volume will be disappointed if it does not justify and stimulate an honest pride in the name of Butler among those who bear it and in the contemplation of such examples does it not encourage imitation?

OUR AMERICAN ANCESTRY.

Any present member of the family may determine his or her lineage by substituting the name of a brother or sister of corresponding generation for any name in the following list:

1st generation—NICHOLAS BUTLER,
2nd generation—JOHN BUTLER,
3rd generation—JOHN BUTLER, JR.,
4th generation—MALACHI BUTLER,
5th generation—SILAS BUTLER,
6th generation—CHARLES BUTLER,
7th generation—WILLIAM BUTLER,
8th generation—HENRY L. BUTLER,
9th generation—MARY S. ALBURGER,
10th generation—T. LINTON ALBURGER, JR.
11th generation—* * * * *



THE FAMILY FAN

A tabular scheme for showing at a glance the name and place in the family ancestry of direct previous generations.

THE FAMILY FAN.

A tabular scheme for showing at a glance the name and place in our family ancestry of previous generations.

The purpose of this fan is to show our lineal descent for seven generations.

It is obvious that our direct ancestors double in each receding generation, that is, each of us has two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, sixteen great-great-grandparents, and so on in arithmetical progression, back to the beginning of human existence.

To one who has never made the calculation, it will come as an astonishing fact, that carried back only thirty generations, or to the time of William the Conqueror, every man and woman of today had in that era the number of 1,073,741,824 ancestors all of an equal degree of kinship to him or her.

At the base of the fan appears the name of Henry Langdon Butler, Jr. The name of any brother or sister of his may be substituted in the same space with equal application.

It is interesting to note the relative positions of the various families which for over two hundred years have blended into our present day and generation. This fan enables one to locate precisely the entry into the family of such well known names as Stryker, Morris, Keen, Scudder and others.

In the two spaces just above space No. 1, appear the names of the parents of Henry Langdon Butler, Jr.

The heavy vertical line in the center separates his paternal ancestors from the maternal.

Space No. 2 has a dividing line above it, containing the names of the parents of Henry L. Butler.

Space No. 3 is similarly divided for the names of the parents of his wife, Mary S. Stryker, and this same process is repeated for all the lineal ancestors, back to about the year 1700.

After the most painstaking effort, no trace can be found as to the names of the parents of William Lee and Alice Gwinn, whose names should appear in spaces 44 to 47.

The name of the mother of Joseph Cowart (space 59), could not be ascertained.

Chapter II.

The First American Generation.

NICHOLAS BUTLER.

Once upon a time, nearly three hundred years ago, a certain man in England decided to make a very great and hazardous journey. We do not know what his religion or politics were, nor why he decided to risk his life and limb in a queer looking sailing vessel called the "*Hercules,*" but he did, and in a remarkable volume entitled "Collections from an History of Sandwich.* in Kent," published at Canterbury, England, in 1792, by William Boys,—a copy of which may be seen at any time in the N. Y. Public Library, at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City,—may be found on page 752 the earliest known record of the first ancestor of our line to emigrate to America.

His name is NICHOLAS BUTLER, and in the above record is also found the transcript of a certificate, under the seal of the office of Mayoralty, dated 9th june 1637, for the embarkation of 80 passengers entitled—

> A LIST or regifter of all fuch perfons as embarked themfelves in the good fhip called the *Hercules* of Sandwich, of the burthen of 200 tons, John Witherly maſter,

---

*Sandwich is a corn and cattle-market town and municipal borough in County Kent, in the extreme southeastern part of England. It is located 86½ miles east of London on the River Stour and 2½ miles from the sea, near an arm of the Strait of Dover, called Pegwell Bay.

It continued to be a port of great note until the reign of Edward VI, 1547-1553, when the harbor became choked up with sand.

The curfew is still rung there at old St. Peter's Church. The establishment of the Southeastern & Chatham Railway rescued Sandwich from the decay into which it had fallen in the earlier part of the 19th century. The architecture of the houses is strikingly antique.

Since 1847, the harbor has been improved and trade has consequently revived. Tanning and wool-sorting are carried on principally.

and therein tranſported from Sandwich to the plantation called New England in America; with the certificate from the miniſters where they laſt dwelt of their converſation, and conformity to the orders and diſcipline of the church, and that they had taken the oath of allegiance and ſupremacy.

Among the passenger list of the *Hercules*, which contains the names of 15 men, 12 women, 31 children and 22 servants, we find that of

NICHOLAS BUTLER of Eastwell, yeoman, and Joice his wife, 3 children, 5 ſervants.

Turning to the list given on page 21, we can trace his lineal descendants through eleven generations, down to the present time.

In this same vessel with Nicholas Butler were Edward Johnson, Thomas Starr and many others who became prominent in the new settlements.

Nicholas Butler had a grant of land in Dorchester, Mass., in 1637, was made freeman Mar. 14, 1638-39; was a proprietor in the "great lots" in 1647; was a Deputy to the Great and General Court of the Massachusetts Bay, 1651.

On the 15th of the 8th month, in the Dorchester Book of Records is written:

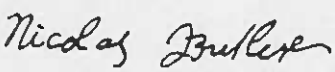
"Know ye, all Christian people, unto whom these p̄ſents shall come, that I, Nicholas Butler, do depute and ordayne my well beloved son, John Butler to be my lawful attorney and in my stead, to buy and to sell, to take and to pay and to sew at the law to receaver Debtes and make diſcharges and to act in all lawfull actions in as full and ample manir, as I my ſelfe cold doe, as well in matter of ſale of land as in aney thinge elſe.

Witneſs my hand and ſeale, dated this 15th of the 8 mo: 54.

NI Butler.

Signes ſealed and delieured
in the p̄ſents of vs
Thomas Mayhew senior Philip Taber"

The following autograph of Nicholas Butler, the first in America of our branch of the family, written in 1653, was taken from a deed in the land records of Martha's Vineyard, Mass., where he lived for twenty years:



SIGNATURE OF NICHOLAS BUTLER.
The first one of our branch of the family to come to America.

On the 21st day of the second month, 1652. Nicholas Butler, then of Martha's Vineyard, "gent'," sold to William Ware of Dorchester ten acres of land "in a certanje Inclosure in Roxbury (Mass.) called or knowne by the name of Nichilas Butler's oxe pasture, a parcell of twenty-five acres within the said enclosure, which he, the sajd Niccolas Butler, purchased of John Johnson of Roxbury, one side lying next the country high way that leadeth from Braintrje through Roxbury and so to Boston, towards the West or Norwest, one end butts vpon the land of Edward Riggs, towards the south or Southwest, the other end butts vppon an highway anncienty so accounted though neuer in use towards the east or southeast. . . . . Provided that for and in consideration of such a prise for the said tenn acres of land, as betweene them, the sajd Nicholas and willjam ware as is Agreed to be pajd by the sajd william ware or his Assignes vnto the sajd Nicholas . . . . that he, the sajd Nicholas and his heires . . . . . shall immediately after the date heereof make & sufficiently majntajne halfe the fence betweene the sajd tenn acres of land now Alienated. . . . . the true intent and meaning of both graunte and graunter, that this sajd proportion of fence is, and foreuer heerafter shall be charged vppon the sajd Remainder of the land now in the possession of the sajd Nicholas Butler or his Assignes to be made and kept . . . . . foreuer. This sale was acknowledged by Nicholas Butler 21, 2: 1652."

In 1651 he deputed to his son John the power of attorney and removed to Martha's Vineyard, off the southeastern coast of Massachusetts, in the same year, 1651, and resided there until his death in 1671.

When he went to Martha's Vineyard he was well into middle life, being about 55 years of age, though the date of his birth is not definitely known, yet the knowledge existing of his children's ages enables us to fix his birth approximately between the years 1595-1600.

That he was a man considerably above the social average is shown by the fact that his son, Henry, was a graduate of Harvard College (class of 1651), and this standing was at once recognized in his new home, for he became in 1653 one of the five magistrates for Massachusetts, and was twice re-elected.

His homestead lot, in Martha's Vineyard, was near Swimming Place Point, and consisted of 20 acres. Here he lived, having as a next northerly neighbor his son John, from whom descends all the numerous Butler generations on that island.

That he became an old and feeble man seems to be clearly evidenced by the curious reference to the "mark" which he used to indicate his signature on his will and the statement that "his sight, as it were gon."

On Aug. 12th, 1671, the day before he died, he made the following will:

"This doth testifie that I, Nicholas Butler, Being at present sound in Memory doe now by this my last will, give my estate whatsoever that I left after I shall be buried like a Christian, wholly unto my wife Joice Butler uppon serious consideration, looking to dispose of to hir children and my children as she shall for good and heereunto I praise (God) being of sound memorie as aforesaid, I do witness with my hand this 12th August 1671.

This will is witnessed by
us Thomas Mayhew
Thomas Birchard

the mark of
Nicholas Norton

His sight as it were
gon

The mark of
Nicholas Butler.

Mrs. Joyce Butler is By the Worshipful Governor and Assistants, sitting in Court this 26th day of June 1672 admitted: Administratrix and executrix uppon the Estate of Mr. Nicholas Butler, deceased.

His inventory comprised a house, commons, thirty-five pieces of pewter, a silver "boule," brass candlesticks, etc., all of which betoken a man of goodly property. In early Colonial times but very few men were styled Mr., the ordinary term was goodman. Among a list of names of those who on Aug. 16, 1662, voted that they would "follow Thomas Bayes as leader for the safety of the town" is that of Mr. Butler.

Mrs. Joyce Butler's will is as follows:

"I, Joice Butler, being through God's blessing at present of sound memory and understanding, doe make this my last will and Testament: Revoking all former whatsoever: and first my will is and I will and bequeath to my Son Henrie Butler my Silver Boule, and a carpet & each of his three Sonnes, one Silver Spone— Nextly I will and bequeath to my Grandson Thomas Butler, one Iron pottage pot, an Iron Kettle and my Bead, Beadstead, and all the furniture belonging to it, as it is in present use, as two pairs of blankets two pillocs. etc. And I Give more to my Grandson John Butler, all the Bead and Beading above stairs. Nextly I will and bequeath, all my linnen. to be Equally devided Between my Grandchildren, John and Thomas Butler and Mary Athearn: And Nextly I will and Bequeath to my three Grandchildren aforesaid all my Great Cattle to be Equally devided among them, that is to say, John Butler, Thomas Butler and Mary Athearn: except that only my Grandson Thomas Butler shall have more to his part: and one heiffer before the devision set apart, which heiffer I doe will and bequeath to my Grandson Samuel Minott: And my will is, and I bequeath all my Sheep to my two Grandsons John Butler and Thomas Butler to be Equally devided between them: Nextly I will and bequeath to my Grandson Thomas Butler my Dwelling house, with the long Table and hanging Cupboarde, and to my Grandson John Butler my Cupbord and the Chest which was Joseph Butler's and to my Grand daughter Mary Athearn, my chest and two Joint Stools: and as to my chaires, I give the table chair to my Grandson Thomas Butler: the remainder of the Chaires I leave to be Equally devided between my Grandchildren John, Thomas Butler and Mary Athearn: Nextly my will is that they should pay my Grand daughter Hannah Chadduck two hundred weight of fleece wooll yearly, fivety pounds until it is payed: which is within four year: and

as to Landes, I will and Bequeath all my Landes, with the privelledges and appurtenances to My Grandson Thomas Butler and my pewter. I will to be Devided, as my linnen aforesaid viz. between my Grandchildren John, Thomas Butler and Mary Athearn:

And lastly I Appoint my Grand son, John Butler, to be my sole Executor and Administrator to this my last will, and my will is and I doe Request my friends, Mr. Richard Sarson and Matthew Mayhew, to be the overseers that it may be performed And as witness of this my last will and Testament I, the said Joice Butler have put heerto my hand and seall this thirteenth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred seaventy and nine, alias eighty."

JOICE BUTLER
I B
her marke

Witness
Matt: Mayhew
Richard Sarson:

{ seal }

(See Vol. L., p. 314, Edgartown Land Records.)

NICHOLAS BUTLER, married, probably in Kent, Eng., Joice ———; he died in Edgartown, Mass., Aug. 13, 1671.

Their issue were:

1. JOHN
2. Henry
3. Lydia, who married in Dorchester, Mass., May 19, 1647, John Minott, who was born in 1626; she had five children and died as the sixth was born, Jan. 24, 1667, in Dorchester.

Chapter III.

Second Generation.

JOHN BUTLER.

JOHN BUTLER, son of Nicholas and Joyce Butler, date of birth not ascertainable; on Oct. 1st. 1651, he was one of the two supervisors of the Way to the Neck, in Dorchester, Mass. Previously he had bought land in the adjacent town of Roxbury. In the Roxbury Land Records it is stated that "Giles Payson's land was partly sixteene acres, more or lesse, bought of John Butler," and this lay next to the land of Nicholas Butler.

John Butler was the first known native whaler on Martha's Vineyard. That he was an expert in his line is evidenced by the number of his catches enumerated in one month, and we may conclude that it had been his business for a considerable time prior to 1700.

In 1651 Nicholas Butler made a power of attorney for his son John, after he had removed to Edgartown, whither his son soon followed, as in the Edgartown Records is recorded: "Ye 6th of January 1652 it is ordered by ye town and promised by ye town yt John Butler shall have his lott reserved for him until ye beginning of May next, provided he be here by thet time and inhabit with his family. Dec. 16, 1652, Farther it is ordered by ye town yt ye said John Butler shall have all ye land yt is betweene ye highway and Hiacomes his lott. November 1, 1652, Ordered by ye town yt William Case hath given him a home lott between John Butler and Hiacomes, etc. March 8, 1653, Ordered that ye meadow by ye Pond is to be divided into twenty equal parts, etc.— John Butler hath share No. 5. June 6, 1654, John Butler chosen leader for this year of the Company." In 1655 he was again chosen leader of the Company. In 1658 he was constable. Men chosen by Mr. Mayhew for the ordering of the

estate of John Butler, deceased, "July ye last 1658, Thomas Birchard, John Daggett, John Pease, John Birchard."

John Butler married Mary ———; he died in Edgartown, July 1658.

Their issue were:

1. JOHN, *born* about 1652.
2. Thomas, *born* about 1650, married in 1682 Jemima Daggett, daughter of Thomas and Bathsheba Daggett.
3. Mary, *married* 1665, Simon Athearn; she was mentioned in her grandmother's will.
4. Hannah, *married* in Malden, Mass., 1676-77, James Chaffwick.

HENRY BUTLER, second son of Nicholas and Joice Butler, and brother of John, was one of the prominent men of Dorchester; he was graduated from Harvard and received the degree of M. A. "At a towne meeting the 19:3:1651, it was noted whether there should be a scoole in Dorchester, the major part present then did not that they would haue a scole and a scolemaster forthwith provided." The 4th of June, 1651, it was noted at a towne meeting that the selectmen together with Mr. Jones (the pastor) and Deacon Wiswall "should forthwith treate and agree with Mr. Henery Butler for to teach scoole in dorchester." "The 12th day of the 11 mo. 1651, Mr. Butler desireth that the scole rate may be gathered with the towne rate" "25 of the tenth month 52. It is agreed by and between the Select of the towne of Dorchester for the tyme being and Mr. Henery Butler shall keep scoole in the towne of Dorchester from the next second day being the 28 of this instant month until the first of May following and for the said tyme of Scooling he is to haue tenn poundes. Rate gathered the yeare 53: Imprimis paid vnto Mr. Henery Butler, for keeping Scoole, £10, 1:4.

Returning to England, he spent a year or two in Dorchester, and then settled in Seoril (Somersetshire), where he continued public minister till August 24, 1662. "He continued his ministry

afterwards in that town and in other places, as he had opportunity, and because of the non-conformist religious persecutions then prevalent, he was often convicted apprehended and imprisoned. He suffered great losses by fines and seizures of his goods and was often forced to remove from his habitation. At length he settled at a place called Withamfrary, about five miles from Frome, where he was pastor of a congregation, and no danger from enemies, weather or indisposition of body hindered him from meeting his people, either in private houses or in Sir Edward Seymour's woods, as was thought most safe; and though it was with difficulty and hazard that they met together the congregation grew and he did much good.

Though he had not £20 per annum to live upon until about two years before his death no offers of worldly advantage would tempt him to leave his charge. He was much afflicted with stone in the latter part of his life and yet continued his labors among his people as his strength would permit. He died Apr. 24, 1691, aged 72 yrs. His last words were—"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

(Palmer's Non-Conformist Memorial, Vol. 2, p. 388).

In 1670, when the church of Dorchester was about to choose a minister to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Mather, three candidates were nominated, one of whom was Mr. Butler in old England. "The Butler School at the Upper Mills village (Mass.) has been appropriately named from this ancient instructor of our fathers." (Hist. of Dorchester).

In the Edgartown Records stands:

"This record testifieth yt whereas there was a debt due to John Butler, deceased, supposed to be £18. upon account between his brother, Mr. Henry Butler, in England and himself and ye said Mr. Henry Butler having assigned John Minott, (his brother-in-law) of Dorchester, in ye Massachusetts Bay, to discharge ye said debt to ye said John Butler, his assigns: ye said assigns of John Butler, with Mr. Nicholas Butler, his father, have agreed yt upon ye receipt of ye six part of this aforementioned debt by me, Nicholas

Butler, yt all debts dues demands and accounts of what nature soever shall be acquitted and discharged.

In witness whereof ye said Mr. Nicholas Butler and Mary Butler his daughter-in-law have interchangably set to their hands this 31st July 1658.

Witness my hand,

NICHOLAS BUTLER
MARY BUTLER

This was done in the presence of the town.
("The Butler Ancestry" Mrs. Adelbert Ames.)

JOHN BUTLER was Captain of the militia at Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, in 1654 and 1655.* He was married about 1650 or 1651.

*See Edgartown Records, Vol. I, p. 122; also Register New Hampshire Society, Colonial Dames of America, p. 154 (1898).

Chapter IV.

Third Generation.

JOHN BUTLER, JR.

JOHN BUTLER, JR., second son of John and Mary Butler, was born in Edgartown about the year 1652. By his grandmother's will he is shown to have been the younger of the two sons of John and Mary Butler, as she bequeathed the homestead and the greater part of her estate to his elder brother Thomas.

John Butler, Jr.'s, will was:

"In the name of God, Amen, November the tenth day and in the seventh year of his Majesty's Reign Anno Domini seventeen hundred & thirty three— I, John Butler of Edgartown in Duke's County in his Majestie's Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England Gent.

Calling to mind the Mortality of my Body and knowing that it is appointed for all men once to Dye Do make & ordain this my last Will and Testament, first of all I give my body to the Grave. Recommend my soul into the hands of God that gave itt, & my body to be buried in Decent & Christian manner at the Discretion of my Executor hereinafter named: And my Will is that all my Just Debts be first Paid out of my Personal Estate, and that my loving wife Percilla have the third part of my Reall Estate in ye same way and manner as she would have if I had made no will; and the Improvement of all the Rest of my household Goods During her Natural Life.

Item: I give and Bequeath unto my son Henry a Gun that he hath now in his hands. I give him no more, having given him near what I intended—

Item: I have Given my son John Butler what I intended already and I have also given my son Thomas Late Deceased what I intended to give him, which is the reason I give Nothing to his Children more than I have given.

Item: I give to my son Nicholas all my Shoomaker's tools of all sorts he having had near his part: and I have also given to my son Samuel, what I intended for him & therefore it is that I give nothing to him nor to my son John & Thomas's Children— I also give my daughter Joyce Newcomb nothing, she having had her part.

Item: I give and bequeath to my son Onesimus my bed that I lie upon & bedding and furniture belonging thereto and all my wearing Apparel and one half of my Sheep and the hundred Pounds that is Due from John to Onesimus.

Item: I have also Given to my son Simeon his full part of my Estate & therefore give him no more.

Item: I give and bequeath to my son Zephaniah Late Deceased children (viz) to Shubal & Sarah Butler one half Quarter of Common Lands throughout the Common Land in this town, Edgartown, Except Chapaquidick & a ten Acre lot on the line & what I have not as yet Disposed of in the Plain lots (viz) the half Quarter of a Share of Common & the Lands given to Shubal & Sarah, I give two thirds to Shubal and one third to Sarah to them their heirs and assigns forever.

Item: I have Given to my son Malachi Butler, his full part allready & therefore I give him nothing more—

Item: I give and Bequeath to my Daughter Precilla Snow the two thirds of my household Goods after my wife's decease—

Item: I Give and Bequeath unto my son Gamaliel Butler all my other Estate both Reall & Personall in Possession or Reversion to him his heirs & Assigns forever: whome I Likewise Constitute and Appoint my sole Executor to this my Last Will & Testament

In witness whereof I, the said John Butler have hereunto sett my hand and Affixed my seal the Day and Year first above written: Signed Sealed Published & Declared by the said John Butler to be his Last Will and Testament in psesence of Benjamin Smith, Timothy Daggett, Mary Smith,

JOHN BUTLER

{ Seal }

Vol. III., p. 98, Edgartown Probate Records.)

What is now the City of New York was known in John Butler's day as New Amsterdam.

The Dutch of those days were recognized as the most daring and able seamen of their time. As a result of Hudson's discovery in 1609, New Amsterdam was founded by the Dutch West India Company, which appointed a Director General or Governor to manage the affairs of the New Netherland Colony, the first settlement of which was made on the southwest point of Manhattan Island. One of the next acts of the West India Company was to buy from the Indians the whole western end of Long Island.

EMBARKATION OF DUTCH SAILING SHIP FROM NEW AMSTERDAM FOR HOLLAND.

Governor Stuyvesant is seen at the left, with his silver mounted wooden leg, which replaced the one he lost in his attack on the Portuguese island of St. Martin, 1644. In the central background appear Governor's Island and the Dutch vessel which flies the flag of New Netherland at her stern. The Dutch of these days were the most daring and able seamen of their time, pioneers on uncharted seas.

By 1646 nearly the whole water front had been cleared and put under cultivation, and small villages were settled there by the Dutch, among which were Wallabout and Breuckelein.

Staten Island was also first settled by the Dutch, which was named Staaten Eylandt (Island of the States) by Henry Hudson as a memorial to the States General of New Netherlands.

The arrival from or departure for Holland of an occasional ship was an event of the greatest moment and excitement for the inhabitants of the new settlement.

In the accompanying illustration is shown a group of these sturdy Dutchmen in their quaint costumes, gathered at the point of embarkation at the southernmost end of the island, to speed some of their departing countrymen.

At the left of the picture is seen Governor Stuyvesant, the most dominant figure of his day in New Amsterdam, with his silver-mounted wooden leg.

Governor's Island appears in the central background, and a Dutch sailing ship, typical of the vessels of the time, rides at anchor nearby, flying the orange, white and blue flag of Holland.

At New Amsterdam they built a mighty and impregnable fort and trading house called Fort Amsterdam, upon the rise of land just east of the present Bowling Green.

Around this fortress was soon seen a settlement of numerous little Dutch houses with tiled roofs, the whole surrounded by an inclosure of strong palisades to guard against any sudden uprising of the savages, who wandered in hordes about the swamps and forests which extended over those tracts of country at present called Broadway, Wall Street and William Street.

Washington Irving tells us that savages roamed about the tangled forests of the unsettled part of the island and on the sunny knolls were to be seen groups of their wigwams, with smoke rising above the nearby trees. By degrees a mutual good-will grew up between the Mannahattoes and the burghers of New Amsterdam. Our hospitable forefathers endeavored to improve the situation by giving them gin, rum and glass beads in

exchange for their peltries; for it seems the kind-hearted Dutchmen had conceived a great friendship for their savage neighbors on account of their being pleasant men to trade with and little skilled in the art of making a bargain.

Now and then a crew of these sons of the forest would make their appearance in the streets of New Amsterdam, fantastically painted and decorated with beads and flaunting feathers, sauntering about with an air of indifference—sometimes in the market place, instructing the little Dutch boys in the use of the bow and arrow—at other times, inflamed with liquor, swaggering, whooping and yelling about the town like so many fiends incarnate, to the great dismay of all the good wives, who would hurry their children into the house, fasten the doors and throw water upon the enemy from the garret windows.

It is worthy of mention here that our forefathers were very particular in holding up these wild men as excellent domestic examples for reasons which may be gathered from what Ogilby tells us, that "for the least offence the bridegroom soundly beats his wife and turns her out of doors and marries another, insomuch that some of them have every year a new wife." Whether this awful example had any influence or not, history does not mention; but it is certain that our grandmothers were miracles of fidelity and obedience.

There were seven Dutch Governors in all, the last and most famous of whom was Peter Stuyvesant, who became Governor on May 11, 1647, and continued to rule and prosper until the colony or province passed into the possession of the English, who in 1664 forced the Dutch to surrender their settlements and took possession of them in the name of the Duke of York, in whose honor New Amsterdam was renamed New York, and Fort Amsterdam was called Fort James.

The English decided to build a battery to protect the newly acquired possession. This was erected somewhat north of the present Battery, which consists of "made" land, and at that time was under water.

This English Battery gave rise to the name of that renowned walk which is now called the Battery and which though ostensibly devoted to the purpose of war, has ever been consecrated to the sweet delights of peace. The favorite walk of declining age, the scene of many a boyish gambol, the pleasant rendezvous of courting days for bygone generations, the ornament of New York and pride of the lovely island called by the Indians Mannahata.

After the Revolution it was demolished along with the old fort. Castle Garden (now the Aquarium) was built as one of the defenses for the war of 1812 on what was then an island, connected by a bridge with Manhattan.

The years 1673 to 1693 were exciting times for the people of Martha's Vineyard. Prior to 1650 the management of local affairs, the ending of controversies and adjustment of legal questions were made by a sort of common consent with Thomas Mayhew, Sr., acting as arbitrator and in a general advisory capacity. Martha's Vineyard belonged to no chartered province at that time, excepting its relation in general as a part of the territorial grants to Sir Ferdinando Gorges—so that Mayhew was practically "monarch of all he surveyed" as prime leader of an independent, self-governing entity. The first semblance of a form of government of record is found in the year 1653, when Thomas Mayhew, Sr., Nicholas Butler, John Bland, Richard Smith, John Smith, Peter Folger and Edward Searle were appointed or chosen to govern the little community. It was a sort of Court of assistants to Mayhew, as chief Magistrate. The manner of electing officers was by the use of corn and beans as ballots. In the Massachusetts Colony, the following method was prescribed: "The freeman shall use Indian corn and Beanes, the Indian corn to manifest election, the Beanes contrary, and if any freeman shall put in more than one Indian corn or Beane, he shall forfeit for every such offence Ten Pounds."*

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*Mass. Colonial Records.

With corn in one hand and beans in the other, they called upon their friends to corn this man or that man—thus indicating the favor of their choice.

Mayhew planned to acquire absolute personal control of the government of the Vineyard and keep it in his own hands, under guise of vested patent rights. He purchased his titles from Gorges, Stirling and the Indians. In 1663 the Earl of Clarendon, on behalf of the Duke of York, purchased of Henry, then Earl of Stirling, his interest in the Gorges American grants, including Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard and other islands adjacent. The purchase of the title having been completed, the King was induced by Lord Clarendon to affix his signature to a patent investing the Duke of York with sovereign rights over the territory.

The Duke was invested with full and absolute power to correct, punish, pardon, govern and rule "all British subjects according to the laws he might establish, provided they should not be contrary to the statutes of His Majesty's realm." The Duke was a Roman Catholic, and in the course of his proprietorship he sent over Governors of the province of his own religious belief, mostly roystering cavaliers or court favorites, and they were as strange to the simplicity and rural solitude of the island as would have been a Mohammedan government. Their head seat of government was at Fort James—now the City of New York.

For thirty years Mayhew had been responsible to no one, but now he was facing a crisis in his affairs, when Col. Lovelace, the Governor, summonsed him to journey hither to Fort James to consult about the status of Martha's Vineyard and to bring with him all his patents, writings and other papers relating thereto. Fortified with his documents of title, Mayhew set sail from Great Harbor on June 22, 1671, accompanied by his grandson Matthew. The inhabitants of the Vineyard awaited the outcome with intense interest. Mayhew must have arrived there some days in advance of the meeting of the Governor and Coun-

cil, which was held at Fort James, beginning July 6, 1671, and continued for six days. There were present the Governor, Francis Lovelace, Mr. Steenwyck of the Council and the Secretary of the Colony, and Mattias Nicolls, as representatives of the Duke.

Across the table sat Thomas Mayhew, then in his 80th year, and his eldest grandson, a young man of 23 years. Colonel Lovelace, the royal and ducal Governor, was, of course, the dominating figure, as one of the favorite courtiers and a type of the roystering cavaliers of the Restoration, he was a fitting representative of the "Merrie Monarch," King Charles.

Gov. Lovelace sat as the embodiment of all that was the opposite in habit and religion to the Puritan Mayhew, and the latter was doubtless uncertain of the attitude Lovelace would assume towards him.

On the second day of the conference most important business was concluded, as is best told in the records of that session of the Council, of which the following is an extract:

> "Whereas, Mr. Thomas Mayhew of Martin's or Martha's Vineyard hath been an ancient Inhabitant there where by God's blessing hee hath been an Instrumt of doeing a Great Deale of Good both in settling severall Plantacons there as also in reclayming and civilizing the Indians: for an Encouragement to him in the Prosecution of that Designe, and Acknowledgement of his Good Services: It is ordered and agreed upon that the said Mr. Thomas Mayhew shall dureing his naturall life hee Governor of the Island called Martin's or Martha's Vineyard both over the English Inhabitants and Indians, for weh hee shall have a commission."

It can be inferred that Lovelace and his advisors considered the advanced age of the beneficiary and that his tenure of office would not be a very long one. The last day of the session was taken up with the subject of quit-rents, and it was finally "agreed

to be 6 Barrels of Fish, vizt: two Barrels each Patent" (meaning two each for Edgartown, Tisbury and the Manor of Tisbury), to be paid annually.

Altogether it seemed a most satisfactory seven days' work for Mayhew and his interests. He was now a Governor "for life," Chief Justice of the Courts of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket; Lord of the Manor of Tisbury, and his grandson Matthew had been made Collector and Receiver of the Customs for the Vineyard.

Mayhew was subsequently commissioned and returned home with the news. In what manner of rejoicing the inhabitants of the Vineyard marked the return of the Worshipful Thomas Mayhew is not known, but from subsequent occurrences it may be inferred that the information that was laid before them produced no demonstrations of approval and soon gave rise to serious disorders there, which for years proved to be the foundation of bitter dissensions between the people of the island.

"KNICKERBOCKERS AND DUTCH."

In the early part of July, 1673, Matthew Mayhew was on his way to New York, "furnished to pay the Acknowledgment of Six Barrels of Merchantable Cod Fish" as the quit-rent being then due, and was to be satisfied to Gov. Lovelace, as usual.

On the voyage thither he "met the news that Yorke was taken by the Dutch," and so it proved. In July, 1673, a Dutch squadron under two grim old Admirals, Evertsen and Binckes, suddenly appeared in the lower bay. The Dutch Militia would not fight against their countrymen and the other citizens were not inclined to run any risk in a contest that concerned them but little. Evertsen's frigate sailed up to within musket shot of the fort and firing began on both sides. After receiving a couple of broadsides which killed and wounded several of the garrison, the English flag was struck and the fort was surrendered to the Dutch troops, who had already landed. The doughty Dutch

Admiral had surprised the city during the absence of Lovelace in Boston, and New York, after nine years of English supremacy, became once more New Amsterdam.

Mayhew retraced his journey. This was an event of signal importance to the Vineyard, and when Matthew Mayhew returned to the island with his "yearly acknowledgment of 6 Barrels of Fish" undelivered and reported that the Duke's government in New York was at an end, it was the opportunity for the enemies of Mayhew to act, and they now resolved to deliver the island from this narrow nepotism maintained for the benefit of a few.

The ducal sovereignty having fallen, so with it fell the life tenure of his governor. Accordingly 20 of the leading inhabitants decided to secure, by peaceful means, if possible, a change in the existing form of government. Desiring to spare the aged Governor any unnecessary personal humiliation, they addressed a letter to him, carried by a committee representing them, setting forth their purpose to put the inhabitants under the government of Boston and promising to choose him as their leader for the first year if he would renounce his commission from Lovelace, afterwards the leaders were to be chosen "as the yearly choice shall fall."

This letter was signed by the 20 leading inhabitants, among whom we find the names of Simon Athearn, John Butler and Thomas Butler, as representing the major part of the freeholders. Richard Sarson and the Daggetts did not sign.

The aged Governor gave them a curt reply, "No, he would not —he could not Answer it": further than that, he "gave them to understand his Resolution to hould and defend the Place until it should be forceably taken out of his hands."

The more radical ones desired that decisive action be instituted, and "some more Principalls putting the Matter forward, about half the People in a Mutinous Manner arose, with many contumelious Words and Threats against the said Govournour

daring him in the Prosecution of his Royall Highness his Government."

The peaceful tender having been made and refused, the revolutionary party now took the next step and prepared a statement of their case to the Governor and Council of the Massachusetts Bay, formally tendering the island to them as a part of their government. The die was now cast, and the lives and property of the signers put in peril. If they succeeded, they would become patriots; if they failed, rebels and traitors.

This document then may be termed the Vineyard's Declaration of Independence against arbitrary authority and autocratic rule.

Massachusetts declined to interfere. They had but just emerged from one long struggle of 20 years' duration in absorbing territory that did not belong to them, and their experience with Maine land which they were ultimately forced to purchase left them in no mood to accept another offer so flatteringly made; consequently there was no hesitation in promptly declining to engage in the quarrel.

The only effect of this damper on their hopes was to precipitate "home rule" under the leaders of the rebellion. The Mayhew regime, of course, retained possession of the records, land, probate and court, and this was a valuable asset, involving titles to property, settlement of estates and other important books of reference, and it was refused to the rebels—for in 1676 Simon Athearn, one of the signers, petitioned the Governor of New York to have the record of his lands and deeds placed in "the ofie of records at New Yorke."

As an instance of how high the feeling ran, it is recorded that Mary, wife of John Pease, was indicted for "forcibly taking a warrant out of the marshall's hands" when they came to arrest her husband for "committing a riot." The "riot," of course, was his refusal to acknowledge the "regular" government, hence he was accounted a rebel.

In this way things went on for months, with no result. Finally, in 1674, King Charles II proceeded to re-establish his provincial governments in America. The British had retaken New York and Governor Sir Edmund Andros was sent over as the King's Governor.

He soon proceeded to deal with the so-called "rebels" at Martha's Vineyard, and issued a proclamation to the inhabitants to the effect that he ordered, appointed and authorized Gov. Mayhew, by reason of his first right of office, to call to account and punish all offenders against the established government, "the crime not extending to Life, Limb or Banishment: but in cases of such High Crime, which may deserve those punishments, to secure the offenders and send them hither (to New York) by first convenience."

Although Mayhew instituted reprisals, anyone who has studied the Governor's character cannot fail to accord him the actual credit for all that he did, down to the hour when he drew his last breath. He was a man who ruled his family as he ruled others, never tolerating disobedience.

Doubtless the rebels were fully aware that he would break, if he could not bend them, and many had felt his wrath in the past. John Pease foreseeing the coming of the storm, made his will on March 4th, 1674, and was thus prepared for the next world and what might happen in this.

Simon Athearn was taken next, and it was ordered that he be sent to New York, as it was held that he was guilty of High Crime. Many doubtless came out publicly and admitted their guilt and were held on bail or under bonds.

Thomas Daggett got after one of the signers, James Skiff, on a charge of defamation and sued him therefor in Dec., 1674. The jury brought in an alternative verdict for damages or an apology. Skiff, to save his heavy fine, acknowledged that he had "sinned both against god and Thomas Daggett, by the use of 'sundry

slanderous and opprobrious words as calling him thief, lier and cheating knave.'" (See Duke's Co. Court Records, Vol. I.) The association of the name of diely and the plaintiff in Skiff's apology doubtless arose from the fact that he now considered the Mayhews with their family connections were omnipotent. But the verdict was not satisfactory to Daggett and his wife Hannah; punishments went merrily on, several were tried, convicted and mulcted of heavy fines.

In one case a victim was fined, but in consideration of his poverty the fine was remitted and on his promise to depart from the Vineyard this leniency was accorded him. The opposition was now on the losing side.

The man who received the full force, however, of the wrath of the Mayhews and their retainers was Simon Athearn, and for the remaining years of their lives it was a vendetta that knew no ceasing.

The punishments, disfranchisements and banishments became known to the people elsewhere in the Colonies, through the friends of the victims, and caused widespread comment by those who considered that many honest people on Martha's Vineyard were being punished and persecuted through hereditary privileges, which crushed the political and personal freedom of a people who had left such things behind or supposed they had.

In 1696, although maintaining an attitude of superficial allegiance to the Massachusetts jurisdiction, Matthew Mayhew, the grandson, privately wished for the return of the "good old times" when there was no one to supervise his authority, when 6 Barrels of Fish paid their rates, if he could remember to send a sloop with them, "to be delivered at the Bridge" in Manhattan, once a year.

But a generation had now grown up since the transfer of the island from the jurisdiction of New York to that of Massachu-

setts*, and doubtless most of the residents of the Vineyard supposed that New York had abandoned all pretensions to material interests on the island. In this they were mistaken, for they were suddenly awakened one day in 1723 by a demand for the payment of the ancient quit-rents, due under the Charters of 1671, granted by Lovelace.

This was a startling demand and served as a reminder to the older generation, when they used to send this tribute to the Duke's government at Fort James. The land owners of the island supposed that the transfer of sovereignty in 1692 from New York to Massachusetts had quieted all other claims dependent upon acknowledgment of lordships.

Copies of the demand notice reached the hands of Paine Mayhew in Edgartown; he at once communicated it to the Massachusetts authorities, accompanied by an explanatory letter: he was counselled to take no further notice of the demands. The matter rested nearly a year, when a meeting was held at Martha's Vineyard by those land owners of the town who felt that some settlement of these claims should be made and not let the matter go by default.

Accordingly a vote was passed that John Butler, Jr., be chosen as agent to go to New York and represent the inhabitants of the island in the matter of quit-rents and "to act and do all things necessary in said affair," for which service he was to receive 5s per day.

In pursuance of their plan, John Butler, Jr., of Edgartown, repaired to New York to have a conference with the authorities there over the situation. Taking advantage of his presence in their jurisdiction, they arrested him as a preliminary to legal proceedings, looking to the recovery of the sundry barrels of

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*During subsequent years, Mayhew lost control of the Island kingdom, it being transferred from the jurisdiction of New York to that of Massachusetts and therein Simon Athearn, had the satisfaction of contributing largely to Mayhew's undoing.

"merchantable codfish," perhaps a hundred in the total. How long John Butler, Jr., remained "in durance vile" is not known, but it is probable that New York province eventually gave up the pursuit of the quit-rents claimed and ever afterwards nursed their grievances in silence.

John Butler, Jr., was a Captain of Militia at Edgartown in 1692. He married Priscilla, daughter of Nicholas and Elizabeth Norton.

His will, dated Nov. 10, 1733, was proved Oct. 3, 1738, so that he must have died between 1733 and 1738.

Their issue were:

1. Henry, married Sarah ———.
2. John, married Elizabeth Daggett (called "Betsy").
3. Thomas, married Sept. 18, 1702, Anne Torrey, of Weymouth, Mass. He died before his father did; she died Oct. 1, 1733, aged about 51 years.
4. Nicholas, married Sept. 6, 1726, Sarah Ripley; he married a second time, Jan. 1, 1730, Thankful Marchant.
5. Samuel, married Elizabeth (Clay) Stanbridge, widow of Samuel Stanbridge, who died Dec. 23, 1769; he died Feb. 24, 1765, aged 52.
6. Onesimus,
7. Simeon, married about 1712, Hannah Cheney.
8. *Zephaniah, married Thankful Daggett; he died Sept. 15, 1721.

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*Further mention of Captain Zephaniah Butler is made on page 53.

The foregoing references to Land Maps, will be found in "A Map of Martha's Vineyard 1692" A document at the Boston State House, in a volume called "Maps and Plans" Vol. 3, page 23.

Also, see The New England Historical and Genealogical Register, Vol. 48, page 469.

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9. MALACHI, married Jemima Daggett, of Edgartown, Mass.
10. Jemima, married Thomas Snow.
11. Gamaliel, married Sarah Chase; he died Feb. 24, 1765, aged 71 years.

Joyce, married Nov. 20, 1705, Capt. Joseph Newcomb.

Priscilla, married —— ——, Mr. Snow.

(Note that three Butler brothers of this family married three Daggett sisters).

Chapter V.

Fourth Generation.

MALACHI BUTLER.

The early years of Malachi Butler's life were spent at Martha's Vineyard; if the dates of his birth and death are recorded, a careful search has failed to discover them. We know that his son Zephaniah was born at Windham, Conn., and that in 1758 Malachi Butler removed to Woodbury, Conn.

In this same year 1758 the records of Martha's Vineyard show that he sold his property at the latter place to John Pease.

The reason that the dates of births of both Malachi and Jemima Daggett Butler have not been found is probably due to the fact that they belonged in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, and the early records of that town have been lost.

The first Butler births recorded in the oldest existing book of records are the children of Simeon Butler, beginning in 1713.

Simeon was a brother of Malachi's. The others may have been recorded in the first book of Land Records, the so-called "Black Book," which was believed to have been purposely destroyed by a certain person who was with the Town Clerk, in whose custody the book was, the night the latter died, and the book was never afterwards seen.

It was said that it was to the advantage of this person and to others of his name to have the book out of the way. Titles to property could not be proved. Births, deaths and marriages were mixed up with records of land, town meetings and general confusion resulted.

Malachi Butler was the ninth son of Captain John and Priscilla (Norton) Butler.

On March 24, 1721-22,* he received from his father this deed:

*All dates previous to September 14, 1752, are old style and all thereafter, new style. The computation of the Christian Era was introduced in England by an Act of Parliament, when it was enacted that 11 days should be struck out of the month of September of that year and that the third

"Know all men. by these Presents. that I. John Butler of Edgartown in Duke's County in the Province of Massachusetts Bay in New England having Bargained and Sold and doe by these Presents give grant Bargain Sel Alien Conveigh and Confirm unto my son Malachi Butler of ye town and County and Province aforesaid a certain tract or Parcell of Land being in ye above town at a place called the Swimming Place, bounded by ye harbar on ye East the Plain on the West Thomas Daggett's Land on ye North and John Butler Junr land on ye South as allso one whole Shear of meadow lying on ye South Side of ye Island of Chapaquidock in sd Edgartown towards Teaqua as allso one half quarter of Common or undivided Land throughout ye township of Chapaquidock only Excepted. I ye sd John Butler having received and in hand paid or secured to be paid the full and Just sum of thirty-five Pounds Money to my satisfaction and content for ye above sd Premises I say I give grant sel alien Conveigh and Confirm unto my son Malachi Butler him his heirs Executors Administrators or Assigns to hold with all and Every ye Priveledges and appurtenances thereto belonging or in any way appurtaining from me my heirs Executors Admiuss or Assigns to have and to hold for Ever and In Witness to these Presents I have hereunto Subscribed with my hand and put too my Seal all ways Reserving to myself ye youse and Improvement of ye one half from ye Roo of stones Northerly during my life."

May 23, 1732, John Butler, Jr., conveyed to his two sons, Gamaliel and Malachi, the pew in Edgartown Meeting House, which had been formerly granted to John Butler, Jr., by the town, the pew being the second on the east side of the pulpit.

"I having at ye said time of building ye sd pew promised it to my Son Gamaliel Butler and my Son Malachi Butler in Case they would Be Att ye Cost and Build ye said pew and They having Dun the Same..... I do therefore hereby Confirm ye Said pew to them and their heirs and Assigns for Ever the Said Gamaliel Being the Eldest to have ye highest or upper End of Sd Pew and Malachi Being ye Younger shall have the Lowest End of ye Said Pew."

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should be dated the 14th and that one day should be added to the month of February every fourth year, in order to correct the error arising from the precession of the equinoxes and that the year should commence with the 1st of January, instead of the 25th of March, as was theretofore the custom.

In old-fashioned records, a date falling between January and March was written "ffebruary ye 12th 17 20/21"; the omission of the lower number would cause an error of a year earlier than the true date.

On January 29, 1744, Malachi Butler sold his own half of the pew in the Edgartown Meeting House, and on Aug. 18, 1747, he bought for eight hundred pounds ($4,000) the 6th Lot, in the 4th Division, which was drawn on Thomas Wheeler's lot in the North Parish of Woodbury, Litchfield County, Conn., with a right in the undivided lands in this parish, or purchase, of Mary Wheeler, a daughter of Thomas Wheeler.

From Edgartown, Malachi Butler removed in 1758 to Windham, Conn., to that part which was later incorporated as Lebanon. There are deeds on record given by him as early as 1733.

On November 22, 1750, Malachi Butler of Windham sold to his son Zephaniah Butler the abovementioned tract of land in Woodbury.

On March 31, 1758, Malachi Butler sold for eight hundred pounds to John Pease twenty acres of planting rights in the Island of Chapaquidock. Six months prior to this time the Selectmen of Woodbury, by advice of the civil authorities, took charge of Malachi Butler's estate and family, as he had given evidence of such a disordered mind as to waste his property, "Being then in a Likely way to spend all his estate." As he remained in a condition unfit to manage, the selectmen received authority to sell enough of the estate to bring forty-eight pounds, eleven shillings and eleven pence (about $243).

After this decree his name disappears.

The abovementioned sale was presumably made by the Selectmen in the name and on behalf of Malachi Butler, the management of whose property and guardianship of whose affairs they had seen fit to undertake.

An inventory of Malachi Butler's property taken at this time amounted to 179 pounds ($895).

Malachi's great-granddaughter, Betsy Morrill Butler (Mrs. Daniel B. Stevens), of Nottingham, N. H., who was born in 1808, is authority for the following: "Malachi Butler was my great-grandfather. He made waste of his property, did many strange and some decidedly queer things."

He married in Edgartown, Jemima,* daughter of Captain Thomas and Elizabeth (Hawes) Daggett; her sister Betsy married his brother, John Butler.

In fact, the three Butler brothers, John, Zephaniah and Malachi, married the three Daggett sisters, Elizabeth (called Betsy), Thankful and Jemima, respectively.

The children of Jemima and Malachi Butler, baptized at Edgartown Church, were:

1. Thankful, January 30, 1723.
2. Susannah, December 20, 1724.
3. Zephaniah, January 15, 1727; born at Windham, Conn.; died Nottingham, N. H., 1800; married Abigail Cilley, sister of Gen. Joseph Cilley, who served in the Revolutionary War as Major and Colonel.
4. Benjamin, May, 4, 1729.
5. Margery, July 11, 1731.
6. SILAS, November 11, 1733; married Jerusha Spencer, Woodbury, Conn.
7. Solomon.
8. Lydia, baptized in Lebanon Church, June 10, 1736.
9. Mary, baptized in Lebanon Church, March 19, 1738.
10. Jemima, baptized in Lebanon Church, June 18, 1742. She is probably the one who married Solomon Stoddard at Woodbury, Conn., Aug. 11, 1771.

Solomon Butler No. 7 abovementioned went south and settled in South Carolina. His brothers, Zephaniah and Benjamin, settled in Nottingham, N. H.

Malachi's brother Zephaniah was an interesting character. He was born at Windham, Conn. He served with Connecticut troops in the French and Indian Wars as a Captain under Gen. Wolfe at the siege of Louisburg, Quebec, and other engagements.

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*See page 56.

In the war for American Independence, Zephaniah joined the army under Gen. John Stark and with his two eldest sons, Benjamin and Enoch, was at the battle of Bunker Hill. He died at Nottingham, N. H., in 1800.

He also joined Capt. Nathan Sanborn's Company, in Col. Lash's Regiment, raised to reinforce the Continental Army in New York, in Sept., 1776. He was later a member of Capt. Amos Morrill's Company in Col. John Stark's Regiment, April 8, 1777. (See Revolutionary Rolls, N. H. Records.*)

Captain John Butler, the son of Zephaniah and nephew of Malachi Butler, was born in Nottingham, N. H., May 17, 1782. Upon the breaking out of the War of 1812, he applied to the War Department for permission to raise a Company of Light Dragoons among his neighbors. Permission was granted and the Company was raised. He was commissioned its Captain on July 23, 1812, by President Madison. His first wife, Sarah Batchelder, of Deerfield, N. H., died Feb. 23, 1809, six years after their marriage. He then married a second time, Charlotte Ellison, on July 21, 1811. The younger son of his second marriage was Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, of Civil War fame, who was born at Deerfield, N. H., Nov. 5, 1818, and died Jan. 11, 1893.

Zephaniah Butler's son Silas was drowned in the Pacific Ocean in December, 1824, while on a whaling expedition.

Of the Revolutionary martyrs, among those known to have died as prisoners of war or as a result of captivity after release are two nephews of Malachi Butler's,

Henry Butler, in a prison ship, 1781;

John Butler, returning from captivity, 1781.

THE OLD WHALERS.

Many of the old residents of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket were whalers. Let us chase the white whale this morning with Malachi Butler's nephew Silas.

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*See also Massachusetts Archives, Revolutionary Rolls; pub. by The Secretary of The Commonwealth, Vol. xxxvi, pp. 239, 246.

"Stern All!" yells the husky boat-steerer in the bow, as he hurls the harpoon with mighty accuracy.

The line runs like lightning out of the tub as the struck whale submarines.

"Keep pouring water on the line, or it will burn the boat. Give the excited whale more rope. Another line, and still another, perhaps. He is a slayer. A big and vicious fellow, good for nigh on a quarter of a mile of line," says the boat-steerer.

Well, he is fast to the side chains at last, provided he hasn't shown too much temperament and smashed a boat or two.

Out with your spades, you lubbers, and work for your share, your one hundred and fiftieth part, or whatever it is of the proceeds.

The lure of the sea lurked in the tales of four-year whaling voyages to youths with saline ambitions. "There she blows!" is a surviving watchword. Sometimes they anchored off enchanted islands of the South Seas. Sometimes they made the acquaintance of cannibals, or went down to Davy Jones' locker to a requiem of mourning nymphs and mermaids.

Nantucket was the heart of the whaling country, if we may say so without injustice to Martha's Vineyard or to "America," as the Nantucketers call Cape Cod and the Massachusetts mainland. But New Bedford and New London later on won the supremacy and had their day of prosperous whaling. All the old whaling ports and many an interior town of the Cape still keep reminiscences of this sea hunting, but the old race of whaling captains and boat-steerers is gone. They walked the sandy beaches as if they were a quarterdeck. Spyglass to eye, they searched the sea from their cupola observation platforms atop their houses.

Relics of strange lands and great ribs of whale were decorations of their front yards.

How they did hate a steamer!

Their occupation was dwindling, whales grew scarce; min-

eral and gas oils crowded out whale oil; while rubber and steel usurped the place of whalebone.

The New England whale fisheries were at their height in 1846, when 680 whalers were registered. In 1914 the number had fallen to 32. The banner year of American whaling was 1854, when the tonnage was 198,594.

The price of sperm oil has risen 10 cents a gallon in the year, and whale oil, especially the oil of the Humpback, Finback and Sulphur Bottom—86 feet long sometimes, this fellow, which yields a high percentage of glycerine, an ingredient of explosives—has risen 50 per cent.

These are different times, indeed. None the less, ghosts of old whaling Captains—Mayhews, Butlers, Coffins and Folgers, worthy sires, we salute you!

JEMIMA DAGGETT, of Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Mass., was the wife of Malachi Butler. She came of worthy Colonial stock.

Her parents were Capt. Thomas Daggett, Jr., and Elizabeth Hawes Daggett, of Bristol, R. I. The latter's maternal grandmother, Desire Howland Gorham, was the granddaughter of John Tilley, who came to America in the Mayflower.*

CAPTAIN THOMAS DAGGETT, JR., so far as can be ascertained, was born about 1658. At the age of twenty-five he married Elizabeth Hawes, of Bristol, Mass. (now Rhode Island), who was four years his junior in age. The date of the marriage is recorded as Jan. 22, 1683. He was a citizen of Bristol and of Edgartown, Mass. In the land transfers and Town Records of Edgartown prior to 1699 he is called a Lieutenant of Militia as early as 1692,[a] and is later referred to as Captain in the Town Records of 1700, 1719 and 1720.[b]

*See page 64.

a. See Map of Martha's Vineyard, 1692; also Edgartown Town Records, Vol. I, pp. 60, 296, and Vol. V, p. 156.

b. See Edgartown Town Records, Vol I, pp. 55, 62, 63, 103, 150; also "Dogett-Daggett Genealogy," p. 88.

He was the son of Thomas Daggett and Hannah Mayhew Daggett, the latter being a daughter of Gov. Thomas Mayhew.[c]

Capt. Thomas Daggett, Jr., died at Edgartown, Mass., Aug. 23, 1726.

THOMAS DAGGETT, Senior, father of Capt. Daggett, abovementioned, was born about 1630, probably at Watertown, Mass. He was a citizen of Marshfield, Middleboro, and of Edgartown, Mass., at various times during his life. He was Clerk of the Courts at Martha's Vineyard in May, 1668, and in August and September of 1670 and 1671.[d]

Prior to 1691 he was a Lieutenant of the Militia at Edgartown and an entry on the Town Records discloses the following information:[e]

> "April 13, 1691—At a meeting of ye melisha in general of ye town of Edgartown, Lieut. Thomas Daggett, Esq., was chosen by yen their captain by unanimous choice of them."

He married in 1857 at Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard, Hannah Mayhew, of Watertown, Mass., a daughter of Gov. Thomas Mayhew, of whom further mention is made on pages 39 to 42.

Thomas Daggett was the son of John and Bathsheba Pratt Daggett.

JOHN DAGGETT came to America from England in 1630 in Governor Winthrop's Company and settled at Watertown, Mass. Later he removed to Rehoboth, Mass., and to Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, in 1644, in the company of Governor Thomas Mayhew. He was a Deputy for Rehoboth to the Plymouth

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c. See page 39.

d. See Edgartown Town Records, Vol. I; Plymouth Colony Town Records, Vol. V, p. 33; also Doggett-Daggett Genealogy, p. 83.

e. Town Records of Edgartown, Vol. I, p. 38.

Colony Court in 1648,[f] a Corporal at Edgartown in 1651,[g] and an Assistant at Edgartown in 1655 and 1656.[h]

He married on August 29, 1667, at Plymouth, Mass., Bathsheba Pratt, a widow, who was his second wife; the name of his first wife has not been found. He died at Plymouth, Mass., in May, 1673.

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f. See Plymouth Colony Records, Vol. II, p. 123.
g. See Town Records of Edgartown, Vol. I, p. 122.
h. See Town Records of Edgartown, Vol. I, pp. 119, 120; also Doggett-Daggett Genealogy, p. 76.

Chapter VI.

Fifth Generation

SILAS BUTLER.

SILAS BUTLER, son of Malachi and Jemima (Daggett) Butler, was baptized in Edgartown Church Nov. 11, 1733. His name first occurs on the tax list of Woodbury, Conn., in 1755, when he paid £21. In 1756 he paid a tax of £31. In 1757 he was taxed on a house £12 and a town rate of £26, the tax increasing each year up to 1760, when he paid £45. June 26, 1763, Silas Butler, joiner, of New Framingham, Mass. (now Lanesboro) bought an acre of land in Stockbridge, Mass., of Justice Wheeler. Nov. 9, 1764, Silas Butler of Stockbridge, joiner, sold two parcels of land in New Framingham for £30, one of these consisting of 2½ acres of land with a mansion house standing on it. Oct. 23, 1765, Eldad Spencer of Woodbury, Conn., bought for £30 land in Stockbridge, bounded by the land of Silas Butler,* Apr. 5, 1769, Silas Butler of Stockbridge, yeoman, for £28 bought of Joel Pomroy 45 acres of land in the Hoplands of Great Barrington, Mass. Feb. 8, 1770, Eldad Spencer of Woodbury, Conn., sold 55 acres of land in Stockbridge for £31. March 31, 1772, Silas Butler, yeoman, with his wife Jerusha, living in the Glass Works Grant, sold for £25, to Timothy Edwards of Stockbridge, 50 acres of land in the Glass Works Grant on the north line of Great Barrington; the first station bounded southwards by Barrington Hoplands, east by land of Oliver Thomas, west by land of Eliezir Deming, north by land of Thomas Williams. In 1772 Timothy Edwards sold for £12.10s. to Silas Butler, who was living in the Glass Works Grant, land in Stockbridge lying on north-east corner of Barrington Hoplands. Apr. 4, 1771, Silas Butler, living in the Glass

*In 1765 he and his wife were members of the Congregational Church in Stockbridge, Mass. (See David Dudley Field's Historical Sketch of the Church in Stockbridge, 1853.)

Works Grant, bought a tract of 50 acres of land in said grant. Sept. 30, 1772, Silas Butler, joiner, of Stockbridge, with his wife Jerusha, sold for £12.10s to Timothy Edwards, 10 acres of land. Mar. 9, 1774, Silas Butler, joiner, of Stockbridge, sold for £37 to John Seeley, lots of land, one piece bounded by Richard Rennev's land. Feb. 16, 1779, late widow of Silas Butler, who was at that date the wife of Joseph Huggins of Sheffield, Mass., desired that the said Joseph Huggins should administer the estate of her late deceased husband, Silas Butler, of said Sheffield.

January, 1787, Eldad Huggins, of New Marlboro', Mass., with Joseph Huggins of Sheffield, gave bonds, when Silas Spencer Butler,—(son of Silas Butler, deceased, late of Sheffield;)—a minor, chose Joseph Huggins for his guardian; at the same date William and Eldad Butler, minors, sons of Silas Butler, deceased, also chose Joseph Huggins for their guardian.

Silas Butler married in Woodbury, Conn., Mar. 15, 1758, Jerusha Spencer, daughter of Eldad and Esther Clark Spencer; Jerusha was born in Wallingford, Conn., Oct. 11, 1738. Her father, Eldad Spencer, of Hartford, Conn., was great-grandson of Sergeant Thomas Spencer, of Cambridge, whose ancestry is easily traceable to King Edward IV of England.

The children of Silas and Jerusha Spencer Butler were:

1. Darius,
2. William,
3. CHARLES,
4. Eldad,

All baptized in Stockbridge by Rev. Benjamin West, Aug. 25, 1765.

5. Jerusha, b. 1768.
6. Hannah, baptized by Rev. Benjamin West, Oct. 2, 1768.
7. Esther, baptized by Rev. Benjamin West, Sept. 9, 1770.
8. Silas, baptized by Rev. Benjamin West, Sept. 6, 1772; a descendant living at Phelps, N. Y., in 1905, states that there was also a son Zephaniah.

In the official record compiled from the Commonwealth Archives, entitled "Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolutionary War," Vol. II, Silas Butler is given credit for 5 months and 21 days service at Martha's Vineyard during the war. The record shows that Silas Butler gave a receipt to Capt. Benjamin Smith for wages for service from June 1, 1776, to Sept. 1, 1776. He was also a Private in Capt. Benjamin Smith's Company and served between Sept. 1, 1776, and Nov. 21, 1776; stationed at Martha's Vineyard, where companies were raised for the defense of the seacoast. Between the 10th and the 15th of Sept., 1778, many residents of Edgartown lost heavily from raids by the British upon their property and cattle; two cattle and four sheep being taken from John Butler, among the rest.*

As we approach the generation of the family that lived through the stirring days of the great struggle for independence, it is fitting that we should note some of the conditions under which our ancestors then lived.

The attitude assumed by the Colonists at the beginning of the Revolutionary struggle was that of vigilance and self-defense. While differing somewhat from each other either in creed, temperament, descent or manners, the people in the several colonies stood united politically in 1775 on the common platform of resistance to the endangering to certain privileges of their own, assured to them by charter or long enjoyment. An attempt upon the privileges of one was a threat against all. An alarm sounded in one locality was bound to spread by common sympathy to every other. In Connecticut, especially its eastern section, this Colonial spirit took deep root. As the possibility of a collision with the mother country became apparent, town meetings were held, contributions of money and provisions were voted for the

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*He became 2d Lieutenant and later 1st Lieutenant of Captain Well's Co., Colonel Belden's 6th Regt., Conn. Militia, and was mustered out of the service at Peekskill, N. Y., finally settling in New York.

distressed inhabitants of Boston, whose port had been closed by Act of Parliament.

The Assembly of the Colony of Connecticut in Jan., 1775, ordered the entire militia to muster and drill once a week, during the three succeeding months. The situation was characterized as "an alarming crisis." This crisis culminated on Apr. 19, 1775. A detachment of British troops marching out from Boston to seize military stores alleged to have been collected at Concord, for hostile purposes, was met upon the road by the provincials and a bloody encounter took place. The since famous skirmishes of Lexington and Concord were fought, which precipitated the Revolutionary War. An "alarm" was immediately spread in every direction. The news was rapidly carried by horse "expresses" from town to town. Prepared to a certain extent for such an alarm, a large number of able-bodied men in Connecticut hurried off for the relief of Boston. It was a spontaneous and orderly movement of the townsmen under their militia organizations; thus it typified the fundamental principle of the object of our National Guard system of the present day.

A letter dated "Wethersfield, Apr. 23, 1775," describes the scene there as follows: "We are all in motion here, and equipt from the Town yesterday 100 young men, who cheerfully offered their service, twenty days provision and sixty-four rounds per man. They are all well armed and in high spirits. My brother has gone with them and others of the first property. Our neighboring towns are all arming and moving. Men of the first character shoulder their arms and march off for the field of action. We shall by night have several thousands from this Colony on their march. We fix on our standards and drums the Colony Arms, with the motto 'qui transtulit, sustinet,' round it in letters of gold, which we construe thus: "God, who transplanted us, hither, will support us.'"

Writing from Wallingford, Apr. 24, 1775, Mr. James Lockwood says: "Colonel Wadsworth was over at this place most of

yesterday, and has ordered 20 men out of each Company of his Regiment, some of which had already set off and others go this morning. . . . . The country beyond here are all gone." The number of men who are reported in the official State records to have marched in the Lexington Alarm was about 4,000.

Upon the organization of Regiments for service during the year many of the same men enlisted and continued for different terms during the War.

Social distinctions at the time of the Revolution, especially in New York City, were well defined and undisputed. Under the English Governors of New York, the men from oversea, who were high bred, intelligent, identified with government, assimilated readily with the Dutch gentry, intermarried with them, and there resulted that social, political and exclusive class of culture and refinement which constituted the aristocracy of that day and founded families whose members in successive generations ruled society.

The men dressed with elaborate care, in imported costumes of the period, French fashions were affected by the ladies, small merchants and house owners moved in a lower social scale, and then came clerks, mechanics, servants and slaves. The Revolution, with its democratic tendencies, however, swept away the political power of the ruling class, which in the main was Tory and loyal to King George III, and with the loss of power and wealth, social supremacy was doomed.

But there were many of the gentry that espoused the patriots' cause and when the war was over it was but natural that these should still be leaders in the social life of the rejuvenated city.

The pre-Revolutionary customs and manners, however, still lingered to a considerable extent. Clothing still came from England and from France, while some adhered to the small clothes, cocked hat and hair in queues which characterized the preceding generation.

On his mother's side, Silas Butler was a direct descendant of

John Tilley, who sailed Sept. 6, 1620, from Plymouth, England, in the *Mayflower* with his wife and daughter. There were 101 passengers, in all, many of them having come from Leyden, Holland, where for 11 years there had been a little colony of English families who had left their native country to escape religious persecution. The Leyden people had embarked at Delft Haven in the "*Speedwell*," which met the *Mayflower* at Southampton, the latter vessel having come from London. The two ships sailed together from Southampton, but the "*Speedwell*," proving unseaworthy, the vessels put in at Plymouth, and from thence after transfer of passengers the "*Mayflower*" started alone on the above date.

On November eleventh the little party arrived at Cape Cod, and while the ship was yet in the harbor, ten of her principal men, including John Howland, were sent out in a boat manned by eight sailors, to select a place to establish the longed-for home for the weary band. A storm drove them into Plymouth harbor, and Plymouth was selected as the place of settlement. Before landing, however, the pilgrims assembled in the cabin of the "*Mayflower*" and signed the following now-famous compact.*

> "IN THE NAME OF GOD, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign, Lord King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc., having undertaken, for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith and honor of our King and Country, a voyage to plant the first Colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together

*A photograph copy of the original manuscript of this Mayflower Compact may be seen in "The Mayflower Descendants," Vol. I, p. 64.
See also "One hundred and Sixty Allied Families," by J. O. Austin, pp. 106, 137, 244.

into a civil body politic for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforsaid and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the Colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.

In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names at Cape Cod, the eleventh of November, in the year of the reign of our Sovereign, Lord King James of England, France and Ireland, the eighteenth and of Scotland the fifty-fourth: Anno Domini 1620."

There were 41 signers to this compact, John Tilley's name being the sixteenth on the list. Before the end of March, twenty-one of these had perished, including John Tilley. The last survivor of the signers was John Alden, who died 1687, Sept. 12th, and the last survivor of the whole company was Mary Cushman, wife of Elder Thomas Cushman, and daughter of Isaac Allerton; she died 1699. John Tilley's wife, Elizabeth, as well as he himself, died within the first year after their arrival.

John Howland, who shipped as a servant for John Carver, being a member of the latter's family, also signed the above compact.

He married John Tilley's daughter, Elizabeth, and they had ten children.

In a public division of cattle held June 1, 1627, o. s., described in the Plymouth Colony Records, by order of the Public Court, all the cattle, cows and goats which were the property of the Company were divided amongst the colonists. There were 12 lots distributed, 13 persons being assigned to each lot. The fourth lot fell to John Howland and his group, consisting of himself, Elizabeth, his wife, his son, John Howland, Jr., John Alden, Priscilla Alden, Desire Howland, his daughter, William

Wright, Thomas Morton, Jr., Elizabeth Alden, Clemont Briggs, Edward Dolton and Edward Holdman.

Our direct descent from John Tilley, through thirteen generations, is as follows:

JOHN TILLEY
ELIZABETH TILLEY HOWLAND, his daughter
DESIRE HOWLAND GORHAM, her daughter
DESIRE GORHAM HAWES, her daughter
ELIZABETH HAWES DAGGETT, her daughter
JEMIMA DAGGETT BUTLER, her daughter
SILAS BUTLER, her son
CHARLES BUTLER, his son
WILLIAM BUTLER, his son
HENRY L. BUTLER, his son
MARY S. ALBURGER, his daughter
T. LINTON ALBURGER, JR., her son

References:

Palmer Genealogy and Melville Groups, by E. W. Leavitt, pp. 353-371.
Butler Ancestry, by Blanche Butler Ames.
Norton Genealogy.
Massachusetts Archives, Revolutionary Rolls, Vol. XXXVI, 239, 246.
Bank's History of Martha's Vineyard.
Sturges' Genealogy, by Alonzo W. Sturges, p. 8.

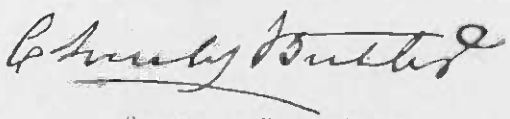
Chapter VII.

Sixth Generation.

CHARLES BUTLER.

Charles Butler was baptized August 25, 1765, at the Litchfield Church. On May 9, 1790, he married Mary Thompson, sister of Isaac Thompson, of New London.*

In 1792 he built a house in Litchfield, Conn., at the corner of North and East Streets, where he resided.



Signature of Charles Butler.
From private records in the family.

Very little concerning him has come down to us in later times, excepting that he is described as a very pleasant and agreeable gentleman and that he died in a hospital.

His sister, Jerusha Butler, was born in 1768 and in 1785 married Julius Ranney of Woodbury, Conn.

The children of Charles and Mary Thompson Butler were:

1. Maria, b. Sept. 8, 1791; married Abram Perlee.
2. Nancy, b. Aug. 9, 1793; married 1st Daniel Frye; 2nd Mr. Hubbell. The children of Nancy Butler Frye and her first husband were Mary Frye, who married Rev. J. Edson Rockwell (see page 196); Annie Frye, who married Mr. Lyons of Bridgeport, Conn.; Margaret Frye, who married 1st Mr. Hamilton of New York, 2nd George E. Sistare; Frederick Frye.

*See "Residents of Litchfield, Conn.," 1720-1800, by Geo. C. Woodruff.

3. WILLIAM, b. June 18, 1795; married Alice M. Morris.

4. Mary, b. June 3, 1797; married, Jan. 1, 1819, Theron Rudd.

5. Harriet, b July 27, 1800; married Charles Phelps of Staten Island; she died May 10, 1886; their children were Elizabeth, who married Angus Cameron; Mary, who married Thomas Walden; and one son; name not known.

6. Catharine, b. ——; married Rev. Selden Haynes.

7. Eliza, b. ——; married Hiram Veltman of Brooklyn; died prior to 1895. Their children were: William, Christopher and Julia, who married Griffin LeFort, whose son, Edward LeFort, resides at present at Stapleton, Staten Island.

8. Isaac,* b. ——;

9. George, died in his youth.

10. Charles. died in his youth.

11. Theron Rudd, b. March 9, 1813; married 1st Mary Beach; 2nd Maria E. Miller on June 1, 1848; he died Jan. 19, 1881. Maria Miller Butler was born May 30, 1827, and died May 20, 1910.

*A copy of the will of Isaac Butler was in the possession of Mrs. Henry L. Butler in 1919. He left money to his brother William's three children.

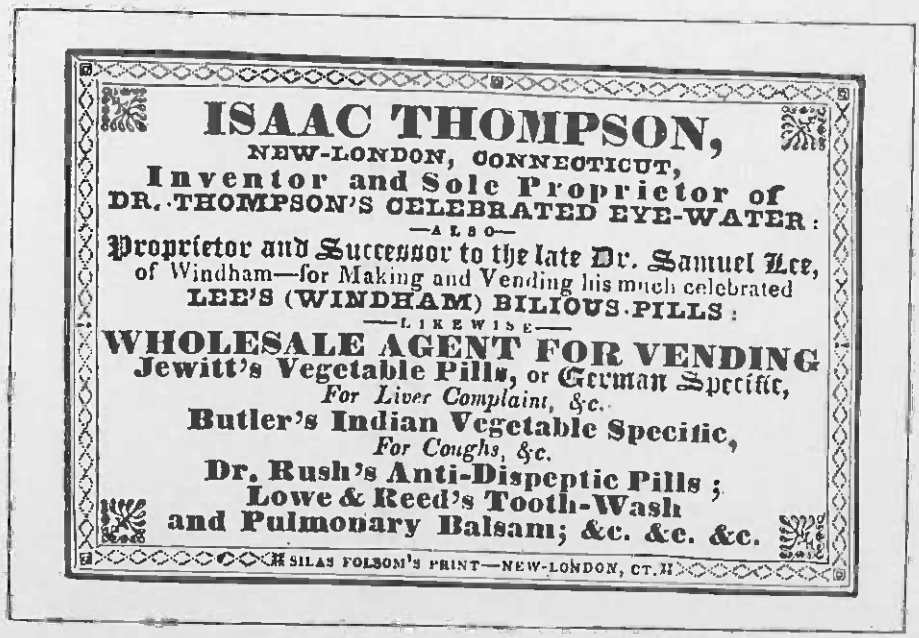
MEHITABLE THOMPSON BUTLER.
Born 1773.
Mother of William Butler. Her father, Lieut. William Thompson, was killed in action during the Revolutionary War.

Mary Thompson (called Mehitable,—her mother's name) was the wife of Charles Butler; she was the fifth child and only daughter of Lieut. William Thompson and Mehitable Ufford Thompson of Stratford and Ridgefield, Conn. Mary, who was baptized in March, 1773, was the only daughter in a family of six children; all excepting one of her five brothers being her seniors in age.

Mary Thompson Butler's brother, Isaac Thompson, a druggist of New London, Conn., was one of the well-known business men of that town for half a century; he is highly spoken of in the histories and biographies of that locality.

A photographic reproduction of one of his business cards, which was printed in New London about 1830, is shown below.

William Butler, his nephew, by marriage, was in the same line of business in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.


ISAAC THOMPSON,
NEW-LONDON, CONNECTICUT,
Inventor and Sole Proprietor of
DR. THOMPSON'S CELEBRATED EYE-WATER:
—ALSO—
Proprietor and Successor to the late Dr. Samuel Lee,
of Windham—for Making and Vending his much celebrated
LEE'S (WINDHAM) BILIOUS PILLS:
—LIKEWISE—
WHOLESALE AGENT FOR VENDING
Jewitt's Vegetable Pills, or German Specific,
For Liver Complaint, &c.
Butler's Indian Vegetable Specific,
For Coughs, &c.
Dr. Rush's Anti-Dispeptic Pills;
Lowe & Reed's Tooth-Wash
and Pulmonary Balsam; &c. &c. &c.
SILAS FOLSOM'S PRINT—NEW-LONDON, CT.

LIEUT. WILLIAM THOMPSON, son of John 2nd and Mehitable Thompson, married Mehitable Ufford; his widow married Captain John Thatcher. Lieut. Wm. Thompson was the father of Mary Thompson Butler, mentioned on the preceding page.

In Orcutt's "History of Stratford" (Conn.), Vol. I, p. 371, it is stated that William Thompson, in Dec., 1776, was appointed a member of the "Committee of Inspection" organized in Stratford at the outbreak of the Revolution, for the purpose of keep-

ing "watch and ward" in the town during the war. In the diary kept by Capt. Ebenezer Coe, of Stratford, in which he records his misfortunes and deliverances during that contest, this entry appears, speaking of the fight at Danbury:

> "William Thompson was also present from Stratford. At Ridgefield he was wounded and while in that condition a British soldier stepped up and blew out his brains with his gun."

This was on April 27, 1777, and the Sunday after his death, May 4, 1777, the Rev. Izrahiah Welmore preached his funeral sermon at Stratford. Text: Isaiah ix. 5. The manuscript sermon is still preserved by the Welmore family.* In connection with the noble death of this patriot it is interesting to note some of the events which led up to the conflict in which he lost his life. On account of its central location, on the Hudson, Peekskill, N. Y., had been designated as the place of encampment for nearly all the New England and New York troops taking the field, and by the middle of July, 1776, several Brigades had assembled there. While the regiments were thus mobilizing and organizing, the enemy under the British General Tryon attempted an expedition against Danbury.

DANBURY RAID—Apr. 25-28, 1777.

In the fall of 1776 Danbury, Conn., was selected by the Continental officers as a place of deposit for military stores; accordingly, during the winter, large quantities of flour, pork and other provisions were collected and stored there. The destruction of these stores was the object of Gen. Tryon, who with a force of 2,000 men, in April, 1777, landed at Compo, near Fairfield, and

*Lieutenant Thompson was buried in Stratford in the old Congregational Church Cemetery.

was conducted to Danbury, some 22 miles distant, by two young Tory guides, who were residents of Danbury.

The British made their appearance here on the afternoon of Saturday, the 26th of April, 1777. As the head of the column of troops arrived at the Court House, four men stationed in a residence nearby, fired upon them from the windows and fled, but they were overtaken and shot down; their bodies were thrown into the residence and the house immediately burnt. The whole population of the village, excepting a few Tory families, made their escape to the adjoining towns, taking with them their movable property. During the night their dwellings were filled with British troops. The alarm was of course spread through the adjacent towns and through the night and the following day volunteers came flocking to the camps of the patriots, a short distance north of the village. The British sent out no detachments and paid little or no attention to the small American force in the vicinity, but spent the night in revelry and drunkenness. Early on Sunday morning, the 27th, every dwelling house in the town was set on fire, excepting the houses of Tories; the enemy marched out of the town while they were yet in flames.

Gen. Wooster, of New Haven, being in the vicinity, took command of the few American troops which could be collected and followed close upon the rear of the British army, harassing them considerably upon their march southwesterly towards Ridgefield, and in which pursuit he lost his life, receiving a fatal wound when about two miles north of the village of Ridgefield, while in the act of urging his men on to the attack of a small force of British troops who had become separated from the main body. The command then devolved upon Gen. Arnold, who conducted the pursuit with his usual impetuosity.

On arriving at the village of Ridgefield, the rear of the enemy turned upon their pursuers and there was a sharp skirmish for about half an hour. In the conflict Arnold's horse was killed under him.

While Arnold was struggling to release his feet from the stirrups, a Tory from New Fairfield, named Coon, advanced towards him, for the purpose of making him a prisoner, and said to him: "Surrender! You are my prisoner." "Not yet," said Arnold, who at that moment, having extricated himself from his fallen horse, drew a pistol from his holster and shot his Tory adversary dead upon the spot.

The number of killed in this skirmish exceeded 40, in which number is included Lieut. William Thompson.

On May 26, 1777, the Selectmen of Ridgefield represented to the General Assembly that the British on their incursion to Danbury, on their return, passed through Ridgefield and burned the grist-mill and saw-mill of Isaac Keeler, as well as many dwelling houses and other buildings therein and killed and drove away many of their cattle, and while occupying their dwellings plundered the premises of provisions and clothing, whereby many of the inhabitants were reduced to such poverty and distress that they were unable to provide for themselves.

Whereupon the Assembly appointed the same Committee as had been appointed to proceed to Danbury to estimate the losses of each person in Ridgefield, so that the actual losses sustained by the unfortunate sufferers through the ravages of so merciless an enemy should be known. The General Assembly then directed the sum of £250 be paid by the Treasurer to the Selectmen of Ridgefield, to be used in relieving the distress of such persons that were suffering and required immediate relief.

On Dec. 1, 1777, the Committee, consisting of Increase Moseley, Nehemiah Beardsley and Lemuel Sanford, Esqrs., repaired to Ridgefield, after having notified the sufferers, and held several days' session, in examining the accounts of the sufferers, on oath: the total amount of losses presented was £2,625:1:8—which report was accepted by the General Assembly and lodged on file for reference whenever Congress should order a compensation to them. The General Assembly of Connecticut in May, 1792, by

a resolution, released and gave quit-claim deeds of land to all Connecticut people who had sustained losses during the Revolution. Five hundred thousand acres of farming land, owned by Connecticut, situated west of Pennsylvania and bounded on the north by Lake Erie, was given, to be divided, pro rata, among said sufferers. The land was located in Huron Co., State of Ohio. To inhabitants of Ridgefield was allowed losses valued at a total of £1,730:1:10, and to people of Danbury £8,303:17:10 1/4. The sums advanced to Ridgefield by the grants of the Conn. Gen. Assembly were deducted and the net balances allowed. Among several affidavits submitted during the Revolution, accompanied by claims, was a deposition by one John Collins of New Haven, who was formerly an officer in the Continental Navy. While sick at the house of Capt. Thomas Wooster, in New Haven, he testified that on the 5th day of July, 1779, soon after the British Army took possession of New Haven, a number of British soldiers entered Mrs. Wooster's house (the widow of Gen. Wooster) and demanded of her her silver and silver plate. She told them she had none in the house. They demanded her pockets, which she refused; one of the soldiers seized her by the shoulder, swore she had plate and he would kill her unless she delivered it. She then took a watch from her pocket and gave it to them and laid some other trifles on the table and attempted to escape at the door. They cried stop her and laid violent hands upon her, and one leveled his gun at her breast, damned her and swore if she moved a step he would shoot her dead. They then demanded her earrings and her handkerchief from her neck. She asked them if they were not ashamed to treat a woman thus; one replied: "Damn you, do you think you must wear a silk handkerchief when I have none?" As they were about to use violence to obtain them, Mrs. Wooster delivered them up. They then turned their attention to Mr. Collins and made him a prisoner, when Mrs. Wooster escaped. The affidavit then goes on to tell the fate of Mr. Collins at their hands, but that is another story.

Sworn July 26, 1779; before Samuel Bishop, Jr., Justice of the Peace.*

JERUSHA BUTLER, daughter of Silas and Jerusha (Spencer) Butler, and sister of Charles Butler, was born 1768 (probably in Stockbridge, Mass.); she married 1785 Julius, son of Jeremiah and Martha (Stowe) Ranney, who was born in Bethlehem, Conn., 1765.

Apr. 11, 1785, Julius Ranney owned a house with a small lot of land and a blacksmith's shop in Woodbury, North Purchase, which was called Bethlehem; this land was on Kasson's Hill, adjoining the farm of Solomon Butler, and the estate was taxed in Woodbury. Sept. 28, 1802, Julius Ranney's estate was administered, he dying intestate. It consisted of a house, homestead, lot and a blacksmith shop, the whole property amounting to £456.68s.

He died in Bethlehem July 12, 1802. After his decease his widow, Mrs. Jerusha Ranney, went to Stockbridge, Berkshire Co., Mass., where she supported her family of young children by boarding pupils of Rev. Dr. Bellamy's Academy. Among these was Wade Hampton. About this time there was an active movement to purchase lands in central and northern New York State, and Mrs. Ranney became owner in 1810 of a farm in what is now Spencer, Tioga Co., N. Y.

This she managed skilfully and with great success. Her children married and settled on adjacent farms. They were:

1. Polly Ranney, born Sept. 14, 1790; probably the Mary of whom her mother wrote in her last letter, dated 1844, that she had recently died in Michigan. Married Hiram Hawes.
2. Julius Ranney, born Aug. 24, 1792.

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*References:
Orcutt's History of Stratford," Vol. I, p. 377.
"Connecticut During the War of the Revolution," p. 117, by R. R. Hinman.

3. Lucy Ranney, born July 19, 1794, married Rev. Urban Palmer.
4. Oliver Ranney, born Sept. 17, 1796.
5. Susan Ranney, born Feb. 28, 1799.
6. Thomas Stow Ranney, born Aug. 22, 1801.

Family letters speak of the marked ability and strong characteristics of Mrs. Jerusha Butler, and one enthusiastic descendant wrote: "If she had been a man, she would have become a Major-General."

Oct. 7, 1819, her son, Julius Butler Ranney, wrote: "I live on mother's farm and try to cultivate it: sister Susan died; mother and all the family attended the funeral save Oliver Ranney of Chester, Ohio. As to brother James, husband of sister Susan, his son Oliver and sister Lucy keep house for him. James has removed to Union Village, ten miles below Ithaca; their youngest child was named Jerusha." In the same year, 1819, Mrs. Lucy Ranney Palmer wrote: "Brother Iram (Hawes) and sister Polly are at our house in Union Village; our little Jerusha has died." For awhile Hiram Hawes, who had married Polly Ranney, lived in Danby.

From Kingsville on Apr. 11, 1829, Mrs. Lucy Ranney Palmer wrote to her brother, Oliver Ranney: "While we were stopping at Burton Mr. Palmer was taken ill: brother James has come back here to live." Again her son Julius wrote: "Mother has married a very wealthy Dutch farmer, a man of ability and means by the name of David Ennis. In a letter dated 1836, Mrs. Jerusha (Butler) Ranney-Ennis described a visit she had just paid in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to her two brothers, Charles and George Butler, at their residences in Market Street. In 1830, Thomas Stow Ranney, another son, was editing the Albany *Argus*, and wrote that he had just received a visit from his cousins Elizabeth and Hannah Butler, daughters of his uncle, Charles Butler, of Poughkeepsie, and added: "The youngest

cousin, Elizabeth, has just been married to Mr. Hiram Vellman, and was here on her wedding trip."

From Poughkeepsie, where Thomas Stow Ranney was editing another newspaper, he wrote to his brother Olim in 1811: "I recall the time when Julius came hither from Vermont. It seems but a brief while since mother, Susan, Thomas and you were at our fireside, and Polly, Lucy and Julius at no great distance; now my wife has gone—Lucy, too!"

From Rome, N. Y., Rev. Urban Palmer wrote to Mrs. Lynda Ranney at Chester Cross Roads, O.: "I was married Sept. 30, 1839, to a widow."

Feb. 4, 1841, Mrs. Ennis, then suffering from a severe illness, that she thought would terminate fatally, bade farewell to her family.

Throughout her life she exhibited a strong religious spirit and her letters contained many exhortations to a Christian life.

She left a sum of money to be used for the erection of a chapel in the little village of Cayuta, a Dutch settlement which was originally a part of the township of Spencer.

Dec. 16, 1862, her son, Thomas Stow Ranney, who was residing in Poughkeepsie, wrote somewhat at length concerning his uncle, Charles Butler, and his eldest daughter, "my cousin," Mrs. Perlee, and her brother, Theron R. Butler, another cousin, then of Chenango County, N. Y.

Theron Rudd Butler,
1813-1884,
Son of Charles and Mary Thompson Butler.

Theron R. Butler, the youngest son of Charles and Mary Thompson Butler, was born March 9, 1813.

His parents resided in Poughkeepsie, New York, and when a young man he went "west" to Ohio, where he made the acquaintance of and married in 1839, Miss Mary Beach.

Shortly after their marriage his wife died and was buried in Columbus, Ohio, where they were then living.

Their daughter, Ruth, married a Mr. Abrahamson; for certain reasons which do not appear, the name was afterward changed back.

Their daughter, Mary, who was named for her mother, was born December 6, 1840, and married Albert W. Green (b. Feb. 12, 1830; d. Oct. 1, 1900). Mrs. Green died February 7, 1872, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery. They are the parents of Mary, Alice and Grace Green mentioned below. These three daughters, all of whom are now living, married respectively, John A. Hartwell, Mr. Hoffman and Henry M. Alexander.

Mrs. Alexander's married life was not wholly without incident, as it appears the couple were divorced and later remnited.

Thereon R. Butler married a second time, on June 1, 1848, Maria E. Miller (b. May 30, 1827; d. May 20, 1910), who survived her husband 26 years. She was interred in their family burial plot at Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, New York.

The only daughter and child of the second marriage was Eleanor Rudd Butler, born May 16, 1849, who married Rev. Henry M. Sanders, a Baptist clergyman, whose father was the publisher of the well known "Sander's Spellers," a schoolbook known to every schoolboy and girl for two generations. Mrs. Sanders died August 5, 1905, and was also buried in the Theron R. Butler plot, Greenwood Cemetery.

Theron R. Butler was engaged for many years in the wholesale dry good busines. He died January 19, 1884, and is buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, where a handsome granite monument marks the site of his grave.

Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Theo. Roosevelt, Jr., with Their Children, Grace, Cornelius and Theodore Roosevelt III.
From photograph taken in 1919.

His great-granddaughter, Eleanor Green Alexander (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Alexander), married Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

In March, 1915, Mrs. Mary Butler Green Hartwell of 27 East 63rd Street, New York, and her sister, Alice G. Hoffman, of 17 East 54th Street, New York, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Green, started a friendly suit in the Surrogate's Court of New York County, to determine the amount of the income to which they were entitled under the trust estates created by the will of Theron R. Butler, their grandfather and great-great-grand-

father of the Roosevelt children. By the will of Theron R. Butler he left his estate in trust, $25,000 of the annual income to go to his wife and the remainder to his daughter, Mary, who was the mother of Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Hoffman and Mrs. Hartwell. Both his wife and daughter have since died.

Through Mrs. Grace Green Alexander, another sister of Mrs. Hartwell and Mrs. Hoffman, the Butler estate will be passed to her only daughter Eleanor—Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.—and will be ultimately inherited by the daughter and two sons of Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Roosevelt, Jr.

The principal sum originally inherited was about $1,600,000.

The United States Trust Company was appointed as Trustee, and their report showed that the estate funds had increased to $3,294,202.55, with an additional income from rents and other sources of $571,728.55.

Twenty-one hundred shares of stock in the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway, which were valued at $90 a share at the time of Mr. Butler's death on January 19, 1884, were turned into cash by the Trust Company in 1914 at $500 per share.

The estate sold its holdings back to the railroad for $1,050,000. The heirs then sought to have the difference in value, $819,210, turned over to them that they might enjoy the immediate benefit of its use.

A question of great interest to lawyers, as affecting trust estates, arose in connection with this suit.

When the Lake Shore Railway Company consolidated with the New York Central Lines in 1914, certain stockholders of the Lake Shore declined to take stock in the consolidated corporation at the rate of five shares of the new stock for each share of Lake Shore stock.

In the case of a trust estate, where the income goes to some member of a family for life and on death of that person the principal goes to some other member of the family, the legal question arises—as in this case—whether or not some part of this

$500 per share represents *income* of the trust fund, and, if so, how much; or whether it all represents *principal*. The United States Trust Company carried the whole of the $500 received for each of the 2,100 shares of the Lake Shore stock to the principal of the fund, and Mrs. Mary B. G. Hartwell and her sister, Alice Hoffman, as beneficiaries under the will, in order to have the question properly determined by the courts in an amicable way, filed objections to the accounting made by the U. S. Trust Co.

The Surrogate of New York County in March, 1919, ruled that the increased value of this stock constituted principal as intended by the testator, Theron R. Butler.

A referee held that the increase in the value of the stock was income and should go to the heirs, but Surrogate Cohalan on March 3, 1919, overruled this view, and the profit was thereupon impounded with the trust funds.

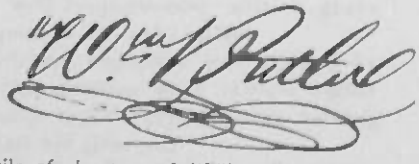
This decision of the Surrogate insures for Mrs. Roosevelt the bulk of the estate, which is today worth $3,313,126.

Under the provisions of the will, the estate was to be shared in by Mr. Butler's great-grandchildren and their heirs. As both Mrs. Hoffman and Mrs. Hartwell are childless, their interest in the estate ultimately passes to Mrs. Roosevelt and her children, Theodore 3rd, Grace Green and Cornelius Van Schaack Roosevelt.

Alice M. Butler

1798-1884.

William Butler,
1795-1828,
Father of Henry L. Butler, Sr.
From sketch made by Mrs. William Butler
(nee Alice M. Morris.)



Facsimile of signature of William Butler, from an original document in possession of Mrs. Henry L. Butler, dated January 29, 1818; at which time he was located at 155 Water Street, New York City, and was a member of the firm of DeGroot, Strong & Butler, dry goods merchants at 174 Broadway, New York. Mr. Henry DeGroot who was the senior member of this firm resided at 44 Greenwich Street, removing later to Walker Street.

Chapter VIII.

Seventh Generation.

WILLIAM BUTLER.

It was shown on page 68 that William Butler was the third child of Charles and Mary Thompson Butler.

William Butler was born at Litchfield, Conn., and was baptized at the Litchfield Church June 18, 1795. The Revolution had ended, independence had been won, and the colonists were turning their minds to domestic settlement and the pursuits of peace.

Several years later he removed from Litchfield to Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He was engaged as a druggist throughout his active life, and manufactured at his place of business in Poughkeepsie, among other preparations, a mixture for coughs and colds known as "Butler's Indian Vegetable Specific,"* which enjoyed an extensive reputation and sale for many years.

It became one of the popular household remedies of the day. It was an efficacious medicine, and many a dose of it was given to his children and grandchildren when occasion demanded, and a bottle was always kept in the house close at hand for emergencies.

On Wednesday evening, April 7th, 1819, at 9 P. M., William Butler and Alice Mercier Morris were married by the Rev. Dr. Philip Milledoler.†

*See illustration, page 70.

†In 1825, the Rev. Philip Milledoler, D. D., was President of Rutger's College, New Brunswick, N. J. He is described as a most excellent man of rather more than the medium height, well-proportioned, with a grave countenance, dignified manners and good powers of conversation.

His mind was well stored and his Christian character was marked by great consistency and fervent devotion. His sermons were always highly evangelical and delivered with marked vivacity and earnestness, but nothing pertaining to him was more remarkable than his prayers.

His services were sought by some of the most important congregations in New York and Philadelphia and previous to the organization of Prince-

The following year the couple removed to Baltimore, Md., where their four children, William L. M., Henry L., Mary and Emily M. Butler, were born. After only a little over nine years of wedded happiness, William Butler died of a bilious fever on Monday, Sept. 22nd, 1828, at 2:30 P. M., aged 33 years. He was interred originally in Baltimore, as was also his infant daughter Mary, whose death had preceded his, by two years only.

Many years afterward, the property upon which they were buried was sold. Accordingly, the remains of both William Butler and his daughter Mary were removed by Henry L. Butler, his son, from Baltimore to Brooklyn, N. Y., where they found a final resting place and are buried side by side in the Butler-Salmon plot in Greenwood Cemetery, where their gravestones may be seen today.

Upon his death, his widow returned to New York City to live. Their children were:

William Lee Morris,	born March 11, 1820; married 1843 Lucy E. Barbour. Lost at sea, 1859.
HENRY LANGDON,	born Dec. 9, 1822; married 1848 Mary S. Stryker; died Dec. 21, 1895.
Mary,	born Feb. 13, 1825, in Baltimore, Md.; died July 23, 1826; buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Emily Monroe,	born July 18, 1827; married June, 1847, Hamilton H. Salmon; died Nov. 30, 1917.

lon Seminary, the Presbytery of New York appointed him the instructor of students in Theology. He was truly a man of intelligent and earnest piety. Dr. Milledoler preached in the Middle or Nassau Street Reformed Dutch Church, from 1795 to 1800. During the Revolution he removed to Rhinebeck, N. Y. He preached in Philadelphia from 1800 to 1805. A new church edifice was then erected on Forsyth Street, New York, and returning from Philadelphia in 1805, he preached in the Rutger's Street Presbyterian Church, from 1805 to 1813, and was then appointed Professor of Theology and President of Rutger's College, in which capacity he served for twelve years, until 1825.

See "History of St. George's Church, City of New York," pp. 42-43.

John I. Scudder

Second husband of Alice M. Morris, and brother of Mary Scudder (Mrs. Samuel S. S. Stryker).

Alice M. Scudder
1838.

Nee Alice M. Morris,
1798-1884.
"Grandma Scudder," from a photograph made at the age of 86.

One of William Butler's closest and best friends was Henry Langdon of New York,△ for whom their second son was named. Thus was introduced a family appellation which survived through three generations for 100 years.

William Butler's widow Alice, who was the second child of John Morris* and Mary Lee Morris of English Neighborhood (now Ridgefield, N. J.), three years after the death of her husband, was married on Jan. 24, 1832, to John Holmes Scudder, a New York dry goods merchant, at the historic North Dutch Church in New York City, by the Rev. Dr. DeWitt.

Mr. Scudder was a widower. His first wife's name was Sarah Coryell.

For some time they resided at 661 Greenwich Street, New York, the former home of the now Mrs. Scudder. They removed later to Hamilton Park, Jersey City, N. J.

Mrs. Alice Morris Scudder was born June 5, 1798. At the time of her first marriage she was less than 21 years of age. Her first husband died when she was thirty and she had not quite reached 31 when her second wedding took place in New York.

It is related that when on her honeymoon trip with Mr. Butler in 1819, they stopped at the same hotel in Philadelphia where John Holmes Scudder and Daniel Thatcher—a half brother of Mary Thompson's†—happened to be sojourning.

Mr. Scudder, charmed by the attractive personality of Mrs. Butler, afterwards exclaimed to Mr. Thatcher: "If I could get a wife like that, I'd very soon be married!"

About twelve years later the same lady, then a young widow, became *his* bride.

In response to an enquiry for a photograph of John Holmes Scudder, Mrs. Henry L. Butler wrote in 1918:

"Uncle Holmes has a fine picture of Grandpa Scudder. I gave it to him about two years ago, because he is

*See page 153.
†See page 69.

△ A well known merchant and member of the dry-goods firm of Langdon & Huntington.

named for him. Grandma Scudder, you know, was something of an artist, and she once drew a picture with pencil of her first husband (William Butler), and I know I have it somewhere."

(This is the illustration shown on page 84.)

Mr. and Mrs. Scudder lived also for a short time in Morris Street, New York, directly adjoining the old Stevens House.* which was a landmark for many years at the corner of Morris Street and Broadway.

It was at this same house in Morris Street that Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Butler lived for a few months when they first came to New York after their marriage at Trenton in 1818.

But the former grandeur of the locality is gone. The air is

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*The old Stevens House has stood for 114 years at the northern end of Bowling Green, on Broadway at the southeast corner of Morris Street. Its number is 19 to 27 Broadway, and was the original site of Delmonico's. It is still standing today, as well as the adjoining house on Morris Street, but both are in a very dilapidated condition.

It was for years a favorite resort of Southerners when visiting New York.

Years before the Civil War, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson and J. E. B. Stuart, then young officers in the U. S. Army, were regular visitors at the hotel.

Lee and Jackson were lieutenants stationed at Fort Hamilton, where their names may still be seen on casemate walls.

Lee especially was a frequent visitor. He went to the Stevens House to enjoy fencing bouts with Parke Wilson, a guest there.

Lee was a great swordsman; one of the best in his class at West Point.

A corner room on the second floor of the hotel was the scene of these bouts. At first another room was used, but the prancing about of the fencers distracted the diners below so the proprietor offered the corner room, explaining that it had a stronger floor than the first room.

Lee's strength was remarkable, with a wrist like iron, it was almost impossible to disarm him and any opening for an attack would never miss the flashing eye of the Southern leader.

Jenny Lind was also in the habit of stopping at the Stevens House, as were Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, Gen'l John C. Fremont, P. T. Barnum, and many others nationally prominent before the coming of the Civil War.

shrill with the rush and clatter of passing cars, nearby elevated trains, and the rattle of heavily laden trucks. The surrounding streets are grimy and dirty. The old Stevens House and a few of the old-fashioned three-story brick houses adjoining on Morris Street are still standing in 1919, as old landmarks, but with none of their former sedate dignity.

In the latter years of her life, Mrs. Scudder was known to the family affectionately as "Grandma Scudder."

Grandma Scudder! What memories arise in the very mention of her name! Let us turn back the pages of time and learn more of her charming personality.

Having known her in his childhood, the writer is able to describe her to our readers as the typical, old-fashioned, capable, lovable grandmother. Small of stature, quiet in manner, refined in action and conversation, a lady to the manner born and a true Christian character.

She had an innate aversion to the use of poor English or "slang." Her own speech was noticeable for the use of correct English. Many of her expressions were forms of speech of the olden times.

Her advancing years were made pleasant and happy by the growing up around her of a group of admiring grandchildren and great-grandchildren, of whom there were 27 of the former and 13 of the latter living to bless and honor her.

Her domestic life was delightful, not only because of the intellectual and social culture which characterized it, but also because of the beauty of her religious traits, which shed its controlling influence wherever she went.

Sweet tempered, guileless, trustful, devout and withal earnest, active and discreet.

Her face was expressive and sweet; even when in repose the traces of a smile seemed to linger. Her voice was soft, her temperament artistic to a remarkable degree; she possessed unusual

talent for fine needlework and painting, several of her works on canvas are worthy of mention, among them, "The Wounded Stag," now in the possession of her granddaughter, Mrs. T. L. Alburger, of Germantown, Pa. A landscape scene, depicting the old Scudder Homestead at Scudder's Falls, N. J.,* is owned at present by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Henry L. Butler.

She was a model mother, training her children in the love of God. There was nothing artificial about it. The tone of her life was eminently spiritual.

Strong in her attachments, and untiring in her devotion, she naturally drew those with whom she came into contact into close relations with her.

Grandma Scudder's frequent visits to "Oaklands," the home of her son, Henry L. Butler, on Staten Island, were always eagerly anticipated by the children, for whom she cherished a warm spot in her heart. They would rush forward to greet her, and Grandma, who always carried a small silk hand-bag suspended from her wrist, would open the bag, delving into it, and exclaim sweetly: "Now, let me see what I can find here for my good little boys," and none of them was ever overlooked in the distribution of candy and sweetmeats from that mysteriously inexhaustible hand-bag. Wherever she went this same sweet benediction of sunshine radiated about her.

She was a great reader. Her home was a museum of valuable treasures from all parts of the world.

Her home on Grove Street, Jersey City, N. J., which was willed to her by her half-sister, Mary Cocks, and to which Mrs. Scudder removed shortly after the death of the former, was like a treasure storehouse with mementoes and valuable objects from all parts of the world. For many years she employed an aged housekeeper named "Maggie," who with her daughter,

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*See page 295.

"Ellie," carefully looked after things and kept the house in spotless order.

Here her son, Henry L. Butler, frequently visited his mother after business hours.

When well in her eighties she laughed and enjoyed the telling the story of Mr. Scudder's conversation in Philadelphia, with Mr. Thatcher, related on page 88, as though she were still a young girl.

She was truly a sweet and lovely character; a typical, dear old lady.

Hers was a long and useful life, and she has left behind an enduring memory of her beautiful character.

Following an acute attack of gastritis, she passed away at her home in Jersey City at nine o'clock in the morning, April 28, 1884, in her 86th year, and was interred in the burial plot of her son, Henry L. Butler, at Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The old English Neighborhood Church, which she attended in her girlhood and which was built in 1793, was still standing in 1918 at Ridgefield, Bergen County, N. J. In the churchyard cemetery may be seen the headstones marking the graves of her mother, Mary Lee Morris, and the latter's father and mother, William Lee and his wife, Alice Gwinn Lee (called Elsey).*

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*On September 12, 1794, Cornelius Vreelandt conveyed to the then Consistory of the Dutch Reformed Church at English Neighborhood a half acre of land for the consideration of £10. This land adjoined that whereon the church was just built and provided an appropriate enlargement of their church premises. It constitutes part of the land on which the church property now stands.

See "Annals of the Classis of Bergen of the Reformed Dutch Church," by Benj. C. Taylor, D. D., 1857, p. 253.

In a volume containing the old records and vital statistics of the Reformed Church of English Neighborhood, N. J., which are

Reformed Church of English Neighborhood, N. J.

This is the church which Grandma Scudder attended in her girlhood. Built 1793 and still standing at Ridgefield, N. J. Over the main entrance there is a marble tablet which bears this inscription:

The House
of the Lord
Erected
A. D. 1793

on file at the Sage Library of the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, N. J., where they were deposited for safe keeping.

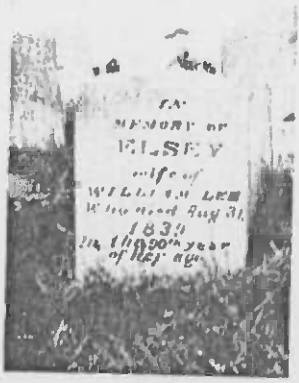
are the Minutes of the Consistory of that church, showing among the sale of pews this entry:

"1795—William Lee, Pew No. 7."

The price paid for this pew was twelve shillings ($3.00).

By the first marriage of Alice Mercier Morris to William Butler, the issue were:

Burial Place of
Mary Lee Morris,
Ridgefield, N. J.
Mother of "Grandma Scudder."



Burial Place of
Alice Gwinn Lee (called Elsey)
Ridgefield, N. J.
Grandmother of "Grandma Scudder."

1. William Lee Morris, born March 11, 1820; married 1813, Lucy E. Barbour, of Flint, Mich.; d. 1859.
2. HENRY LANGDON, born Dec. 9, 1822; married June 21, 1818, Mary S. Stryker of Trenton, N. J., d. Dec. 21, 1895.
3. Mary, born Feb. 13, 1825, in Baltimore, Md.; died July 23, 1826; buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn.

4. Emily Monroe, born July 18, 1827, in Baltimore, Md.; married Hamilton H. Salmon of Brooklyn, N. Y.; died Nov. 30, 1917, at Lakeview, N. C.

By the second marriage of Alice Mercier Morris to John Holmes Scudder the issue were:

1. Mary, born Aug. 21, 1833, in N. Y. City; died Mar. 15, 1831.
2. William, born July 12, 1831; died Oct. 1, 1837.
3. Alice M., born Mar. 21, 1835, in N. Y. City; died Aug. 11, 1844. Buried beneath an old church in N. Y., not now in existence.
4. Julia Elizabeth, born Dec. 6, 1837, in N. Y. City; married Chas. Cerqueira Lima, at old First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave., cor. 10th St., New York City. Issue: Charles C., Jr., born Aug., 1859; Alice, born May, 1861, married William MacCullogg; Emily, died in infancy on Staten Island, buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Butler-Salmon plot; Henry C., born 1867.
5. Caroline Mary, born Feb. 15, 1840, in N. Y. City; married June 29, 1865, Lewis Randolph Smith, at Chelsea Presbyterian Church, W. 22d St., near 9th Ave., N. Y. City. Issue: Edward D., Mary A., Lewis, died, buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, N. Y.; Hopeton D., Holmes Scudder, and Henry C.

Julia E. Lima

Mrs. Charles C. Lima, *nee* Julia E. Scudder, third daughter of John Holmes and Alice M. Scudder.

Captain
Chas Cerqueira Lima
P. M. S. S. Co.

Mrs. L. Randolph Smith,
nee Caroline Mary Scudder,
Youngest daughter of John Holmes and
Alice M. Scudder.

L. Randolph Smith

NEW YORK IN GRANDMA SCUDDER'S TIME.

It seems almost incredible to those of the present day and generation to realize it, but Broadway, from the Battery up to Warren Street, was in its day a delightful residential section.

At the corner of William and Fair Streets (now Fulton) stood for 108 years the old North Church. It was one of the most substantial and beautiful houses of worship in the city, and received its name because of being built in what was then the most northern confines of the city.

In this church "Grandma Scudder" was married on Jan. 21, 1832; the country fairly bloomed around it in the freshness of spring; rosy cheeked children trooped in on Sabbath mornings with psalm-books and folded white handkerchiefs.

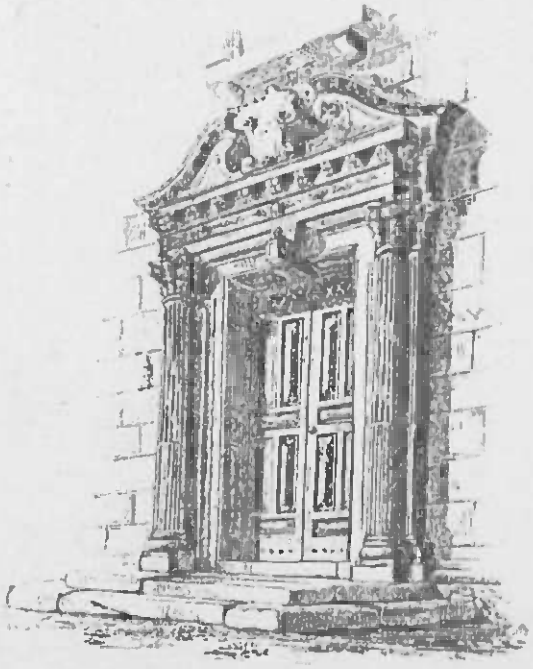
The North Dutch Reformed Church was founded in the year 1767; the cornerstone was laid July 2, 1767, by Isaac Roosevelt, an elder of the church; the edifice was completed and dedicated to religious services in the year 1769; it cost about $30,000.

In the vestibule hung a ponderous square lamp of iron frame and glass sides, made for the light of the period—a small "dip" candle.

The people of the Dutch Reformed denomination were the first settlers in the State, and in 1767 there were still Dutch-speaking descendants of the original settlers living in New York, when this church was founded, but to meet the growing demand for services in the English language, by reason of the decline in speaking the Dutch language in New York, it was found necessary to have services performed in English; this was the fourth of the Dutch Reformed faith to be established in the province prior to 1767, and for these churches there were two Dutch and two English ministers. After the Revolution services were performed chiefly in English.

On September 16, 1776, as a result of the Battle of Long Island, the British took possession of the city.

North Reformed Dutch Church.
For 106 years this church stood at the n. w. corner of Fulton and William Streets, New York.
Dedicated 1769.
Demolished 1875.
In this building Grandma Scudder was married in 1838.



Main Entrance of North Dutch Church.
This was the William Street doorway. The shield over the door was partly destroyed by the burning of the steeple in 1869. It bore the date of laying the cornerstone of the church July 2, 1767, and the dedication, May 25, 1769.

One of their first acts was to seize the churches, despoil them of their furniture and convert them into hospitals, riding-schools, barracks and prisons. The North Church was sadly desecrated and used as a storehouse, military prison and hospital. The lower part was stripped of the pews and the pulpit and the walls were much defaced. The pulpit was taken to England and erected in a British church.

The occupation of New York by the British during this period

(1779-1780) is not an experience which Americans can recall with pleasure. One blushes to read of the inhuman treatment accorded to inoffensive captives. Of the numerous prison pens in New York during the Revolution, the North Dutch Church stood for years afterwards, a charred and battered monument of cruelty and tyranny. Here 800 prisoners were incarcerated, without fuel or bedding, during two of the coldest winters New York had ever known. Between Cortlandt Street and New Jersey the Hudson River was frozen over for 40 days. Hundreds of people crossed daily on the ice, which was so thick that artillery was also conveyed across.

For the prisoners, provisions were scanty and of the poorest quality, and as a natural consequence many died from cold and starvation. "We never," says Oliver Woodruff, one of the prisoners, "drew as much provisions for three days' allowance as a man would eat at a common meal. I was there three months during that inclement season and never saw any fire, except what was in the lamps of the city. There was not a pane of glass in the windows and nothing to keep out the cold except the iron grates."

No care was taken of the sick and if any died they were thrown at the door of the prison and lay there until the next day, when they were put on a cart and drawn out to the intrenchments beyond the residential limits, where they were interred by their fellow-prisoners, conducted thither for the purpose.

And this because they dared to raise their voices in the great cause of liberty and independence.

The British evacuated New York in 1783, and after a lapse of seven years the old church was restored from the ruinous condition in which it was left by the British and opened again for service. Meanwhile, many of the congregation who were scattered to many different places, having fled upon the approach of the enemy, began to return after peace was established and the

fragments of dismembered families came together from all quarters. It was a costly victory that had been won; there was scarcely a domestic circle into which death had not entered. Charred and silent ruins greeted the multitudes in place of homes left seven years before. Dwellings were bruised and dismantled; gardens and grounds were covered with a rank growth of weeds and wild grass; fences had disappeared and the debris of army life was strewn from one end of the town to the other; the trade of New York was ruined and her treasury empty.

All through the changing wonderful years from 1769 to 1875 the old North Dutch Church stood silent witness of the remarkable growth of the city. On its north side, Ann Street was graded and built. In front the residences of William Street rose and cut off the view of the East River and Brooklyn Heights; on the south Fulton Street replaced Fair Street and became the principal thoroughfare for scores of passengers to and from the Brooklyn ferry.

Great conflagrations raged around, but left it untouched. In 1811 a terrible fire came very near, but once more it escaped, although the old brick church in Park Row caught fire at this time and was only saved by the daring and courage of a sailor, who climbed to the roof by the lightning-rod and with his broad hat succeeded in beating out the blaze, which had just begun. In 1869, however, the church was partly destroyed by fire.

In the Consistory Room of this church, in a three-story building which was directly in rear of the church edifice, the entrance to which was at 103 Fulton Street, the Fulton Street Prayer Meetings were first started in 1857, which are still maintained to this day at 113 Fulton Street. In 1842 the church was remodeled and renovated.

The building was still standing in May, 1875, although in a very dilapidated condition: the roof was off, the walls stood bare and broken, and workmen were already beginning its demoli-

tion; a bullet found in the brick wall by one of them told an emphatic story of Revolutionary times.

Until the fall of 1875 this church remained as a memorial to the generations past. It then gave way to the march of improvement, and on the same plot which the church previously occupied was erected the five-story business building of F. W. Devoe & C. T. Raynolds Company.

Back in the last years of the Eighteenth century, in the neighborhood of what is now Beekman and Ann Streets, where Gold Street crosses them, there stretched a region that was known as the swamp. In this immediate neighborhood there was a hill known as Golden Hill.

It was a very beautiful place, so the chroniclers tell us. The lane that climbed over the grain-covered hill is there yet. It is called now William Street.

In a house on the side of Golden Hill, Washington Irving was born in 1783, and in this region he spent his boyhood. In Ann Street nearby he went to school and later was a law clerk.

St. Paul's is the oldest church edifice now standing in New York City.

It would almost seem as though the builders of St. Paul's were guided with a prophetic vision in selecting its site.

Yet in 1766 it was remote from the heart of the town, in a part of the city not yet built up, and the sentiment of many of the 20,000 inhabitants was expressed in the New York Gazette at that time, which called the Vestry a visionary set of men to put so large and ornate a building in a place so sequestered and difficult of access.

It did not take long for the city's growth to pass by St. Paul's. Park Place was then known as Barrack Street.

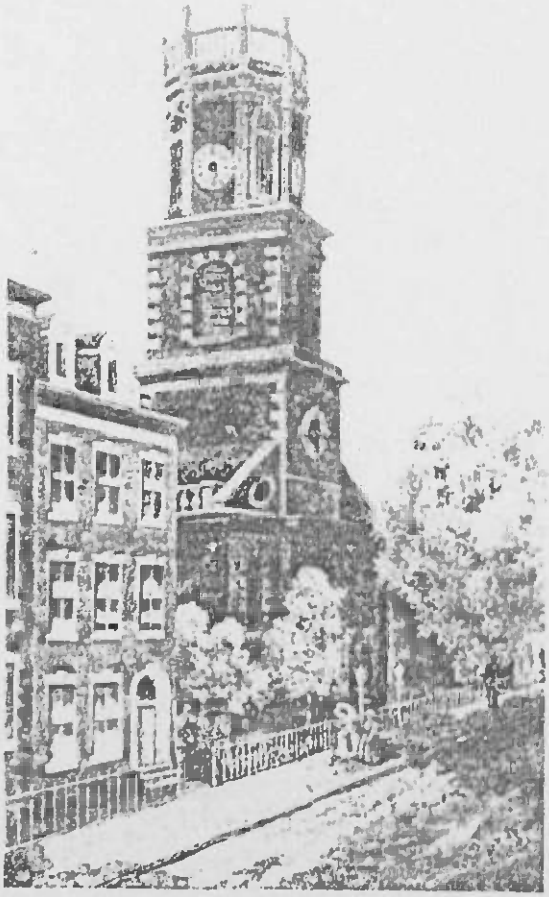
With the building of the City Hall, opened in 1813, and the concentration of the municipal activities and celebrations in and around City Hall Park, followed by the Astor House and later by

Barnum's Museum, directly opposite, St. Paul's enjoyed the distinction for many years of being at the heart of the city's activities. Hallowed by many associations of personal and historic worth, which its tablets within the church and its venerable monuments and tombstones without proclaim so simply, St. Paul's is a landmark that New York today could not afford to lose. Washington had a pew there, and it is significant to note that the three oldest and most honored buildings still standing in the city as memorials of past days are intimately associated with Washington. In Fraunce's Tavern he delivered his Farewell

Fraunce's Tavern.
Built in 1719, restored and now owned by Sons of the Revolution, S. E. corner Broad and Pearl Streets.

Address. In the Morris or Jumel Mansion he had his headquarters for a time during the Revolution, and in St. Paul's he attended divine service immediately after his inauguration as President on April 30, 1789.

Pore over the old prints and maps. Turn the pages of the old



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.
In Beekman Street, New York. Built in a then new section of the city. General Washington frequently attended this church, during his Revolutionary residence in New York.

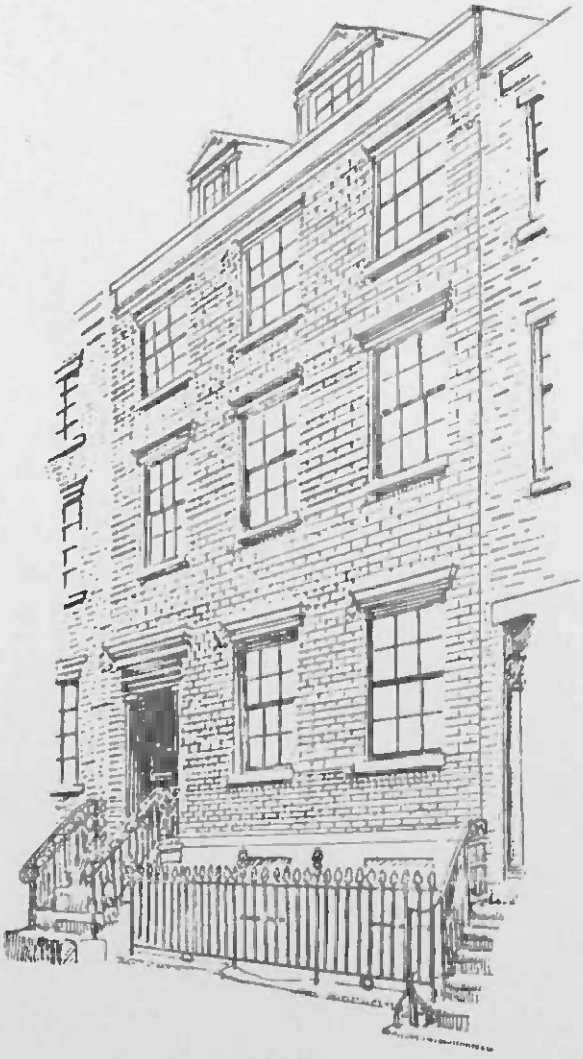
city chronicles. A little imagination and there comes into being the city that was: the genial, sedate, neighborly town that our grandsires knew. Sunday mornings in the days of Grandma Scudder's girlhood were certainly ideal. There were perhaps a

dozen churches within easy walking distance. Trinity, at the head of Wall Street; St. Paul's, at Vesey Street; the Brick Presbyterian, just across City Hall Park; St. George's Chapel,* a little farther down on Beekman Street; the Methodist Church in John Street; the Middle Church (Dutch Reformed), on Nassau Street; the French Church on Garden Street, now called Exchange Place; the North Dutch Church at Fair and William Streets, and the South Church (Dutch Reformed) below Wall Street.

At the tolling of the bells, our grandfathers and grandmothers, who were young then, came from all the neighboring streets and Broadway, the Park and adjacent thoroughfares, taking on an air of sprightliness and vivacity during church-going hours that was quite unlike anything we know of today. The men in tall beaver hats, tight trousers, high rolling stocks, vari-colored waistcoats and carrying stout canes, made a picturesque accompaniment to the wide-spreading crinolines, snow-white pantalettes, huge bonnets and brightly colored parasols of their wives and their cousins and their aunts. Service over, they repaired to their homes, sometimes taking an afternoon stroll into the woods or amid the streams that began where Canal Street is now.

Greenwich Road followed the line of the present Greenwich Street, along the Hudson shore front, and led to Greenwich Village, a fashionable suburban settlement in the country which afterward became merged into the city as the steady uptown

*In 1748 the Wardens of Trinity Church were authorized to buy six lots of ground. It was thought that the lots of Colonel Beekman, fronting on Beekman's Street and Van Cliff's Street, would be sufficiently commodious, and these were purchased for £645 ($3,225). The Chapel was called St. George's; 92 x 72 feet; steeple 175 feet high. It was built in a then new section of the city, near Beekman's Swamp (Ferry Street). The venerable edifice was destroyed by fire, one night during a snowstorm in January, 1814, excepting its walls, but was rebuilt the next year. Gen'l Washington was a frequent attendant at St. George's, during his Revolutionary residence in New York.



661 Greenwich Street.
Grandma Scudder's residence in old Greenwich Village.

growth advanced and embraced the outlying communities. Old Greenwich Village was that part of the present city extending roughly from Fourth Street to Fourteenth Street and between Sixth Avenue and the Hudson River. On the east side of Greenwich Street, between Barrow and Christopher Streets, among a row of timeworn structures, there stands today a house of red brick, three stories high, with a stoop of some half dozen steps, and with dormer windows looking out from a gable roof, which stare down upon the noisy elevated railroad trains which rattle past overhead, as if in conscious resignation to modern encroachments upon a day once proud and dignified. Next year, next week, tomorrow, perhaps, it will be gone. The number of the building is 661, and here Grandma Scudder dwelt in those delightful days of long ago, when the first steam railroad in the United States was the wonder of the hour. Her name appears in the New York City directory for 1830 at 661 Greenwich Street. Then no arrogant elevated trains ran past the door and stared rudely in at the windows.

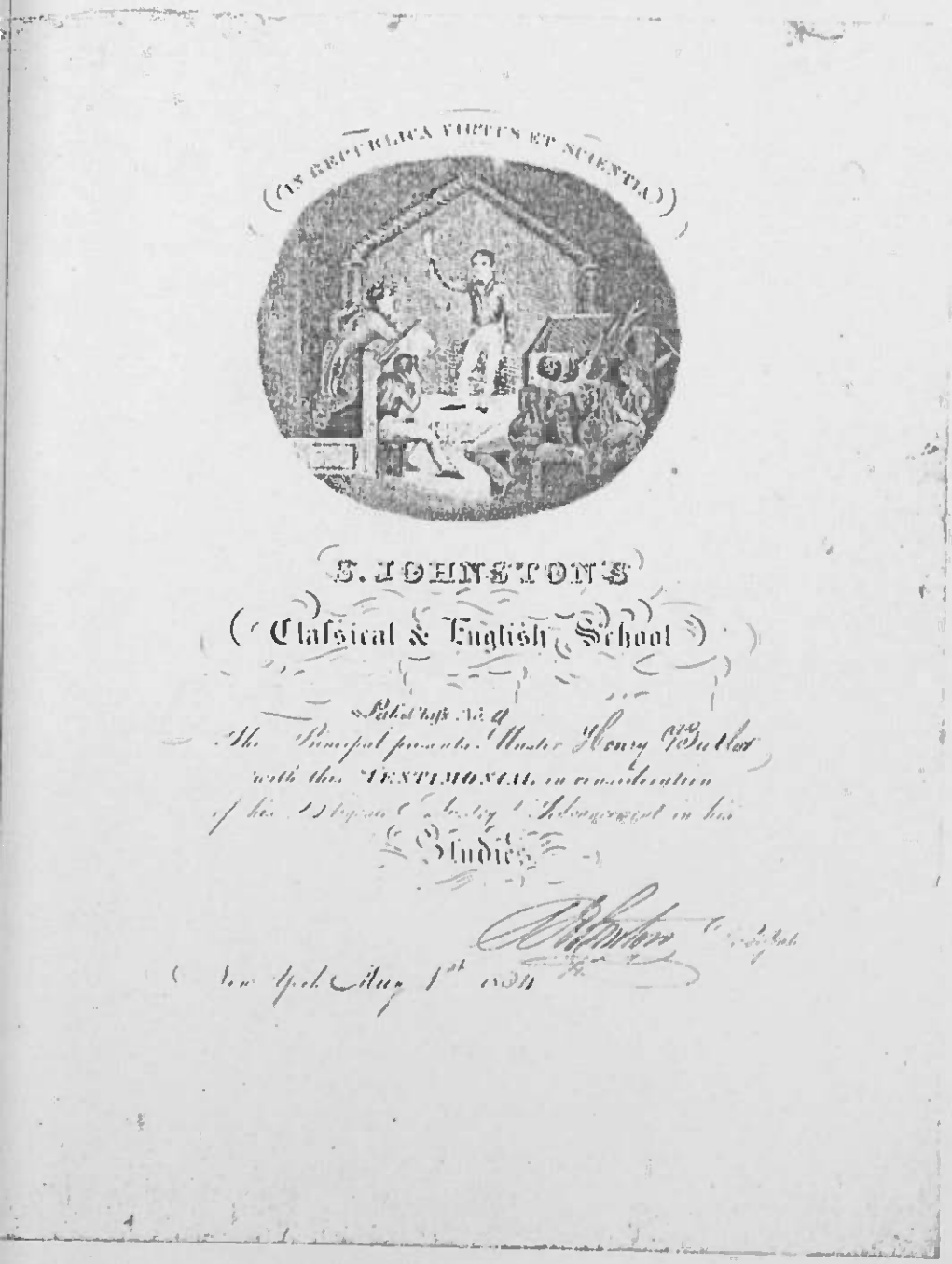
The parlor windows of the house looked out on a fashionable street, over the iron railing which inclosed the steps leading down to the lower part of the house.

After her second marriage to John H. Scudder, her son, Henry L. Butler, was sent to Dr. S. Johnson's school at 554 Broadway, just below Prince Street, and within easy walking distance of their home in Greenwich Village.

For diligence, industry and advancement in his studies at this school he received at the age of eleven years the certificate of merit shown on the following page.

This rare old document is a delightful reminder of the days when that part of New York north of Canal Street was far out in the country.

Early in 1776 General Washington's Headquarters in New York were at what was called Richmond Hill, near Charlton and Varick Streets, in this immediate neighborhood.



Facsimile of Testimonial awarded to Henry L. Butler, at the age of 11, while a pupil at Dr. S. Johnston's School, 554 Broadway, New York City. The original is now in possession of his widow.

Ah, the good old people and the good old days, when Greenwich Village was really a village. How remote it seems from the tumultuous New York of today, as we look out from sky-scraping windows over the roof-tops and hear the hum of the city, never stilled, and from the clamor and noise distinct sounds are audible; a bell; a truck pounding rapidly over the cobbled pavement; the impertinent honk of taxis; urchins on wheels; an extra cried in a shrill note; the ever-recurring trill of a police whistle, compelling order in the confusion of an overcongested vehicle traffic; fog horns from the river and beneath all the endless motion and confusion of great masses of people passing and repassing in the pulsating human tide of the greatest of cities.

An interesting feature of life in old New York during Grandma Scudder's time was the custom of calling on New Year's Day, which was universally observed; it was the most important day in all the year. It was employed in the exchange of ceremonious calls, with cake, wine and punch provided for all the guests. Nearly everyone kept open house to receive friends who came in carriages and if the snow was on the ground, sleighs were used. Frequently whole sleighfuls of people could be seen going their rounds. Those who did not receive simply hung a small basket on their doorknob to receive the cards. The children in winter used to coast down Exchange Place from Broadway to Broad Street, at the peril of their lives.

Lower South Street seemed an almost impenetrable forest of spars, masts and rigging. The beautiful, sleek clipper ships used to dock there, and the bowsprits of the vessels extended almost across the width of the street, and seemed to pierce the grimy windows of the warehouses on the west side of the street. Most of the vessels bore beautifully painted figureheads at the bow. They were of colossal size and were handsomely carved to represent dolphins, mermaids, kings, queens, admirals, etc. Competition for freight was keen, too. Before sailing days the

agents of the different lines of sailing vessels would issue and distribute among all the business houses beautifully printed cards, which gave all information about sailing dates, freight rates, etc. Some of the cards bore a picture of the vessel at sea, with canvas bulging under full sail.

The splendid career of the American clipper came to an end as a result of the Civil War.

The average young person in New York today will find it hard to realize that some of our busiest streets were not long ago popular residential localities, inhabited by the middle and well-to-do classes. All the houses had plots of grass enclosed and the streets were lined with trees: there was an air of placidity in the almost rural surroundings totally different from the roar of traffic and the hurrying thousands now at all hours to be heard and seen in the present-day New York.

So many people knew each other, so frequent were the cheery salutations exchanged, that no one had that lost feeling experienced nowadays in the ever-changing, unfamiliar, foreign-looking crowds which throng the thoroughfares.

In social life conventionality fled before cheerfulness and fashion gave way to enjoyment; masquerades and sleighing parties were much in vogue. Immense four-in-hand sleighs, with rows of bells on the harness, took up the lovely girls and happy youths at dusk; wrapped in furs, they flew over the crisp roads to the outlying taverns, where a famous hot supper of substantial viands awaited them, followed by a dance, the merry party returning by starlight to the accompaniment of laughter and songs.

Bullard's "Winter Song" breathes the atmosphere of these good old times:

Ho, a song by the fire!
  Pass the pipes, pass the bowl;
Ho, a song by the fire!
  With a skoal, with a skoal!

For the wolf-wind is wailing at the doorways,
And the snow drifts deep along the road,
And the ice gnomes are marching from their Norways,
And the great white cold walks abroad.

REFRAIN.

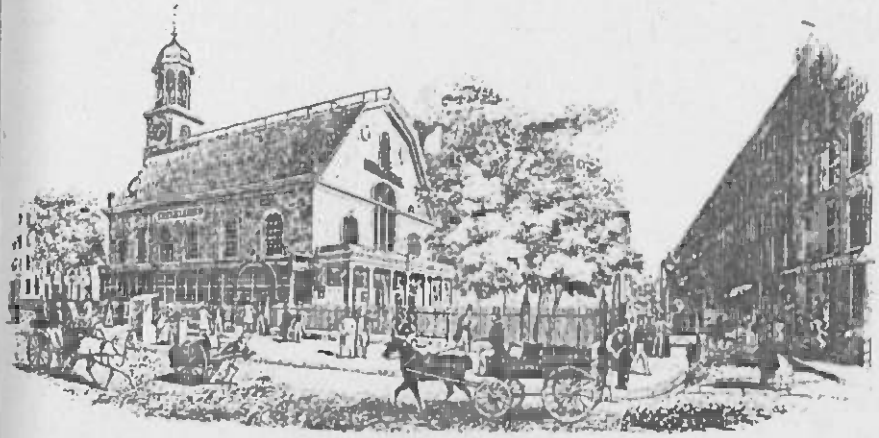
But here by the fire
We defy frost and storm.
Ha! ha! we are warm.
And we have our heart's desire.
For here we're good fellows,
And the beechwood and the bellows,
And the cup is at the lip.
In the pledge of fellowship.

Oh, a god is the fire!
Pull the pipes, drain the bowl;
Oh, a god is the fire!
With a skoal, with a skoal!
For the room has a spirit in the embers,
'Tis a god, and our fathers knew his name,
And they worship'd him in long forgot Decembers,
And their hearts leap'd high with the flame.

A European steamer's arrival was first heralded by the newsboys who appeared upon the street about two hours after they cast anchor, with a one-sheet newspaper costing six pence, generally the N. Y. Herald, edited by James Gordon Bennett, or the "Evening Post," William Cullen Bryant, editor.

They appeared with a large heading marked EXTRA—Arrival of the "Atlantic," "Asia," "Arago," or others of the three steamer lines then in existence. This way of letting people know of the latest European news was kept up until the Atlantic cable came into use in 1866. The mails were taken from the steamers to the new Post Office, in Nassau Street, between Cedar and Liberty Streets, formerly the old Middle Reformed Dutch Church, erected in 1729.

At the close of the last religious service in the building, Aug. 11, 1844, the Rev. Dr. Knox preached in English a sermon which



Old Post Office in Nassau Street

Erected 1729. Formerly the old Middle Reformed Dutch Church. Razed in 1882. The edifice occupied the present site of the Mutual Life Insurance Building, between Cedar and Liberty Streets, New York.

was followed by a brief address by the Rev. Thomas DeWitt. The service was closed with the benediction pronounced in Dutch by the Rev. Thomas DeWitt, who was the officiating clergyman at Grandma Scudder's second wedding.

On the corner of Nassau and Cedar Streets a bronze tablet now marks this spot. It is thus inscribed:

Here stood the Middle Dutch Church. Erected 1729.
Made a British Military Prison, 1776.
Restored 1790.
Occupied by U. S. Post Office, 1815-1875.
Taken down 1882.

Long lines were formed, extending about fifteen delivery win-

dows, clear out into the street. After a patient wait of nearly an hour, the mails would be sufficiently assorted and put into the boxes belonging to the banks and mercantile houses, then the shutters or gates would all open at a signal and the letters and papers be delivered. Postage stamps were not in use until 1847, and prior to that date persons applying for their mail at the Post Office had to be well supplied with coin of the realm.

Bills were not acceptable then, and gold or silver was required in payment for the carrying charges on all mail matter, which was weighed and the cash for same paid upon delivery to the party addressed.

Many bankers and merchants paid as much as $5 to $20 at the first delivery and more later on.

The city's population by the census of 1810 was 96,373, of whom 9,823 were slaves, 8,137 of the latter being free. The number of names in Longworth's City Directory for 1811-12 was 17,500.

The common type of house was three-story red brick, with low basement, used as a kitchen or cellar. There are a few of this type still standing in the older sections of the city.

The old "Government House," in which were included the Custom House and Federal Courts, stood on the south side of Bowling Green, practically on the site upon which the new Custom House has been erected.

In the New York Public Library, 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, may be seen in their exhibition room a fine old-time print of this Government House, which was taken down in 1825.

The maritime trade centered on the East River front. Sea-going commerce was the leading pursuit. The shipping business, with its accompanying wealth, was in few hands. The distribution of incoming cargoes was largely made through auction sales.

The wholesale dealers were chiefly located on Pearl and

Broad Streets and on Hanover Square. William Street from Wall to Fulton was the fashionable shopping district.

On Broadway, below Leonard Street, and on Wall and State Streets stood the residences of prominent citizens, and in Pine, Beekman and Pearl Street many homes were located. On the West Side, Greenwich Street was more closely built up than any other and contained six hundred or more numbered houses.

There was no West Street then, and the boat landings on the Hudson River came up to Washington Street.

The old Post Office, prior to its removal to the edifice in Nassau Street, formerly occupied by the original Middle Dutch Church, was located on the southwest corner of William Street and Garden Street (now Exchange Place).

Delivery of letters by carrier was a private enterprise of the Postmaster, Theodorus Bailey, for which he made a charge. There was one mail daily between New York and Washington, the transit occupying 36 hours.

The habits of the merchants involved late hours. Little business was done before nine or ten o'clock in the morning, but many shops were kept open till nine o'clock at night. Men in business dined at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, but four o'clock was the fashionable hour.

The sidewalks were of brick, a few of stone. The pavement on Broadway ended at Worth Street, the sidewalk at Leonard Street.

There were two bridge crossings at the sluggish creek, which gave place later to Canal Street; one at Broadway, the other at Greenwich Street.

To the north, residents were regarded as "living out in the country."

The late Hamilton Fish once told a friend that one of his earliest recollections of New York was of a winter morning, when a man came to the house of his father, Col. Nicholas Fish

(who was then an Alderman) and claimed the bounty for having killed a wolf within the city limits. Colonel Fish ordered his sleigh and took his son and the killer of the wolf to verify the claim. The body of the beast was found in the snow in the middle of the "Stuyvesant meadows," the exact spot being about where Gramercy Park is now. Hamilton Fish was born in 1808; if he was 10 at the time of this juvenile adventure, then it is only a hundred years since wolves prowled as far downtown as Twentieth Street.*

The Bowery formed the chief and in fact the only important thoroughfare northward until long after the Revolutionary War.

DeLancey Street was originally a lane from the house of James DeLancey, Chief Justice in 1733, whose residence stood at the corner of Chrystie Street.

The DeLancey Farm stretched along the Bowery to Division Street, so called because it marked the division between the DeLancey and the Rutgers farms and eastward to the river.

The estate was sold under forfeiture after the Revolution, the DeLanceys being loyalists.

On the Bowery line, however, the city was built up as far as North Street (now called Houston Street).

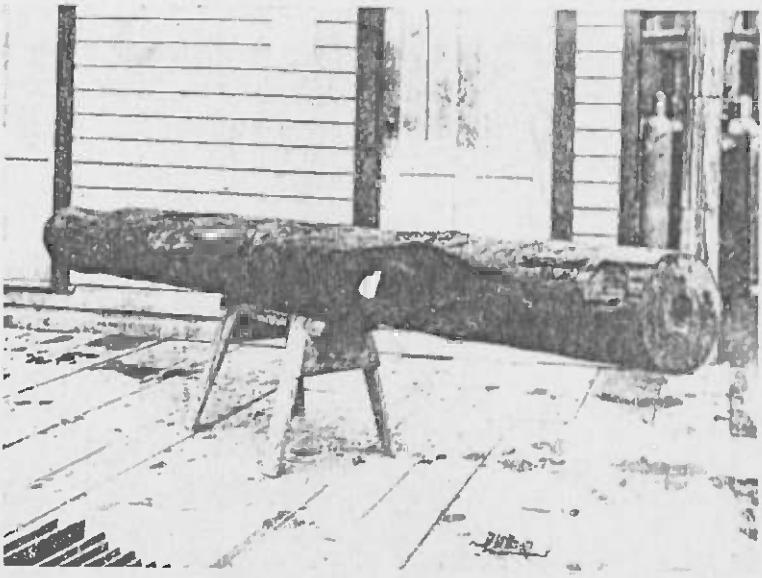
The streets were lighted by whale-oil lamps and were swept twice a week, every man being responsible for the sweeping in front of his own house.

Bakers peddled bread and cake in baskets and milkmen, with a yoke on their shoulders, from which were suspended two tin pails, furnished the milk.

Small negro boys were the chimney sweeps, licensed by the city, while young women with baskets of fresh boiled corn on the cob traversed the streets crying "Hot corn!"

The household servants were largely blacks and mulattoes.

*From "Historical Guide to the City of New York," published 1909, by the City History Club of New York.



Section of Wooden Water Pipe.
The city's water supply was privately furnished for many years by The Manhattan Company.

some slaves, some free, but there were also white domestics. Water was ill supplied by The Manhattan Company, a private concern incorporated in 1799, which had secured control of public sources of supply. A well was sunk at Reade and Center Streets from which the water was pumped into a reservoir on Chambers Street. The water was then distributed through bored wooden logs and obtained by the people from pumps and wells located in the streets. The amount supplied was 700,000 gallons per day. Today Greater New York consumes 600,000,000 gallons of water daily.

Sections of these old wooden waterpipe logs may be seen today at the offices of the Bank of the Manhattan Company, 40 Wall Street, New York, and at the New York Historical Society, 76th Street and Central Park West.

New York did not go dry in 1811. There were 160 taverns and 1,303 groceries licensed to sell strong drinks. But despite such ample provision for the bibulous, our ancestors in those days were without what we esteem essential modern comforts. They had no friction matches, no stove coal for cooking or heating, no hot air furnaces, no gas light, no hot or cold running water, no ice for domestic use, no omnibuses, street cars, telegraphs, telephones, electric lights or automobiles, yet they considered themselves comfortable.

Columbia College, consisting of two buildings, was located on the college green, which occupied the two blocks between Murray and Barclay Streets and from Church Street to Chapel Street (now West Broadway). There were 52 churches in all.

Eighteen hundred and eleven was the year of the great fire which broke out in May at the corner of Duane and Chatham Streets. It was the year of the political excitement which heralded the declaration of the War of 1812 against Great Britain, the growing certainty of which divided popular interest with the controversies about "Clinton's Ditch," which later made possible through the Governor's bill the Erie Canal, which did in its earlier years so incalculably much for the commerce of the State.

Brooklyn at this date was an unincorporated village of some 1,500 inhabitants. What is now Jersey City boasted one tavern and one store, and was known as Powle's Hook.

Ferries were maintained by horse-power boats with a treadmill wheel in the center, and barges rowed by men carried passengers.

The accounts of quaint and almost forgotten incidents which have been here recorded bring back as nothing else can do the little red brick two and a half story city that was here yesterday, but is almost gone today.

There is little room in the metropolis of the new world for

anything that savors of antiquity, and New York City seems destined always to justify the first part of its name.

Anyone who looks in New York for visible evidence of the buildings which were a familiar sight to the eyes of his ancestors will receive but scant reward. The houses which sheltered the early settlers of Manhattan Island, the fortifications they erected for protection against hostile Indians, their places of worship and public assemblage set up in the Dutch and English settlements, expanding until it has grown to be one of the very first among the capitals of the world, one and all have disappeared as completely as if they had never been.

New York is alwnys *new*. The principle of growth, which in the human body eliminates and replaces the outworn with the new, so that an entirely different body comes into existence every few years, manifests itself precisely in a similar fashion in New York. Hundreds of cases might be cited to show the rapidity and completeness with which New York renews itself, so that antiquities have no place within its borders: only here and there may a building be found by the diligent searcher which serves as a visible reminder of the bygone days of his ancestors. Even the graves of the earliest settlers can no longer be located, so that the slight links of connection with the past that are formed by tombstone inscriptions have been broken; there are some, however, that carry back to early times.

The door of the vault within which lies all that remains of Peter Stuyvesant,* Governor in Chief of New Amsterdam, now New York, who died in 1672, may be seen in the church yard of old St. Mark's, 2nd Ave. and 10th Street. This tomb, then, is an actual link connecting the twentieth with the sixteenth century —probably the only one that remains in this locality. There are a few of respectable age in the southern part of Trinity Church yard in lower Broadway: on one of these stones is inscribed:

*See page 36.

"Here lies the body of William Bradford, printer,
Who departed this life May 23, 1752, age 92."

He was born in Leicester, old England, in 1660, and came over to America before the City of Philadelphia was laid out. He was Printer to the Government for upwards of 50 years.

"Reader, reflect how soon you'll quit this stage,
You'll find but few attain to such an age;
Life's full of pain. Lo, here's a place of rest,
Prepare to meet your GOD: then you are blest."

These two are perhaps the most notable reminders of olden times that are still to be found on Manhattan Island. Modern laws forbid interments of the dead on the Island. Trinity has two cemeteries, which the great Corporation of the Church has kept in the best condition possible and which will remain undisturbed for a long time to come. Those of St. Paul's on Broadway and Fulton Street and of St. Mark's on Second Ave. are also jealously guarded against all changes except those of time itself. Others have been encroached upon by the demand for the space for the purpose of building upon them, the value of the land apparently being the more important consideration. This was the fate of old St. George's and others.*

Of the untold number of houses that were built 200 years ago within what are now the City limits, there are scarcely over 50 still standing. Of those on Manhattan Island there are probably not more than a dozen.

It is even difficult to realize, when looking at the row of old-fashioned three-story brick houses in Houston Street, that these residences were the center of New York's fashionable neighborhood in 1860. They were excellently well built, for their day, but no trace of fashion can be discerned in them now, and they were destined to pass into strange purposes and be abandoned to the inevitable fate and succumb to the ever-present tendency of the City's expansion northward.

*See page 105.

JENNY LIND.

There have been famous entertainments in New York, but for lasting renown and world wide notoriety the appearance of Jenny Lind at the Castle Garden in 1853 still shines as the one particular star in all the firmament of dramatic and musical annals during the Nineteenth Century.

This tour would be a notable success even in these times. Here are the receipts for the four, exclusive of twelve performances which were given for charity. Total number of concerts, 95. Gross receipts, $712,161.24.

As the average receipts were over $10,000 per concert, the total money receipts were not far from $850,000. This for a tour lasting less than a hundred nights is rather impressive. Nineteen cities were visited, such as Richmond, Charleston and Havana, but Chicago, Cleveland and a score of well known places were not visited, as they were considered to be not of sufficient size to warrant a visit.

Other places of amusement were the Crystal Palace, opened in 1853 in what is now Bryant Park, which was later destroyed by fire. Barnum's Museum, at the corner of Broadway and Ann Street, which suffered a similar fate;* Edwin Booth and his Theatre, at the southeast corner of 23rd Street and Sixth Ave. Dan Bryant and his minstrel troupe appeared on 14th Street. Dan's greatest success was his "Shoo Fly" song and dance. Wood's Museum was on Broadway near 30th Street and afterwards became Daly's Theatre.

Opposite old St. Paul's Church on Broadway at Fulton Street, the great Barnum's Museum flourished, newly decked with resplendent birds and beasts painted on wooden panels, which hung between the windows extending along the Broadway front from Fulton to Ann Street. A foot passenger bridge spanned over Broadway at Fulton Street.

*See page 128.

On Park Row, between Ann and Beekman Street, stood the Park Theatre, for many years the best in the city.

It was only a few years after this when the City Hall Park presented a very different appearance. In April, 1861, barracks for the soldiers extended from Chambers Street on Broadway to the foot of the Park and up Park Row to Spruce Street, being erected inside the iron railing, which surrounded the Park and which was used largely by venders of songs, their songs being strung along on wires against the fence. Some of these were: "Ben Bolt," "When This Cruel War Is Over," "Father, Dear Father, Come Home with Me Now," "Listen to the Mocking Bird," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Yankee Doodle," "Suwanee River," "Way Down South in Dixie," "Shoo Fly, Don't Bother Me," and all the popular songs of those days, many of the war songs being written by Charles Carroll Sawyer.

The City of New York during the Draft Riots has often been described by my mother.

During these Riots in New York an excited mob ran up Second Ave. to pillage and burn an Armory at 2nd Ave. and 21st Street. The soldiers fired into the mob and more than one man was carried through East 12th Street on stretchers with ugly gun-shot wounds.

The mob raced through the streets of the city hunting for negroes to hang to the nearest lamp-post.

Dr. S. P. White, my mother's father, saw one hanging from a lamp-post near his home on 30th Street and attempted to cut down the body. He was threatened with bodily harm if he touched it, consequently the negro was left hanging.

Then came the burning of the colored Orphan Asylum on Fifth Avenue and the wrecking of Horace Greeley's home.

Perhaps of all the enthusiasms which have culminated in Broadway, Sunday, the 16th of April, 1861, will be the most historically worthy of record. The first note of war had sounded

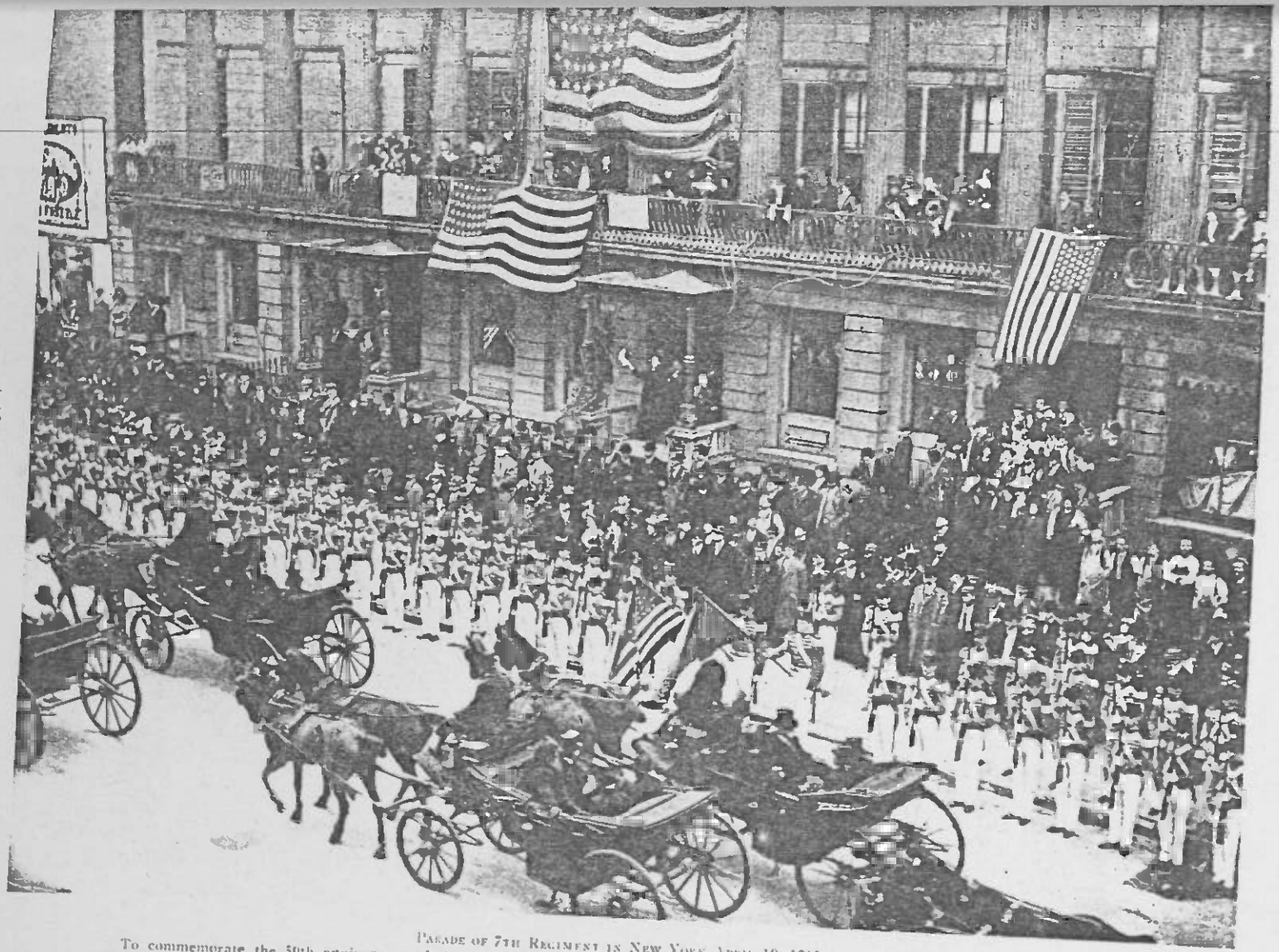
from Fort Sumter and a silence like death fell on New York: for three days the city seemed paralyzed, but on that beautiful April Sunday morning the *people* of New York, in the best sense of the word—generous, courteous, educated and quick to respond to great principles—thronged Broadway until the long avenue was a moving sea of humanity. The churches shortened their services and breathing fervidly the spirit of patriotism, sent their congregations forth filled with pure ardor of self-sacrifice. Hundreds of volunteers determined that day to enlist for the salvation of their country.

What an interval of long, dismal suffering, anguish and bereavement transpired between that meeting of New York people in Broadway and the April day just four years afterwards when the news of the fall of Richmond raised the city to an ecstasy of delight—when not only Broadway but every street and avenue was brilliantly bedecked with flags and streamers, and every possible expression of joy; when strangers grasped each others' hands and gave thanks that the struggle was ended, and friends made high holiday, leaving occupations to care for themselves.

The dark hour of the assassination of President Lincoln followed all too soon, and in that time of mourning the people sorrowed as if each family had lost its best beloved.

We of a younger generation may consider that our advent into later years of progress and invention may afford us higher opportunities, wider experiences, but it can never be gainsaid that our grandsires passed through a stirring phase of the country's existence, when pure love of country, forgetfulness of self and devotion to the right as they saw it—sometimes at the cost of life and every precious thing which it contains—rose above all baser thoughts, as it has in our own times, and made the nation sublime.

Henry Collins Brown, in his admirable work on old New York, says:



PARADE OF 7TH REGIMENT IN NEW YORK APRIL 19, 1911.

To commemorate the 50th anniversary of the departure of that organization for the Civil War. The regiment marched over the same route half a century afterwards, the veterans of 1861 riding in carriages. Some of the old buildings were still standing on Lafayette Place, below Eighth Street. Above the balcony may be seen an old flag, beneath which a placard appears bearing the following inscription:

ON THIS SPOT
DURING THE WAR
THIS
FLAG WAVED.

At the right of the Regimental flag is Sergeant H. Langdon Post

"The Civil War covered the most impressionable part of my life. Well do I remember being roused by the 'Extras' in the night, which proclaimed the original attack on Sumter. I sprang from my bed and from the third story hall, my mother gazing up from the second, asking 'Do you hear? It has come!' Then followed the four years of such living as we hope and believe our country will never see again.

"Of course every day saw the enlistment of relatives and friends. I stood in the street and saw the 7th and the 22nd Regiments of the New York militia go off, with *many* friends of my own age going with them. I may say parenthetically that after fifty years I saw from the same spot in Lafayette Place the Seventh Regiment start over the same route, the veterans either on foot or in carriages, and from the old Oriental Hotel, kept by the same ladies, floated the same flag—with the *stars* all there, saluted alike by veteran and the boys of today. . . . . The call of the President for 75,000 troops met with instant response, and from all sections of the country we kept hearing of relatives and friends who were expecting speedily to advance 'On to Richmond!' Alas! It took the disastrous Bull Run and many similar events to make us realize that it was not a three months' war. Many, many friends never came back.

"But there were victories. All through the first, second and third days of July, 1863, we kept getting word of success. On the night of the Fourth we were on our roof watching the skyrockets, *not* then concealed by skyscrapers, and the sound of 'Extras' arose.

"'More news from Gettysburg!' we cried, and hastened down, my father being the first to get to the street. From the front door he shouted: 'It isn't Gettysburg—Vicksburg has surrendered!' and of course our

joy knew no bounds. Then followed an illumination—how often I think of it as I go along the 'Great White Way'—for electricity was then only used in telegraph wires; a little tallow dip in each window satisfied our ideas of brilliancy."

PICTURESQUE DAYS OF THE VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT.

No more spectacular or thrilling sight was seen in New York in the days before the Civil War than the gathering of the clans when the bell-tower clanged forth an alarm and the boys turned out by night or day to run with the machine.

For many years, until 1865, New York depended upon a volunteer system. Hundreds of well-known New Yorkers were Fire Laddies and were members of this company or of that.

Wooden towers were erected at various points of the city. These towers had men on duty, who used to ring out the alarm on big bells. At times during the night one could hear the deep toned bells give the alarm. Then the boys would come "hoofing" along, pulling the heavy machine. New York was a big village. Local pride and animosities were strong.

If they met a rival company, they would forget all about the fire, drop the rope line and fight. When the fight was over, they would proceed to the scene of the fire.

Every boy had to "belong" to a fire engine company in those days, and if he got into the wrong baliwick he was sure to get a black eye.

Riley's Fifth Ward Hotel, on the corner of West Broadway and Franklin Street, had an immensely tall flagpole, for those days, and around it would gather many of the engines in a friendly contest as to which could throw the highest stream.

Among some of the uptown Companies was Amity Hose No. 38, which lay in Amity Street, near McDougal. They had a

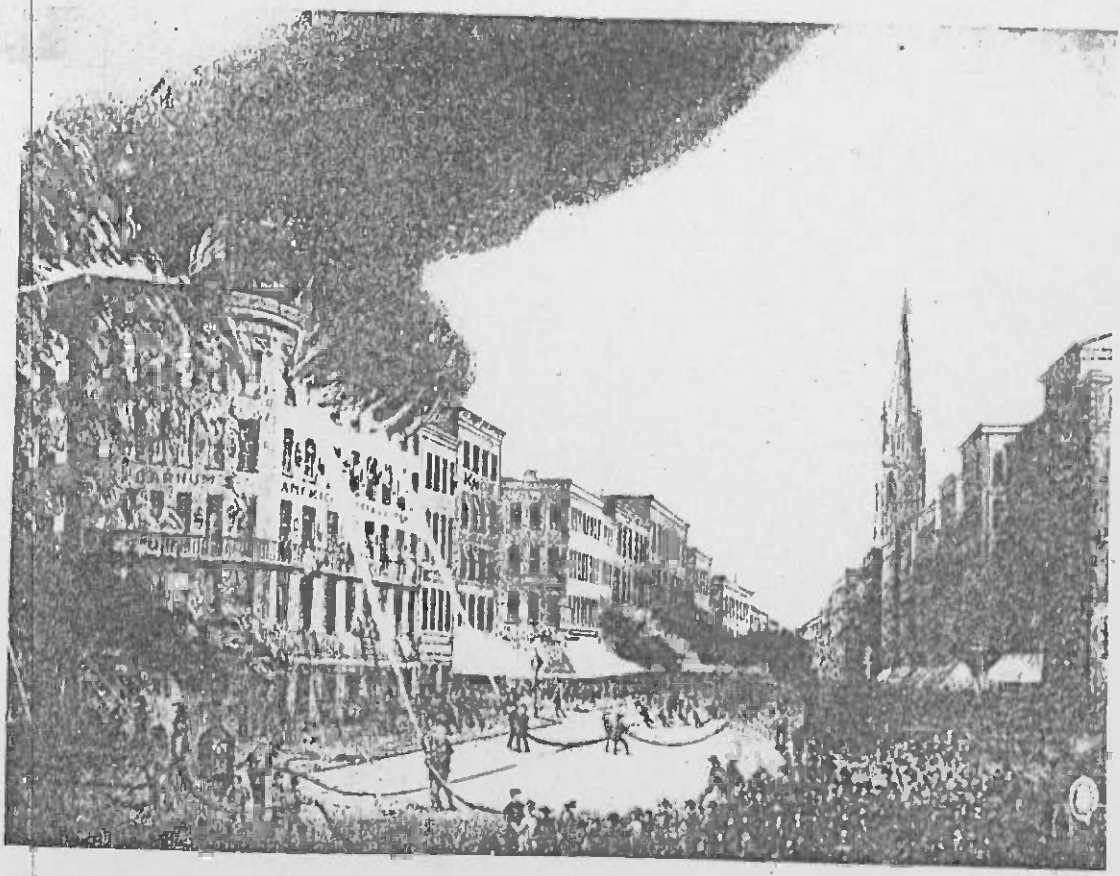
silver reel on their hose carriage, with silver lanterns and other silver trimmings. Most of their members were bankers, merchants and manufacturers.

No. 61 Hose lay in Fourth Ave., near 28th Street; No. 28 Hose lay corner of Fifth Ave. and 21st Street on the east side of the Avenue; "Big Six" lay in Henry Street; No. 7 was the first one to have a steam engine when they came into use for fire purposes, in 1863. It was pulled to fires by hand. There were two engines propelled by steam, the "John G. Storm" and the "James G. Carey," but both proved failures. No. 36 Hose lay in Henry Street. On Beaver Street near Broad was Mechanic Hose No. 8, and No. 5 Hose was in Mercer St.

Many of the old Chiefs could be seen daily on Broadway, such as Harry Howard, Alfred Carson and John Decker; the latter was Chief of the N. Y. Vol. Fire Department, when on July 13, 1865, at ten o'clock in the morning, a most disastrous fire destroyed Barnum's Museum, then at the corner of Broadway and Ann Street—the site now occupied by the St. Paul Office Building. Chief Decker took personal charge of the fire-fighting forces on this occasion. The fire burned the whole front on Broadway from Fulton to Ann Streets, embracing Knox's and White's hat stores and destroying all buildings down Fulton Street as far as the Belmont House, and reaching nearly to the "Herald" office, on the corner of Nassau Street.

The Brooklyn Department was asked for help and several companies of the old volunteers came across Fulton Ferry to assist.

Barnum's performing seal, "Ned," was saved by Clifford Pearson, a member of Co. G, 13th Regiment, Brooklyn. He took it under his arm and going down Fulton Street to the market, put it in Alfred Dorlon's fish-trough; while the white whale, the woolly horse and the Fee Jee mermaid—which was a stuffed monkey's skin and head, with a dried fish's tail, this being in a glass case—all went up in smoke, although Southwark Engine



Burning of Barnum's Museum, 1865

The building stood on Broadway opposite St. Paul's Church and extended from Ann Street nearly to Fulton.

Co. No. 5, "Honey Bee," lay in Ann Street, near William, and No. 14 Engine in Church St., near Fulton, in rear of St. Paul's Church. But the proximity and energy of these old Companies of Volunteers could not conquer this great conflagration until the flames had completely destroyed this old New York landmark and tinderbox.

But the city grew with astonishing rapidity, and it soon became a physical impossibility to drag the machines the intolerable distances demanded and reach the scene of action in good condition.

For many years, however, the volunteers served the city with rare courage and unquestioned heroism, and some deeds of the days when engines were dragged to fires by men instead of gasoline motors and pumped by hand power instead of by steam are already passing into the realm of fable. Thus does Time bring his sharp, rude contrasts, to sever the past from today. The recollection of the boys "running with the machine" will ever remain an inspiring and romantic memory. Many of those now living recall with zest the volunteer Fire Laddie in old New York, who was a brave citizen, an intrepid fighter, and repeatedly endangered his life, with no thought of compensation or consequences, the picturesque and heroic reminder of a great race—the Volunteer Firemen.

William L. M. Butler
1820-1859.

WILLIAM LEE MORRIS BUTLER, eldest son of William and Alice M. Butler, was born March 11, 1820. When he was eight years of age his mother became a widow: besides William, there were two other children, his brother, Henry L., aged six, and his sister, Emily M., who was but a year and a half old when their father died. An infant sister, Mary, had died when William was five years of age.

His mother married again, when William was but eleven years old: she was affectionately known to the younger generation as "Grandma Scudder."

At the age of twenty-three, William L. M. Butler married (1843) in Flint, Michigan, Miss Lucy E. Barbour of that place. From the outset it was a romantic affair. Three children were born to them, Alice, Clara and a son who was named for his father, William.

In 1849 the discovery of gold in California caused a great rush of emigration both by land and sea for the gold fields, and the thoughts of many were turned westward. Notwithstanding the great loss of life resulting from sickness and the hardships of the primitive overland route across the continent, over 80,000 men reached California during the first year after the discovery of gold. The newspapers were full of alluring stories of the golden west. It became the foremost topic of conversation throughout the length and breadth of the country. San Francisco sprang suddenly from an insignificant settlement into a city of 20,000 inhabitants, which offered many attractive opportunities for making a livelihood. By 1856 between four and five millions in gold were obtained and California rapidly became settled with a population of energetic and determined men. This stimulated trade, industry and commerce everywhere. New lines of steamships were started, railroads were built, new markets were opened for goods and new mills and factories were established. The spirit of the day expressed in Horace Greeley's words of advice were "Go West, young man!" The great question of slavery and the constantly increasing danger of disunion of the States was growing steadily threatening when, in 1857, a great business panic swept New York. Nearly all the banks of the country failed and thousands of merchants and manufacturers were ruined. In the midst of all this confusion and unrest in the East, some of the richest silver mines ever discovered in the world were found in the Sierra Nevada mountains in western Nevada.

At this time, largely persuaded by his wife, who was intensely

eager to go to California, William L. M. Butler decided to start for San Francisco by the open sea route, to seek greater fields of opportunity—a modern argonaut in search of the golden fleece.

Having insufficient funds with which to make so expensive a journey with his family, the necessary money was supplied to him jointly by his uncle, Isaac Butler,* and Mr. Barbour, his wife's father.

There was no Panama Canal in those days, and sailing vessels between New York and San Francisco, of which there were quite a number, were obliged to make the hazardous voyage around Cape Horn, the southernmost point of South America, or through the Straits of Magellan in that vicinity.

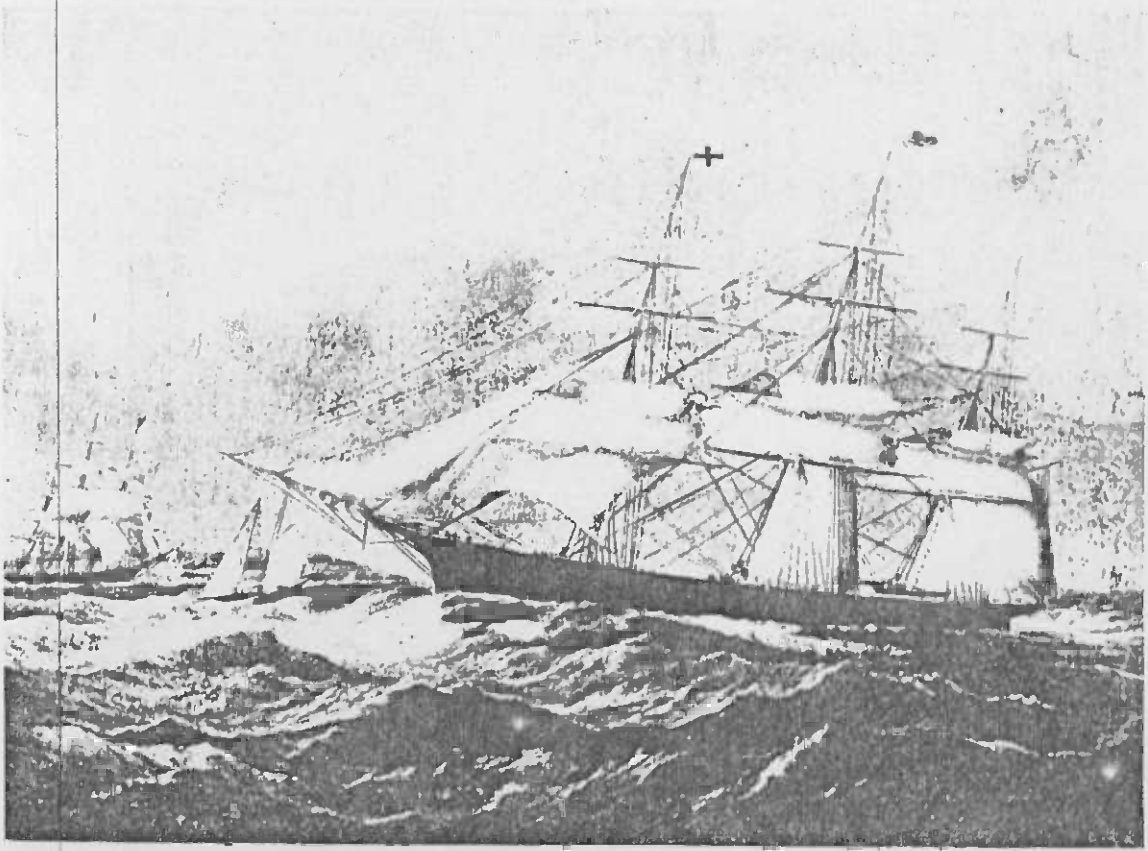
Wm. L. M. Butler.
Who sailed with his wife and three children on the Fanny S. Perley, Dec. 1, 1858. The fate of this vessel was never known.

Mr. Butler engaged passage for himself, his wife and their three children on the American sailing ship *"Fanny S. Perley,"* which was described as a superior clipper ship of The Merchants' Express Line, 1,123 tons register.

There is stirring fascination, charming realism and tragedy to be found in the stories of the days of the old time American clipper ships, and a tragic fate awaited the *"Fanny S. Perley,"* one of those fine, well-constructed square-riggers, which had been successfully navigated by Captain Allen G. York, an experienced sailing-master, in the coastwise merchant trade between New York and San Francisco and to Cuba and various other places, in the fifties before the Civil War.

It is interesting to note in passing, the alluring sailing notices

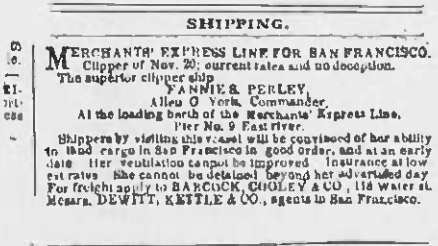
*See footnote, page 68.



American Clipper Ship.

The Fanny S. Petley was a typical sailing vessel of this class in the proud days of the fast sailing square riggers, before the modern era of steam navigation. The type has almost completely disappeared. At the opening of the war against Germany the little seagoing tonnage operating under the American flag carried only 9.7 per cent of the exports and imports of this country.

which are to be found in the newspapers of that period. This is one which appeared in the New York Herald on Wednesday, November 17, 1858:



SHIPPING.

MERCHANTS' EXPRESS LINE FOR SAN FRANCISCO. Clipper of Nov. 20; current rates and no deception.
The superior clipper ship
FANNIE S. PERLEY,
Allen G. York, Commander,
At the loading berth of the Merchants' Express Line,
Pier No. 9 East river.
Shippers by visiting this vessel will be convinced of her ability to land cargo in San Francisco in good order, and at an early date. Her ventilation cannot be improved. Insurance at lowest rates. She cannot be detained beyond her advertised day. For freight apply to BABCOCK, COOLEY & CO., 118 Water st. Messrs. DEWITT, KETTLE & CO., agents in San Francisco.

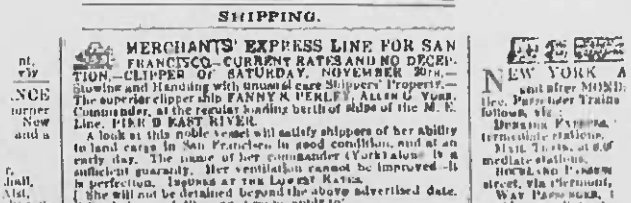
SPORTING.

GENTLEMEN'S HORSES TAKEN TO WINTER, KEPT on good hay, at $6 per month. References in New York. Address O. E. Lee, Fishkill.

SPORT ON THANKSGIVING DAY.—PIGEON SHOOTing for turkeys in a sweepstake, and plenty of turkeys on hand for rifle shooting, on the grounds of the Bleak House, corner of Third avenue and 109th street. Shooting to commence at 12 o'clock. WM. A. BROWN, Proprietor.

WANTED—AN ENGLISH COCK PHEASANT—ADdress, stating price and where the bird can be seen, but

At about the same time the following announcement appeared in The New York Evening Post:



SHIPPING.

MERCHANTS' EXPRESS LINE FOR SAN FRANCISCO.—CURRENT RATES AND NO DECEPTION.—CLIPPER OF SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH.—Stowing and Handling with unusual care Shippers' Property.—The superior clipper ship FANNY S. PERLEY, ALLEN G. YORK, Commander, at the regular loading berth of ships of the M. E. Line, PIER D EAST RIVER.
A look at this noble vessel will satisfy shippers of her ability to land cargo in San Francisco in good condition, and at an early day. The name of her commander (York) alone is a sufficient guaranty. Her ventilation cannot be improved—it is perfection. Insures at the Lowest Rates.
She will not be detained beyond the above advertised date.
For balance of disengaged room, apply to
BABCOCK, COOLEY & CO.,
nov6 118 Water street. (Tontine Building.)
Messrs. DEWITT, KETTLE & Co., Agents in San Francisco.

ROSS, FALCONER & CO.'S LINE FOR SAN FRANCISCO.—Clipper ... Thursday, 25th No-

NEW YORK A ... and after MONDAY ... Passenger Trains follows, viz:
Dunkirk Express ... termediate stations.
Mail Train, at 6.0 ... mediate stations.
Buckland Passenger ... street, via Piermont,
Way Passenger, ... and intermediate sta...
Night Express, ...
The above T...
These Express T... Canandaigua and ...

Five days later this notice appeared in the New York Herald:

SHIPPING.

MERCHANTS' EXPRESS LINE.
FOR SAN FRANCISCO.
CURRENT RATES AND NO DECEPTION.
The superior clipper ship
FANNY S. PERLEY,
A. G. YORK COMMANDER.

The several days of storm and holiday (Thanksgiving) occurring during the interval of loading days has considerably detained the F. S. P. Shippers can continue to send their freight on board at pier 9 East river, until Wednesday evening, 24th inst. Bills of lading for signature handed in as soon will oblige BABCOCK, COOLEY & CO., 118 Water street, Tontine Building. The A 1 clipper ship STORM KING will haul into the regular berth of the M. E. L., and be despatched ten to fifteen days subsequently.

MARINE NEWS.—STEAMSHIP CIRCASSIAN, WI...

The vessel was loaded during the latter part of November, 1858, at Pier 9, East River, as stated in the advertisements, with an insured cargo* of lumber coal, cement, sugar, tobacco, vitriol, iron, rope, stoves and provisions; the vessel cleared port for San Francisco on Wednesday, December 1st, 1858, bound via Cape Horn or the Straits of Magellan. Although it had been announced in the daily press that the *Fanny S. Perley* could not be detained beyond her advertised day, which was November 20th, the ship did not actually start until eleven days later.

In the list of passengers, published in the New York Herald of December 2, 1858, among those departing on the *Fanny S. Perley* were given the following names:

Mrs. York.
Miss Bradley.
Mr. Butler, wife and three children.
Mrs. Robinson.

*At the U. S. Customs House in New York, the writer was shown a record of the ship's papers, with a manifest and inventory of the cargo.

Mr. Butler's three children were Alice, age 13; Clara, 11, and William, 7. A few days before the sailing, Mr. Butler's only brother, Henry L. Butler, being desirous of seeing the ship on which William and his family were to make their long journey, made a visit to the *Fanny S. Perley* and was there introduced to Captain York. Entertaining privately a feeling of some apprehension as to entrusting these lives in a sailing vessel to the perils of the deep, Henry L. Butler, in a conversation with Captain York, asked if the Captain considered it perfectly safe for his brother to make the contemplated voyage. The fearless Captain replied in a reassuring tone: "Do you suppose I would permit Mrs. York to be making the journey if it were not safe?"

On the voyage southward the vessel touched at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, continuing thence on her way toward San Francisco, and on February 9, 1859, in latitude 13:16 south and longitude 61 degrees west, when 71 days out from New York, the *Fanny S. Perley* was sighted or "spoken" by a passing northbound ship, which signaled a greeting, to which reply was made by the skipper of the *Fannie S. Perley*, who added the news, "All well on board."

A glance at the map on page 138 will show the geographical position of the ship when signaled, which is off the eastern coast of Argentine Republic.

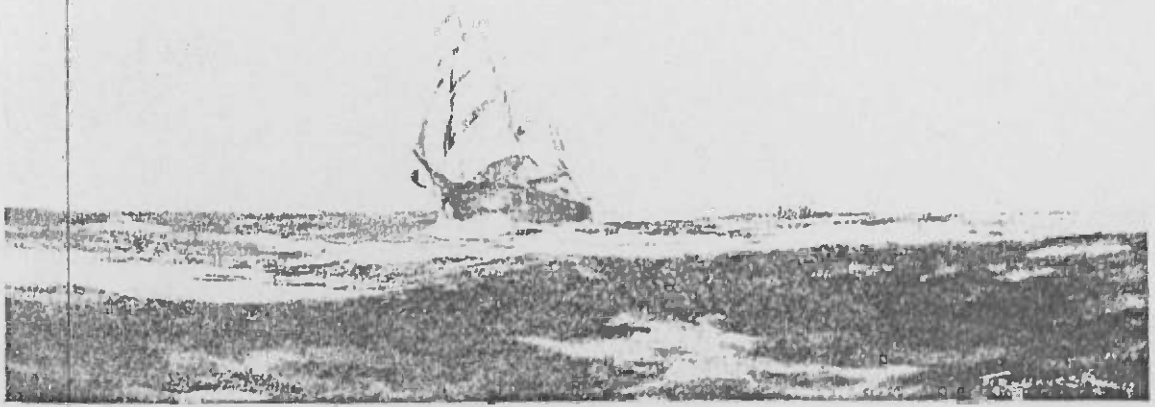
From that day to this nothing has ever been seen or heard of the *Fanny S. Perley*. The ship with all hands on board literally vanished from the face of the earth on that fateful voyage, nor was any news ever heard concerning the fate of the vessel, its crew or any of the passengers.

Many speculations as to its mysterious disappearance have been ventured; it may have foundered at sea or was driven ashore and was wrecked on the southern coast of Argentine or Chile, possibly farther on in rounding Cape Horn, or in the Straits of Magellan, which localities have long been noted for

the severity of weather encountered there, with consequent dangers to sailing vessels. Shipmasters familiar with long sea voyages along South American coasts have long regarded this locality as dangerous, especially during the month of February, when storms along the coast are frequent and violent.

The thought of fire at sea, shipwreck, drowning or death from thirst or hunger and starvation fills one with horror at the possibilities, and we turn from a reality too shocking to contemplate; yet it seems almost incredible that such a large ship, with its passengers and its extensive cargo, which was amply insured, could disappear so completely, without so much as a stick of wood remaining to furnish a clue as to its fate, but such is the fact.

Under ordinary conditions, this ship should have reached its destination on or about March 1st, 1859.



MAP SHOWING THE ILL-FATED VOYAGE OF THE FANNY S. PERLEY.

Some idea of the immense distances covered by the old-time sailing vessels may be gained from a glance at the above map, showing the sailing course of the Fanny S. Perley on her last disastrous voyage. 1. Port of Departure, December 1, 1858. 2. Port of Call, Rio de Janeiro, about Jan. 15, 1858. 3. Location of ship when last heard from Feb. 9, 1859. 4. Port of intended destination, which should have been reached about March 1, 1859.

In June, 1859, over six months after the vessel's disappearance, the following item appeared in one of the New York dailies:

"All hope of ever hearing from the bark Fanny S. Perley is quite abandoned; she is now one hundred and ninety days out from New York, and probably foundered or was burned at sea.

"The vessels now arriving from Eastern ports seem generally to have made exceedingly long passages, and all report the season an unusually stormy one off Cape Horn.

"A great quantity of loose candles, seen by the Hornet, floating off the Patagonian coast on March 21st, would seem to indicate disaster to some California bound ship in that neighborhood. The Queen of the Seas was signaled to by natives on the shore of the Cape, as she passed the Straits of LeMaine, which may have had some reference to the disaster. A boat was sent ashore to ascertain the meaning of these signals, but the officer in charge said the manner of the natives warned him against landing."

Two months later, in the fall of 1859, a newspaper item appeared in New York which stated that the *Fanny S. Perley*, Capt. York, from New York, December 1st, 1858, had not arrived at San Francisco up to August 20, 1859. A despatch from San Francisco via New Orleans stated that her consignees considered her as lost.

This was the last news item to appear. Upon the publication of these reports the vessel was given up as lost, and no further tidings of any kind have ever been received.

"Grandma Scudder," who was the mother of William L. M. Butler, carefully watched the newspapers and shipping records for thirteen years after the distressing and tragic disaster, hoping and earnestly praying that her son, like Enoch Arden, would one day return safely home, but no word of any kind from one of them was ever received which would furnish a clue to the mysterious disappearance of the *Fanny S. Perley*.

An exhaustive search has been made in every quarter where it was thought likely that information or record of such a catastrophe might be found. Contemporaneous records at the New York Public Library were searched. At the U. S. Custom House in New York, access to their oldest records revealed only that the

vessel cleared the Port of New York on Dec. 1, 1858, and contained a copy of the ship's manifest and other papers for this voyage, pertaining to the ship's cargo. The New York Maritime Register, various coastwise sailing and steamship companies and files of old newspapers were consulted; old shipmasters in New York and San Francisco were interviewed on the subject, and enquiries were published in the papees. Records were searched at the Maritime Exchange in New York, and information was sought from Capt. W. D. Burnham, superintendent of the American & Hawaiian Steamship Co., one of the old-time shipmasters who had a wide familiarity with all matters pertaining to early coastwise shipping, but all efforts were without success; nor could any light on the subject be furnished by The Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co., which did an extensive marine insurance business with shippers of that time and whose records of marine disasters date prior to 1858.

In San Francisco the files of shipping publications were searched. Notice was published in the Daily Commercial News of San Francisco, the principal shipping medium of the Pacific coast; the President of the Marine Department, San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, was also consulted, but it was found that their records were destroyed in the great fire of 1906 in that city. The Merchants Exchange of San Francisco, who have very complete records of early coastwise shipping, could throw no light upon the mystery. The search was carried even to South America: enquiries were sent to the General Inspector of Customs at Buenos Aires, Argentine, and to the President of the Argentine Mercantile Marine Company, one of the largest maritime insurance companies in South America; to the Prefect General of the Port of Punta Arenas, Chile, and others. The Star Security & Insurance Co. of Argentine, Buenos Aires. All of these had no knowledge or information to give upon the subject, and the Prefect General of the Port of Buenos Aires reported that after a great deal of searching its archives no record or in-

formation could be found regarding the details or location of the probable foundering of the *Fanny S. Perley* on the Argentine coast; while the Mayor of Buenos Aires wrote on Nov. 30, 1914: "No evidence exists in the Maritime Register regarding the supposed wreck of this vessel on the Argentine Coast."

Such was the untimely end of this particular branch of the Butler family. Their unhappy fate causes one to reflect and ponder upon the uncertainty of life.

HENRY L. BUTLER, second son of William and Alice M. Butler, was born in Baltimore, Md., December 9, 1822.

A complete character sketch of his life will be found on pages 190 to 222.

EMILY MONROE BUTLER, daughter of Alice Morris and William Butler, was born in Baltimore, Md., July 18, 1827. She was the younger sister of William L. M. Butler and Henry L. Butler by their mother's first marriage. When Emily was a babe of one year and two months, her father died, and an infant sister Mary, who was also born in Baltimore, had died the year before Emily was born.

On Jan. 24, 1832, Emily's mother was married again at the old North Dutch Church in New York* to John Holmes Scudder. The little girl was but four and a half years old then. At the age of ten one of her childhood playmates was a little maid named Mary Stryker, who later on married Emily's brother Henry, and to whom his sister was very devoted.

These two children, Emily and Mary, were fond friends, and spent many happy days of their girlhood together, long before such a thing as romance ever entered either of their young heads.

Less than a dozen years had passed, however, when Mary became the bride of Henry L. Butler, the only brother of Emily, and with whom he was a prime favorite.

Emily's wedding took place at her home in Twenty-second Street, New York, in June, 1847; she was attended by Mary as bridesmaid, and Emily's brother Henry was "best man" to the bridegroom, Hamilton H. Salmon, of Brooklyn, N. Y., on that occasion.

Mrs. Salmon, who survived her husband many years, lived for a considerable time prior to her death with her daughter, Mrs. Florence Dunlop, in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn.

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*See page 99.

EMILY MONROE SALMON,
nee Emily M. Butler,
1827-1917.
Only sister of Henry L. Butler, by his mother's first marriage.

Most of the younger generation to whom she was known, spoke of Mrs. Salmon as "Aunt Emily." Hers was a loveable character and personality in many ways. She lived to the remarkable age of 90 years and four months, although in the latter portion of her life were experienced the unhappy effects of extreme feebleness and ill-health.

Mrs. Salmon died at Lakeview, Southern Pines, N. C., on Nov. 30, 1917. Her funeral was held on Tuesday, Dec. 4, 1917, at 2 P. M., from the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, corner of South Oxford St., Brooklyn, of which church she had been a member for many years during the eminent pastorate of Rev. Theodore Cuyler.

Several members of the family attended the funeral services, among whom were Mrs. Charles R. Parmele and her brother, J. Holmes Butler, representing their father, who was Mrs. Salmon's brother, and in the Butler-Salmon burial plot at Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, Mrs. Salmon found a final earthly resting place.

Butler-Salmon Burial Plot,
Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Of the ten children born to Hamilton H. and Emily M. Salmon, four died in infancy. Issue:

Henry B. Salmon, died in infancy.
Charles, married Blanche Ogden.
Alice, married Mason Cooper; died.
Florence, married Durbin Dunlop.
William, died in infancy.
Walter.
Claude, died in infancy.

(Continued on next page.)

Emily, born 1859.
Eugene, died in infancy.
Miriam, married William Tooker.
Hamilton H., Jr., married Jessie Sweetland.
Grace, married Edward B. Arkenburgh.

Only four of these are living at the present time, viz: Charles, Florence, Hamilton, Jr., and Grace.

It will be seen on page 154 that "Grandma" Scudder (Mrs. John Holmes Scudder) was a Morris. Her father's name was John Morris and her grandfather was David Morris.

It has been thought by some that "Grandma Scudder" was a descendant of Robert Morris, the eminent financier of Revolutionary times and signer of the Declaration of Independence; or of Lewis Morris of Morrisania.

After months of patient and industrious research, the writer can find no fact upon which to substantiate such claim.

THE MORRIS FAMILY.

The name Morris is of Welsh derivation and origin. It goes back to the time of Ethelstan and Alfred, when it took the form of MAWR-RHYS; following the later changes it appears as MAUR-RICE, then MORRICE, and finally MORRIS. The translation of the Welsh Mawr-rhys means Great Chief or Prince. The Dutch spelling of the name was MARES or MARIS.

Among the first settlers of Hudson and Bergen Counties, N. J., we find the name of:

"Jury Maris English." Jury or Jurie being the Dutch equivalent for George, this Englishman's name has a more familiar appearance when written as George Morris. The records of the period, however, being kept in Dutch, it naturally took that form.

JURY MARIS married prior to 1691 Frena Hanse Harty, the daughter of one Hanse Jacobse Harty from Berne, and his wife, Geertje Lambertse Mol. Jury was baptized August 26, 1671. One

of the witnesses at the baptism of their second son, Hans Jacob Maris (Morris), was Geertie Hanse, presumably Frena's mother.

Their children were as follows:

Geerty (Gertrude), born at Tappan, N. Y.; baptized at the old Dutch Church, Schraalenburg, N. J.; married Jan Van Schryven.

Marritje (Mary), baptized Oct. 24, 1695, at the old Dutch Church, Schraalenburg, N. J.

Lea, baptized Oct. 4, 1697; married Abraham Kammega.

Jan, born in Bergen Co., N. J., baptized Aug. 20, 1699; married, September 6, 1718, Anneke Kammega, of New Utrecht, L. I.

Rachel, baptized June 24, 1700.

Hans Jacob, baptized Sept. 19, 1703, at the old Dutch Church, Schraalenburg, N. J.

Abraham, baptized June 16, 1706.

Jannetje, baptized April 13, 1708; married Ide Meyer.

Tryntie (Catherine), baptized Dec. 31, 1710.

Sara, baptized April 15, 1712; married Aug. 10, 1733, Jan Cool.

ISAAC, baptized March 14, 1714.

One of the witnesses at the baptism of their second son, Hans Jacob, was Geertie Hanse, presumably Frena's mother.

ISAAC MARIS, the son of Jury and Frena H. Maris, was baptized at the Tappan (N. Y.) Church on March 14, 1714. On Sept. 21, 1733, he married at Schraalenburg, N. J.,* a widow, Catherine (Cool) Westervelt, of Tappan, N. Y., according to the marriage records of Colonial New Jersey.†

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*Pronounced as though spelled "Scrawlenburg."

†The earliest marriage and baptismal registers of the Hackensack Reformed (Dutch) Church are entered in a volume more than 200 years old and is still in an excellent state of preservation.

For the first century of the Church's history, the records were kept in Dutch. In 1724 a new church was organized at Schraalenburg, N. J., which is now called Bergenfields N. J., about four miles from Hackensack. Both churches were under the same pastorate, during the rest of the century. Hence marriages or baptisms in one church are often entered in the records of the other.

It was the custom in the Reformed Dutch Churches to publish the banns or to announce intended marriages from the pulpit three Sundays before the marriage, or to have notice thereof set up at the church door. (*continued*)

An entry in the Marriage Records of the Schraalenburg Church is as follows:

> Mares, Isaek, young man, born and living at Schraalenburg and Trintyen Kool, widow, born at Tappan and living at Schraalenburg, married Sept. 21. (License date, 1733, Sept. 1.)

Trintyen or "Tryntje" is the old Dutch form for Catharine, and "Jurican" or Jury for George.

Isaac Morris' wife was the widow of David Pietersc Westervelt, whom she married at Tappan June 16, 1727, and by whom she had a daughter, Susanna, baptized at Tappan, Aug. 16, 1728, who married Joseph Baldwin in 1747; the latter died before 1765, leaving one child, Joseph Baldwin, baptized Sept. 16, 1748.

The children of Isaac Maris—or Morris, as they called themselves—and Catherine (Cool) Westervelt were as follows:

> DAVID, baptized Feb. 23, 1735, at Schraalenburg, N. J.
>
> Abraham, baptized Tappan, N. Y., Feb. 5, 1739; married Jan. 13, 1760, Maria Marschalk.

Sometimes the banns would be proclaimed at one church and the marriage would be performed at the other.

The names of persons undergo all manner of transformations, according to the various systems of orthography followed by the different Dominies and Voorlesers who kept the records from time to time.

The attempts of some of the Dutch writers to reproduce in their language English and other foreign names lead to some strange results. Thus occur many different spellings of the same surname.

The Schraalenburgh Church records have been well preserved, as was the rule with the early Dutch churches.

In the "History of the Reformed Church of Tappan, N. Y.," prepared for its 200th Anniversary in 1894 by the Rev. David Cole, D.D., now pastor of the First Reformed Church of Yonkers, N. Y., this entry on the roll of members is found:

ADMITTED ON CERTICATE:
Jan. 1st, 1740
Isaac Maris and
Tryntje Kool, his wife.

Jacob, baptized Tappan, N. Y., July 22, 1741; married Jan. 7, 1764, Eleanor Edwards.

It is interesting to note that among the baptisms in the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, N. Y., are: Isaac, son of Abraham Maris and Maria Marschalk, baptized May 26, 1765. The witnesses of this baptism were David Maris and Susanna Maris, widow of Joseph Baldwin; another—Isaac, son of Jacob and Alida Moris, baptized Oct. 5, 1766. The witnesses were David Maris and Maria Marschalk. (The name Alida is believed to be an error. It should be Eleanor.)

These show the relationship between David Morris and the Baldwins and establish the former's parentage.

In these records the name is found spelled Maris, Moris and Morris.

DAVID MORRIS, eldest son of Isaac and Catherine Cool Westervelt Morris, was born at Schraalenburg, N. J., in Feb., 1735. He was baptized on Feb. 23, that year. His parents were among the earliest settlers of Bergen and Hudson Counties, N. J. Very little is known of his early days in the town where he was born. According to the records of the Dutch Reformed Church in New York, he was married in that church on June 14, 1769, to Christiana Mercier, daughter of Capt. William Mercier, who served in the Revolutionary War in command of the frigate "Congress."[a]

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a. See page 185.

References:

Reformed Dutch Church Records of Hackensack, N. J., Vol. II, (1891).
Compiled by the Holland Society of New York.
Original Records now in possession of South Church of Schraalenburg.

See also Beer's "History of Rockland County."

In the official records of the Revolution the name of David Morris appears as a private in Capt. Jacob Onderdonk's Company, which was recruited in the Haverstraw precinct and became one of the units of the 2nd Regiment, Orange County Militia, commanded by Col. A. Hawks Hay.*

Although Haverstraw is now in Rockland Co., it should be remembered that Rockland County was not in existence, as such, in 1779.

The writer has seen in the Manuscript Section of the State Library, Albany, an entry known as Treasurer's Certificate No. 16840, dated Oct. 15, 1779, issued to David Morris in payment for active service in the abovementioned regiment, amounting to 8s. 10d. ($2.20).

The baptisms of the children of David Morris and his wife, Christiana Mercier Morris, are recorded in the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church Baptismal Records (N. Y.). Their names appear on page 152.

On Oct. 4, 1784, he bought from the Commissioners of Forfeiture two and a half lots on the east side of the Bowery, between Hester and Grand Sts., N. Y. City, the former owner having been James deLancey.

Land was also granted to David Morris Sept. 23, 1795, on the corner of Broadway and Chambers St., N. Y. (See Liber 43, p. 77, Register's Office.)

In the U. S. Census for 1790, page 136, he is mentioned as a resident of New York City and head of a household.

In the New York City Directory and Register for the year 1794, a copy of which may be seen any time upon application at Room 303, New York Public Library, David Morris is mentioned as residing at 20 Chamber Street (about 50 feet from Broadway).

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*See "New York in the Revolution as a Colony and State," by Jas. A. Roberts, 1895-1898.

Their son, William H. Morris, who was born Nov. 27, 1774, at the time the war clouds of the Revolution were gathering upon the horizon, became a well-known jeweler in New York.* His place of business was at 111 Maiden Lane. The latter was the favorite nephew of his uncle, John Dyer Mercier, whose very beautiful home at Hallett's Cove (now Astoria, L. I.), he shared and which was to have descended to him upon his uncle's death; no will being found, however, he received no part of the estate.

A policy of injustice among the brothers, John and David, led the wife of William H. Morris, after her husband's death in 1812, to return to her own family in Philadelphia. Shortly after her return there, her child, Mary Hunt Morris, was born. All the other five children were born at the Hallet's Cove homestead. Their baptisms are all recorded in the baptismal records of the Dutch Church in New York.

David Morris's wife, Christiana Mercier Morris, was buried in Dec., 1812, in the Churchyard, of St. George's Chapel,† which then stood on Park Row, at Beekman Street, opposite a park on which latter site the present Post Office, completed in 1875, was built.

The marriage bond which follows, proves the identity of David Morris as a son of Isaac Morris; Joseph Baldwin, his half-sister's son, having signed his bond. Marriage bonds were generally signed by relatives.

KNOW all men by these Presents, That We David Morris and Joseph Baldwin of the City of New York Carpentors are held and firmly bound unto our Sovereign Lord GEORGE the Third by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc., in the sum of Five Hundred Pounds, Current Money of the Province of New York to be paid to his said Majesty or his Heirs and Successors. For the which Payment well and truly to be made and done, We do bind ourselves, and each of us,

*For a record of the children of William Henry Morris and Catherine Tiers, see Prevost Genealogy and Simpkins' Family Record, pp. 52-58.

†See page 105.

our and each of our Heirs, Executors and Administrators and every one of them firmly by these Presents.

Sealed with our seals, Dated the Fourteenth day of June in the Ninth Year of his said Majesty's Reign. Anno-que Domini, 1769.

THE CONDITION of This Obligation is such, That whereas the above-bounden David Morris hath obtained a License of Marriage for himself of the one party, and Christena Mercier of the City of New York Spinster of the other Party. Now if it shall not appear hereafter, that they or either of them the said David Morris and Christena Mercier have any lawful Let or Impediment of Pre-Contract. Affinity or Consanguinity, to hinder their being joined in the Holy Bands of Matrimony, and afterwards their living together as Man and Wife; Then this Obligation to be void and of None-Effect, or else to stand, remain, abide and be in full Force and Virtue.

Sealed and Delivered in the Presence of (Signed) DAVID MORRIS
JOSEPH BAULDWIN

I hereby certify that the above is a true and correct copy of the bond found on page 119 of volume 14 of Marriage bonds in the custody of the Regents of the University of the State of New York in the State library. Albany, the 14th of December, 1903.

A. J. F. VAN LAER, Archivist.

In January, 1918, the author endeavored to obtain a photographic copy of the foregoing Marriage Bond. He was informed that this would be impossible, as the State had suffered the misfortune of losing all the Marriage Bond records in the disastrous fire which destroyed the western portion of the capitol on March 29, 1911.

It was thought by some that David Morris was closely related to Lewis Morris, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. This belief cannot, or at least has not, been substantiated by facts. Lewis Morris was a half brother of Gouverneur Morris, the Minister to France, their father, the Honorable Lewis Morris, having married twice.

The baptisms of the children of David Morris and Christiana Mercier are recorded in the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church baptisms in New York. Unlike the majority, they had no formal

witnesses to these baptisms. The names of their seven children are:

Nancy Ann,	baptized February 10, 1771.
JOHN,	baptized November 1, 1772; married Mary Lee, March 19, 1794.
William Henry,	baptized November 27, 1774; married Catherine Tiers, May 18, 1801 (daughter of John D. Tiers of Philadelphia).
Elizabeth,	(baptism not recorded), married John Michaels; their son, Theophilus Beekman Michaels, baptized June 9, 1800, in N. Y.
Catherine,	baptized June 16, 1776; married Adrian Holmes.
Marcia L.,	baptized May 1, 1785; married William Moores; died 1822.
David, Jr.,	baptized Jan. 27, 1790; married Caroline Van Cleef, whose daughter Marcia married Charles Strong Oakley,* Apr. 23, 1833.

*See Roome Genealogy, p. 170, and "Oakley Manuscripts," by M. B. Ford and Peter W. Roome; also History of Staten Island—Chute.

JOHN MORRIS.
Born 1772. First husband of Mary Lee Morris, and father of Gen'l William Lee Morris.

JOHN MORRIS, son and second child of David Morris and Christiana Mercier Morris, was baptized Nov. 1, 1772. On March 19, 1794, he married Mary Lee. They lived at English Neighborhood (now Ridgefield, N. J.).

Upon the death of John Morris, the date of which does not appear to have been recorded, his widow married Robert Cocks. She and her second husband separated, but were not divorced; she died Feb. 8, 1857, and was buried three days afterward beside the graves of her father and mother in the cemetery of the Reformed Church of English Neighborhood, Ridgefield, N. J.

Her parents came from England and settled in English Neighborhood, shortly before the Revolutionary War; her father, William Lee, was born 1749 in England and died April 28, 1829.

At Ridgefield, N. J., the old church which was built in 1794 is still standing and in an excellent state of preservation:* in the churchyard cemetery close by may be seen the headstones which mark the graves of Mary Lee Cocks and the latter's father and mother, William Lee and his wife, Alice Gwinn Lee, called Elsey.†

By the first marriage of Mary Lee to John Morris the issue were:

William Lee, born English Neighborhood, N. J., March 9, 1795; married Caroline Harriman (born 1801, died Feb. 20, 1872); died July 6, 1889.

Maria, baptized Dec. 1, 1796; died in infancy.

ALICE MERCIER, born June 5, 1798; married first, William Butler, April 7, 1819; second, John Holmes Scudder, Jan. 24, 1832; died April 28, 1881, at 9 A. M.; interred Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y.

By the second marriage of Mary Lee to Robert Cocks, the issue were:

Mary J.

Catherine, born 1801; died 1895; married Dr. John Whitridge of Baltimore, Md. Issue: Rose, John, William, Anna and Alice L.; the last named daughter, Alice L., married Douglas H. Thomas, President Merchants-Mechanics Bank of Baltimore. Under the will of Mrs. Martha B. Whitridge, who died Sept. 22, 1915, leaving an estate of more than $75,000, Mrs. Alice L. Thomas inherited, besides all of Mrs. Whitridge's jewelry, the sum of $10,000. Douglas H. Thomas, one of executors of the estate, inherited a like amount.

*See illustration on page 93.

†See page 94.

WILLIAM LEE MORRIS.
Only brother of Alice Morris Scudder. Born English Neighborhood, N. J., 1795. Died Bergen Point, N. J., 1882.

GENERAL WILLIAM LEE MORRIS.

William Lee Morris, a prominent and respected citizen and lawyer of New York, was the son of John and Mary Lee Morris. He was born at English Neighborhood, Bergen Co., N. J., in 1795.

When the War of 1812 broke out, although but 17 years of age, he joined the army which was then being raised for the purpose of protecting the country's shores against a possible invasion. Earthworks were thrown up at Fort Greene and other

places in Brooklyn, and the troops were held in readiness to meet the enemy. His zealous work earned early promotion for him and he was appointed a Lieutenant and placed in charge of the Powder Magazine at Harlem Heights in what is now an upper portion of Central Park, New York City.

In the official records of the War Department, William Lee Morris is mentioned as an Ensign in Capt. John L. Riker's Company, 1st Regiment (Col. Edward W. Laight's), New York Militia, in which he served from Sept. 2 to Dec. 12, 1814.

At the close of the war he took up his interrupted study of the law. He was admitted to the New York Bar in 1816 in a class of eighteen, which included the names of Daniel Lord, Stephen J. Cambreling and James W. Gerard; among his early associates also were Charles O'Connor and Ogden Hoffman. Having entered the office of Judge Wyman in Park Row as a clerk, he there pursued his law studies and subsequently became a partner with Judge Wyman under the firm name of Wyman & Morris.

DeWitt Clinton, the popular Governor of New York during the War of 1812, was an intimate friend of Judge Wyman's; the latter with several others kept bachelors' hall in a building situated where 2 Park Place formerly stood (now the site of the great Woolworth Building), and this was the favorite resort of the Governor.

In this way young Morris came into frequent contact with the Governor, whom he enthusiastically admired and who seems to have highly esteemed him in turn, and a friendship resulted which lasted until the Governor's death. One day Gov. Clinton said to him playfully: "William, wouldn't you like to hold an office?" The office was that of Commissioner of Deeds, to which Governor Clinton commissioned him and which appointment he held uninterruptedly through succeeding administrations covering a period of over fifty years, transacting business under it up to within ten days of his death.

His son, Charles O. Morris, of White, Morris & Co., bankers, on Wall St., had in his dining room a bust of Gov. Clinton, made from a plaster cast, taken in the Governor's lifetime. The Governor presented it to his friend with the remark: "William, I wouldn't have that done again for $100."

In 1820 William Lee Morris married Miss Caroline Harriman, daughter of Orlando Harriman and Anna Ingland; the union was an unusually happy one. The couple moved to Bergen Point, N. J., in 1852, where they resided for many years, and owned a lovely place called "Cedar Park" on the shore of Newark Bay; here their children and grandchildren were accustomed to gather every Thanksgiving Day for many years; on these occasions there were usually present also two half-sisters of William L. Morris, Catherine and Mary; frequently there were as many as 27 to 30 at these family gatherings. A delicious and sumptuous repast was always provided, with a small roasted pig at one end of the table and the time honored roast turkey at the other, and with roasted duck and chickens on the sides of the table, with many kinds of vegetables, cranberry sauce, oysters and then the wonderful mince pie that Grandmother Morris would make! Such good times are never forgotten.

In 1824 the law office of Wyman & Morris was moved from Park Row to the building at 2 Park Place, where it was located for twenty years thereafter. Having been associated with DeWitt Clinton in urging through the great Erie Canal project, William Lee Morris was one of the Governor's party that made the first trial boat trip through the canal from Lake Erie to the ocean in 1821, before the canal was opened for public use.*

The Erie Canal was completed on the 26th of October, 1825. At 10 o'clock precisely the waters of Lake Erie were admitted into the Canal and the news was transmitted to New York City in an hour and thirty minutes by the discharge of cannon posted along the route at intervals. The canal boat "Seneca Chief" led off in fine style, drawn by four grey horses fancifully bedecked.

*See page 118.

Mrs. William Lee Morris,
nee Caroline Harriman, daughter of Orlando Harriman and Anna Ingland Harriman.

Brigadier General William Lee Morris.
Son of John and Mary Lee Morris.
Born in English Neighborhood, N. J.

In 1864 he established with William B. Aiken the law firm of Morris & Aiken, with offices at 1 Broad Street, removing later to 39 William Street: about 1865 the firm name was changed to Morris & Ballantyne, the former partnership having been dissolved and Mr. William A. Ballantyne coming into the business; their office was located at 7 Pine Street.

Being one of the earliest and most earnest promoters of the New York National Guard, he earned successive promotion until he was commissioned Brigadier General, commanding one of the two divisions of the state militia, under General Sandford.

As such, General Morris officiated in parades, at the funerals of President Harrison, of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, and,

at the celebration of the laying of the Atlantic Cable, and he was always very active in arranging the old time military spectacles. During the Civil War he offered his services to Governor Morgan for active duty, but the Governor decided that it was desirable to have younger men and the offer was declined. His youngest son Orlando, however, entered the service, became Colonel of the 66th New York Volunteer Regiment of Hancock's Corps, and was killed in action at the Battle of Cold Harbor, Va.

The semi-centennial of the wedding of General and Mrs. Morris was celebrated at the residence of their son Charles O. Morris in Elizabeth, N. J., in 1870. Mrs. Morris died two years later, 1872.

General Morris was an old line Whig, but at the dissolution of that party he became a Democrat and remained such until the time of his death.

Brig. Gen. William Lee Morris.
1793-1889.
An energetic and wellknown officer of the New York National Guard in its early history.

After Judge Wyman's death, he continued the law business at 52 Grove Street, corner of Bleecker St., where he had an office for upwards of 25 years, until the building was torn down about 1888: he early identified himself with the interests of the then

growing suburb of Greenwich Village, where he became well known by reason of his long residing there; he lived for a time at 4 Perry Street and at 633 Hudson Street, in the same neighborhood. He drew and got through the charters of the Manhattan Gas Company, the Greenwich Bank, The Greenwich Savings Bank, the Northern Dispensary and of other prominent corporate institutions. His attention was directed principally to the real estate business and the drawing of wills. In subsequent years General Morris became noted as the successful counsel in many celebrated will cases. As an office lawyer he was especially successful: he was also entrusted with the management of the legal business and estates, including the Rhinelanders, the Lilienthals, the Stuarts—sugar refiners—and many of the leading New York families. He drew the wills of Alexander and R. L. Stuart, as he had drawn those of their father and mother. Among his notable clients at Bleecker and Grove Streets was Aaron Burr, who intrusted to him some real estate interests at Buffalo.

WILLIAM LEE MORRIS.
For 60 years an able and notable practising lawyer in New York City.

General Morris bore a high reputation as a scrupulously honest, fair-dealing lawyer, and so active was he in his profession that he attended to the interests of his clients up to within

four days of his death. Those who knew him well remember that Gen. Morris always carried a white handled cane: this was presented to him in 1812 and had been his companion ever since.

He died in Bergen Point, N. J., at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. James Imbrie, on July 6, 1889, at 9 o'clock P. M., in his 86th year.

Who that knew him can ever forget his kindly dignity, his uniform courtesy and friendliness? The influence of his noble personality is our heritage.

The funeral services were held at the Bergen Point Reformed Church on the following Friday afternoon at four o'clock. The church was filled, and, with the exception of pallbearers and the relatives of the family, the assemblage was composed largely of the townspeople. The pallbearers were Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, G. Winant, A. B. Warner, Mahlon Mulford, D. C. Halstead and W. J. Haddock. General W. S. Hancock was invited to act as pallbearer, but his numerous engagements compelled him to decline. The children of General Morris, Mrs. James Imbrie, John W. Morris and Wm. L. Morris, with their families, followed the casket as it was borne up the aisle. The casket was covered with black cloth and velvet, and over it were scattered a few loose flowers and a sheaf of wheat. These were the only flowers at the church.

The music was very simple, consisting of the hymns, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." The Rev. Henry F. Jones, pastor of the church, spoke principally of the recent conversion of General Morris. Although the General had attended the church for twenty years, it was not until August, 1888, that he made profession of religion.

The Rev. Dr. Imbrie of Jersey City, a brother-in-law of Gen. Morris's daughter, assisted in the services. His interment was in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y. Thus ended a long and notable career.

It is said that at the time of his death, Gen. Morris was the oldest practicing lawyer and the oldest Militia General, in point of service, in the State. In person he was tall and slender; his manners were of the old school and were blended with courtesy and dignity; his affability and courtliness were marked characteristics, and his habits of life were exemplary. He came of a very long-lived family, and although he had far outlived the allotted threescore years and ten, his death called forth many expressions of genuine sorrow and regret. He was widely regarded as one of the remarkable men of his time.

The children of General William Lee Morris and his wife, Caroline Harriman, were as follows:

1. J. Wyman Morris.
2. DeWitt Clinton Morris.
3. Caroline Morris.
4. William Lee Morris, Jr.
5. Charles Oakley Morris.
6. Orlando Harriman Morris.
7. Anna Morris.

1. J. Wyman Morris, born Sept. 8, 1823, in New York; died March 4, 1903. He was one of the founders in 1865 of the Consolidated Stock Exchange of 60 Broadway, New York. When a young man he was commissioned Captain on his father's Staff. He was a stock broker and retired from active business in 1900. He died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Wm. R. Cobb, in Neperan Road, Tarrytown, N. Y., in his eightieth year. Mr. Morris had been a resident of Tarrytown 14 years prior to his death in 1903, where he was highly esteemed and respected. The funeral services were held at Christ Church, Tarrytown. He married, Nov. 20, 1850, Elizabeth Sharpe of Philadelphia. They had three children:

   Matilda Sharpe, born Sept. 7, 1860; married Apr. 18, 1883, William Rumney Cobb of Boston, Mass. Issue: Wyman Morris Cobb, born Oct. 2, 1897.

   Gertrude Frances, born Aug. 4, 1862. Was engaged to be married, but died very suddenly of erysipelas, Dec. 10, 1882; buried Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn.

   Carrie, born Nov. 5, 1865; died March 18, 1868.

2. DeWitt Clinton Morris, born 1827; died 1905. He married, April 1875, Anna Roe Knoor of Philadelphia, Pa. They had no children. He was engaged in the real estate business for several years in Bergen Point, N. J., and was a member of the New Jersey State Legislature in 1867.

3. Caroline, born — —; died July 6, 1864. Married James Imbrie, who was born July 30, 1813, and who died June 7, 1891. They had four children:

   William Morris Imbrie, born April 2, 1849.
   Jessie Imbrie, born Nov. 4, 1850, died April 1, 1895.
   Henry Thornton Imbrie, born Oct. 8, 1852.
   Caroline Imbrie, born Sept. 18, 1857, died 1916.

4. William Lee Morris, Jr., born September 30, 1830; died April, 1915. He married Ella Brush, who was born Feb. 12, 1845, died March, 1906. Their only child was William Clinton, born Mar. 18, 1872; married Miss Pratt of White Plains, N. Y., where they reside. He commenced his business career as a real estate broker and auctioneer. 1853 his place of business was at 25 Wall Street. The firm of Morris & Co. was organized, consisting of William L. Morris, Jr., Charles O. Morris and J. Wyman Morris. They transacted a banking and brokerage business at 31 Pine Street, New York; removing in 1861 to 39 William Street, and a few years later to 7 Pine Street. Later he was engaged with his brother, DeWitt Clinton Morris, in the real estate business at Bergen Point, N. J.

5. Charles Oakley Morris, born Dec. 27, 1832; died Nov. 19, 1903. He married April 27, 1857, Rebecca Bispham Roe of Haddonfield, N. J., who was born Nov. 21, 1830, and died May 10, 1910.

In 1854 the firm of White, Morris & Co. was established by Messrs. L. D. & F. White and during the following year Charles Oakley Morris was admitted to membership in the firm, when the name was changed to White, Morris & Co. These gentlemen were all educated in Wall Street and for nearly forty years identified with the leading financial and business men of the City.

During the panic of 1873 Mr. C. O. Morris was President of the Gold Exchange; was one of the governors of that Exchange for ten or twelve years. He was also Chairman of the Board of Appeals in the Gold Exchange in memorable Black Friday cases, which came up for arbitration. When the New York Mining Stock and National Petroleum Exchange was organized, Mr. Morris was the first Chairman and later became President of that organization. The latter Exchange had 1300 solid members and a large treasury and gratuity fund and made very large daily clearances of petroleum.

This house formerly did a heavy currency business, both in bank notes and gold.

Mr. Morris, when only twenty-one years of age, was the first cashier of the firm of Winslow, Lanier & Co., then at 52 Wall Street.

Mr. L. D. White was the counter manager for the old firm of Van Vleck, Read & Drexel (now J. P. Morgan & Co.), and he was considered to be one of the best judges and the most rapid buyers of the current money "in the Street." The firm did a general banking business, including government securities, sterling exchange, specie, stocks and bonds which were bought and sold at the Stock Exchange. The firm had a wide reputation and an extensive correspondence, made loans and collections and received accounts on deposit at interest.

Charles Oakley Morris,
1832-1903.
Son of Gen'l William Lee Morris and Caroline Harriman Morris. Cousin and devoted friend of Henry L. Butler.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris resided on Pacific Street, Brooklyn, before the Civil War, a few doors from the house in which Henry L. Butler and his family lived, shown on page 197. He was an active worker in the Central Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn. He later removed with his family to Bergen Point, N. J., where they lived for many years in a beautiful place facing Newark Bay, the grounds extending to the water's edge. Here there was fine boating, sailing, fishing and crabbing; crabs, shad and other sea food, fresh from the bay furnished many a morning or evening meal. The grounds were exten-

Mrs. Charles Oakley Morris,
1830-1910.
Nee Rebecca B. Roe. From photograph taken in the early eighties of the last century.

Charles Oakley Morris,
1832-1903.
From photograph taken in the early eighties of the last century.

sive and contained many large shade trees; chestnut trees predominating; the homestead was named by Mr. Morris, "Chestnut Lawn." In the estate adjoining this, which was called "Cedar Park," lived his father, General William Lee Morris, who would frequently ride about the place on horseback, upon the steed which had belonged to his son, Col. Orlando H. Morris, who was killed in battle at Cold Harbor, Va., during the Civil War.

Charles O. Morris was an elder for 22 years of the Westminster Presbyterian Church at Elizabeth, N. J. He was also a teacher and Superintendent of the Sunday School at that place. The names of their seven children are:

(a) Helen, born April 24, 1859; married Oct. 8, 1884, George Griffin. Issue:

Helen Francis, born March 28, 1886, who married Nov. 12, 1913, Shepherd Elliott Leeds. They have one child, Helen Elliott Leeds, born Nov. 10, 1915.

Edith Morris, born March 26, 1888.

George, born July 23, 1889.

Elsie, born April 14, 1895.

(b) William Lee, born June 7, 1860; died Dec. 9, 1863.

(c) Charles Oakley, Jr., born Nov. 15, 1861; married, Oct. 18, 1882, Grace Madeline Aitken, of Elizabeth, N. J. Issue:
Charles Sidney, born Feb. 20, 1884; died June 4, 1892.
Henry Aitken, born Dec. 21, 1885; died June 4, 1892; both above-mentioned sons died the same day of malignant scarlet fever.
Grace Madeline, born April 11, 1888; married, June 15, 1915, Walter Hamilton, of Morristown, N. J. Issue:
Ann Hamilton, born April 21, 1917.
Ann Carlton, born Dec. 21, 1890; married, Oct. 12, 1916, Everett S. Davis, of Elizabeth, N. J. They had one son,
Everett Vanderveer, born May 13, 1917.
Rebecca Morris, born Dec. 21, 1892; died Aug. 23, 1895.
Three of these children were born on the same calendar day of three different years. Dec. 21, 1885, 1890, 1892.

(d) Rebecca Rue, born June 29, 1862; married, Oct. 27, 1886, Beverly R. Value, of Elizabeth, N. J. (died June 10, 1920) Issue:
Caroline Morris, born Aug. 8, 1887; married, Nov. 19, 1913, Edward J. Waring, of Plainfield, N. J. They have two daughters,
Hrster Ann, born Nov. 3, 1914, and
Beverly Waring, born Feb. 6, 1917.
Beverly Mason, born September 17, 1890, married Dorothy Gray, of New York, May 16, 1917.
Morris Burnside, born Aug. 26, 1892.
Rebecca Bispham, born June 17, 1894; married Herman V. Von Holt, of Honolulu, Hawaii, April 26, 1918.
Jerome, born April 2, 1893, Ossining, N. Y.; died June 5, 1901, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

(e) Caroline, born Nov. 5, 1864; married Dec. 27, 1888, William P. Brandegee, M.D., of Elizabeth, N. J. Issue:
Ruth, born Oct. 16, 1889; married Howard Carter, of Plainfield, N. J. They have three sons,
Howard, Jr., born Sept. 4, 1911.
William Partridge, born Jan. 2, 1913.
Norman, born Nov. 30, 1916.
Morris Marius, born Sept. 3, 1892.
William Partridge, born June 11, 1894, m. Sept 8, 1920 Florence Alpaugh of Plainfield, N.J.

(f) Clinton, born August 1, 1867; died May 12, 1869.

(g) De Witt Clinton, born Oct. 4, 1869; died March 29, 1899.

6. Anna Morris, born July 31, 1839; died July 30, 1906; married James Imbrie, who was born July 30, 1813. They had two children:

Frances Caroline, born May 29, 1859, unmarried. Resides in Bayonne, N. J.

Anna Margarette, born Oct. 10, 1872; died March 9, 1912.

2. Orlando Harriman Morris, born 1835; died June 3, 1864 (killed in battle at Cold Harbor, Va.). He married Annie A——, who died March 25, 1879, aged 41. They had no children.

Col. Orlando H. Morris served throughout the Civil War. When the Rebellion broke out he was a rising young New York lawyer of remarkable promise. His law office was at 31 Pine Street, and he lived with his father at 52 Grove Street in that city.

In 1860 he was living at Bergen Point, N. J., where his younger brother, William L. Morris, Jr., also resided.

He took a great interest in military affairs. At the call of duty he left a profession in which he was just rising to distinction, severed the ties of a young and charming family circle, left a tenderly loved wife to the care of God, and marched to the battlefield for his country. In the fall of 1861 he enrolled on Oct. 29th for war service, to serve three years. He assisted in organizing the 66th New York Volunteer Infantry and was mustered into federal service as its Major on Nov. 4, 1861, at the age of 26 years. The date of his muster being as of Oct. 29, 1861, the date of his original enrollment. Two days afterwards he left with his regiment for the battle front, serving as Major through the Peninsular Campaign.

The time had come in the progress of the war when every man felt that going to the front was no holiday excursion; that it meant hardships, wounds and perhaps death. All felt that actual, stern and cruel war was upon the nation, and few members of the 66th Regiment left their homes without a full appreciation of the possible consequences to themselves and their families.

The 66th New York was an ordinary, every-day regiment—one of many of the same kind enlisted for three years, or the war.

It did not leave the City of New York, where it was organized, with the prestige of the more fortunate regiments. There was no ovation tendered to them on their departure on Nov. 6, 1861, for the seat of war, from which many of them never returned.

Col. Orlando Harriman Morris,
1835-1864,
Colonel, 66th New York Volunteer Infantry
in the Civil War.

Although raised in New York and mustered into the service of the United States on Nov. 4, 1861, for three years, the men came from many different points. Its recruits came from Maine, Mas-

sachusetts and from various counties in the State of New York. A large number were from Westchester County. It was only watched by those at home who were interested in, or connected by some tie, with the members of the Regiment. There was a short notice in the morning papers that another regiment had gone to the front and nothing more. Attached to Hancock's famous Corps, the fighting Second, of the Army of the Potomac, the 66th, took part in 28 battles and many skirmishes.* It left

*Following are the engagements in which the 66th Regiment participated; as officially recorded in the Bureau of War Records of the Adjutant General's Office, Albany, N. Y.

Cedar Creek, Va., March 26, 1862.
Siege of Yorktown, April 16 to May 4, 1862.
Fair Oaks, Va., May 31-June 1, 1862.
Seven Days' Battle, Va. (Gaines Mills, Peach Orchard, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp Bridge, Glendale, Malvern Hill.) June 25-July 2, 1862.
Antietam, Md., September 17, 1862.
Near Charlestown, W. Va., October 16-17, 1862.
Snicker's Gap, Va., December 11-15, 1862.
Fredericksburg, Va., December 11-15, 1862.
Chancellorsville, Va., May 1-3, 1863.
Gettysburg, Pa., July 1-3, 1863.
Williamsport, Md., July 14, 1863.
Auburn, Va., October 14, 1863.
Bristoe Station, Va., October 14, 1863.
Mine Run Campaign, Va., November 26-December 2, 1863.
Wilderness, Va., May 5-7, 1864.
Spottsylvania C. H., Va. (Po River, Salient, Landron House), May 8-21, 1864.
North Anna, Va., May 22-26, 1864.
Totopotomoy, Va., May 27-31, 1864.
Cold Harbor, Va., June 1-12, 1864.
Before Petersburg, Va., June 15, 1864; April 2, 1865.
Assault of Petersburg, Va., June 15-19, 1864.
Weldon Railroad, June 21-23, 1864.
Deep Bottom, Va., July 27-29, 1864.
Strawberry Plains, Va., August 14-18, 1864.
Reams Station, Va., August 25, 1864.
Petersburg Works, Va., March 25, 1865.
Appomattox Campaign, Va., March 28-April 9, 1865.

New York with about 900 men. A report on file in the War Department shows a loss of 76 men killed, 119 wounded and 106 missing, a total of 304 during the last year of the war alone. During the first three years the losses amounted to about 500, making a total loss to the regiment of about 800 men during the war. One of the blue silk guidons of the 66th Infantry was captured by J. E. B. Stuart's Cavalry at Brandy Station, Va., but was recaptured and afterward sent to the State Bureau of War Records in Albany by the Secretary of War.

At the Battle of Chancellorsville, after Col. Miles was wounded, Major Morris took the command, acting during a part of the engagement as Brigadier General, and it was always believed that some of the credit should have been given to him for holding the line at Chancellorsville: it was a difficult position, and was held to the last moment possible. The 66th Regiment retreated only after a Delaware regiment on its left were captured; many were wounded. The retreat was extremely dangerous and the wounded were left in the hands of the enemy. Some were burned to death, without doubt, as the woods took fire.

Just before the first battle of Fredericksburg, Colonel Pinckney of the 66th Regiment, having resigned, and the Lieut. Col. (Bull) being killed in that action, Major Morris was promoted to the Colonelcy, dating from Dec. 3, 1862.

At Gettysburg most of the Regiment's loss was met in the wheatfield and the road just beyond. At about the most advanced point reached by the regiment in its charge, the State of New York has erected a monument to the men of the 66th who died there. Col. Morris was in the thickest of the fighting at Gettysburg and here received a contused gunshot wound in his right side while bearing the colors on July 2, 1863.

Returning to New York to direct the work of recruiting the thinned ranks of his regiment, he attended the Metropolitan Fair,

Headqrs 66th Reg N.Y.V.
near Falmouth, Va. Feby 20th 1863

Sir.

The requirements of Gen. Orders No. 3 in regard to granting leaves of absence to Field officers being fulfilled in this Regiment by the recent return of the Lt Colonel and Major, so that the full complement of Field officers are now present for duty - I most respectfully ask, in accordance with the provisions of said Gen. Orders No. 3, & No. 10, for a leave of absence for ten days to visit New York City, and attend to private matters of importance.

Very Respectfully
Alexander H. Morris
Col. Comdg 66th Reg N.Y.V.

To
Lt Chas. P. Hatch
A.A.A.G.

LETTER OF COLONEL MORRIS, REQUESTING LEAVE OF ABSENCE FOR 10 DAYS.
From the original on file in the War Department.

Brooklyn N.Y.

July 21. 1863

Brig Gen L Thomas
Adjt. Gen U.S.A.

Sir

In accordance with Regulations I have the honor to report that leave of absence granted me by Spec. Order No 300 War Dept. for fifteen (15) days commenced July 7th 63 and my address is "Southwest corner of Clinton & Ransom Streets. City of Brooklyn State of New York"

Very Respectfully
Your Obdt Servt
Charles H. Morris
Col 66th Regt N.Y.V.

LETTER OF COLONEL MORRIS, GIVING NOTICE OF HIS ADDRESS, WHILE TEMPORARILY ABSENT, TO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL OF THE ARMY.
From the original on file in the War Department.

U. S Recruiting Office
365 Fulton St Brooklyn N.Y.
February 5th 1864

Sir

I have the honor to apply to be relieved from duty on Recruiting Service, and to return to the field with my Regiment, whose furlough expires February 9th 1864

Very Respectfully
Your obed't Serv't
Maurice H. Morris
Col. 66th Reg. N.Y.Vol.s

Capt. H. F. Brownson
A.A.G.

LETTER OF COLONEL MORRIS, REQUESTING TO BE RELIEVED FROM RECRUITING SERVICE IN ORDER TO BE ASSIGNED TO FIELD DUTY WITH HIS REGIMENT.
This request was granted. Within four months thereafter, he was killed in action at Cold Harbor, Va., while gallantly leading his regiment.

From the original on file in the War Department.

on which occasion he was presented with a sword valued at $500, and shortly afterwards was the recipient of a horse and equipments from his soldiers, a handsome and appropriate testimonial of the affectionate regard in which they held their leader.

When the great drive against Richmond began, Col. Morris, without waiting to be relieved, immediately proceeded to join his regiment in the field, which had been re-enlisted for the war, and was one of those who have been called upon to pay the last sacrifice patriotism can render.

On Saturday, June 4th, 1864, an official despatch from Secretary of War Stanton reported Col. Morris among the killed in action at Cold Harbor, Va., the preceding day, in the general assault upon the Confederate defenses. At the same time this series of terrific battles was going on, General Sherman began his famous march into Georgia. General Grant was hammering at Longstreet and other noted fighters of the Confederate Army, and Hancock's famous Second Corps had been very conspicuous in the advance of the attack. It was said that ten thousand of the "men in blue" fell in twenty minutes. Grant had vowed that he would not turn back, but would fight it out on that line if it took all summer. The final result was the capture of General Johnston and his Division.

Col. Morris' remains were sent North to Bergen Point, N. J.,*

*Resolutions of the Young Men's Association of Bergen's Point upon the death of Col. Orlando H. Morris, 66th Regiment, N. Y. S. V.

At a Meeting of the Young Men's Association of Bergen Point, N. J., held June 16, 1864, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas: It has pleased the Almighty Ruler to remove from the Brotherhood of this Association, by death on the battlefield of Cold Harbor, Va., our fellow-member, Col. Orlando H. Morris:

Resolved: That in the person of our deceased brother, we recognize one who rose to the true conception of disinterested patriotism, one who traced his conception in his own blood and freely gave his life, full of hope and promise as it was, in defense of the land he loved.

(*continued*)

Son of General William L. Morris and Caroline H. Morris. From war time photograph in possession of Mrs. Edw. Biggelow.

to his bereaved family, where the funeral services took place at the Reformed Dutch Church on Saturday, June 11, 1864, at 2 P. M., and was attended by many relatives of the deceased officer and a large circle of his admiring friends. He was one of the bravest and most devoted officers of the Second Corps of the Army of the Potomac, and none was more sincerely mourned.

After the funeral the casket was conveyed to the Cortlandt Street ferry in New York, where at 8 o'clock P. M. it was met by a Guard of Honor of United States troops, detailed by Major Gen'l. Dix, and taken to the Governor's Room at the City Hall, where the remains lay in state until Sunday, June 12th, at 2 P. M., when the Twelfth New York National Guard, under command of Col. Ward, escorted the funeral procession to Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, where the interment took place in the beautiful burial plot of Col. Morris' father.

As the funeral cortege entered Greenwood Cemetery, a heavy rain began to fall; whereupon his father, Gen'l. Wm. Lee, Morris, remarked in a tone of evident sadness: "The very Heavens have rained because of him."

Over his grave there was erected by his bereaved father the handsome and appropriate monument of white marble which is here shown.

That in him we further recognize the brave and humane soldier, loved and honored by all whom he led, the dutiful and respectful son, the devoted husband, the affectionate brother, the cordial and unselfish friend and last, but by no means least, the humble Christian.

That a copy of these Resolutions, duly attested and engrossed be forwarded to the parents and also one to the wife of our deceased brother and that they be published in "The Christian Intelligencer," and New York Times, newspapers.

Signed by *COMMITTEE.*

Bergen Point, N. J., June 17, 1864.

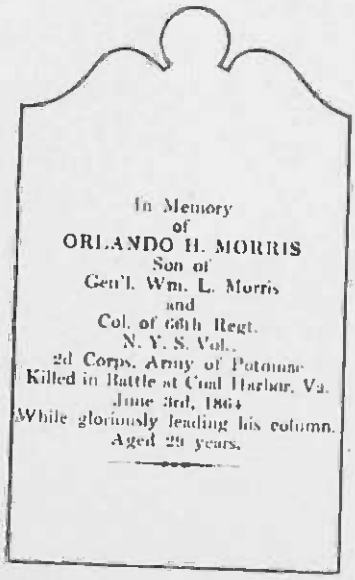
Burial Place of Col. Orlando H. Morris,
Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Replicas of the departed hero's hat, gloves and sword hanging from his belt rest upon the headstone, at the base of which is a panel with this inscription:

A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Brave, patriotic, noble, affectionate,
In life beloved, in death lamented.
With laurel drape the sword of Freedom's son
His hope in Christ will crown the life work done.
"Have Faith in God." Mark XI Chapt., 22nd v.

Above this there is another, upon which the following appears:

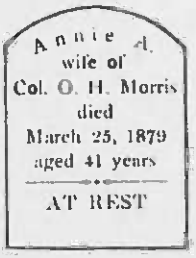


NOTE.—The name of the battle as shown on the gravestone is an error of the stonecutter; the correct name of the place is Cold Harbor, Va.

A smaller stone marks the foot of the grave; it bears a shield containing this verse:

Within the grave enclosure appears the Corps emblem of Hancock's Second Army Corps, indicating that it is one of the graves to be decorated on Memorial Day each year by those who do not forget the deeds of the gallant lads of '61.

To the right of Col. Morris' grave rest the remains of his wife, Annie, whose gravestone is marked as follows:



He possessed an estimable personal character, a winning manner, a conspicuous gallantry, and was a true Christian soldier, patriot and gentleman. He left a wife (who survived him fifteen years) and many devoted relatives and admiring friends to mourn his untimely end. The accompanying letter, written in 1864, by his brother's firm, is a facsimile of the original, which is on file in the Bureau of War Records at the Adjutant General's office, Albany, N. Y.:

As the glorious remnant of that grand army passes through the busy multitudes today, it will be a poor American who does not with searching honesty examine his heart to find if it beats with a stern resolve equal to theirs. Not merely to love peace, with honor, but to pay for its preservation, if need be, such a price as they ungrudgingly paid. All honor, praise and glory for evermore to that Grand Army of the Republic. May its example never fail of worthy emulators in the United States.

New York City June 22nd /64
No 7 Pine Street

Lockwood L Doty Esqr.
Chief of Bureau
of Military Statistics

Dr Sir Please Enclose and direct to Morris Brothers. No 7 Pine Street N.Y. duplicate copies of the blanks you sent a few days since to Mrs Col Morris, and we will see that they are filled up, and that you have the particulars you desire for the department of Biographies relating to the life of our beloved and lamented deceased Brother, Col Orlando H Morris of the 66th N.Y.S. Vet. Vol.

Yours very Respectfully --
Morris Brothers

FACSIMILE OF LETTER WRITTEN IN 1864, AFTER THE DEATH OF COL. ORLANDO H. MORRIS. From the original on file in the Bureau of War Records, Adjutant General's Office, Albany, N. Y.

THE MERCIER FAMILY.

We have seen that John Morris' mother was a Mercier. She married John's father, David Morris, June 14, 1769, in the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, New York. The Merciers were of Huguenot lineage.

In Baird's "Huguenots," Vol. II, pp. 213-239-49, we find the name of Andre Le Mercier of Dorchester, Mass. A Huguenot minister, he was born at Caen, Normandy, educated at Geneva, and was minister of the French Church in Boston for 34 years. His will was dated Nov. 7, 1761. He died March 31, 1764. In his will he mentions "Children Andre, Margaret, Jane, Bartholomew, if alive."

This is the Bartholomew whose line is given below, but the dates would show that he could not have been the son mentioned in the will of Andre Le Mercier; he was probably his brother, or a near relative.

In 1761 Andre Le Mercier was not sure that his son was living. This Bartholomew left Boston in 1681, 77 years before Andre Le Mercier made his will.

Among the fugitives from the French seaport LaRochelle who came to Massachusetts in 1681 were those Huguenots who settled New Rochelle, Westchester County, N. Y.* With Alexander Allaire, the leading member of this settlement was Isaac Mercier, who was naturalized in New York Sept. 27, 1687, he having obtained denization the year before, Sept. 3, 1686. He became a leading member of the settlement; Bartholomew, who was likely his brother, arrived in the province two years earlier, coming from Boston.

BARTHOLOMEW MERCIER married Catherine de Lasty (called de Laty), perhaps a sister of Martha de Lasty, who married Guillaume Le Count. Catherine married twice; the second

*See Baird's "The Huguenot Emigration to America," Vol. I.

husband's name was Bonnefoy. Her will was dated Oct. 25, 1714, and the children mentioned therein are:

Henry Mercey,

Catherine Bonnefoy,

David Bonnefoy.

(See Abtracts of Wills, N. Y., Vol. II, p. 142).

Bartholomew Mercier came from Boston to setfle in New York. He made petition Oct. 29, 1684, in New York for exemption from payment of duties. He obtained citizenship papers for Catherine and Henri Mercier and himself Oct. 17, 1685. His wife, Catherine Laty, was a relative—probably sister—of Martha de Lasty, abovementioned.

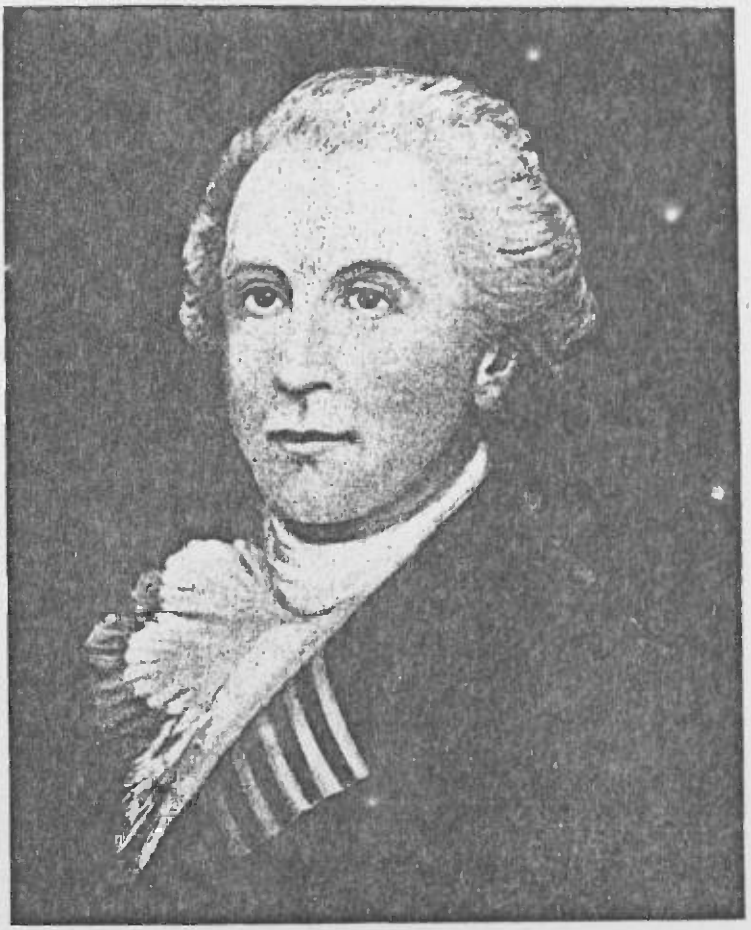
HENRI MERCIER, son of Bartholomew and Catherine deL. Mercier, married Christiana Hendricks. He died about 1718. Their issue were:

William, born Oct. 24, 1716.

William, born Oct. 24, 1717.

Helena, baptized June 8, 1718.

Christiana Hendricks Mercier, becoming a widow, married again on Jan. 29, 1719, John Dyer.



Captain William Mercier.
1717-1797.
Commanded U. S. Ship "Congress" and Frigate "Montgomery," in the Revolutionary War. He married Maria Bradford, of New York City.

WILLIAM MERCIER, son of Henri and Christiana Mercier, was born Oct. 24, 1717, and died in New York, Oct. 21, 1797. He married Maria Bradford, daughter of William Bradford, the printer, and his wife Sylie (Sarah) Santford, whose tombstone is in old Trinity Churchyard.

On searching the Trinity Church records, one of the family found that an old tombstone had been removed to the plot of William Michaels in Trinity Cemetery at 155th Street and Broadway, New York. This tombstone was found and has been seen by the author. It bears the names Mercier-Bradford, 1777.

Mr. Henry Darrach of Philadelphia has the family records. That the Mercier tombstone was removed to the Michaels plot is another link as to identity, as John Michaels married Elizabeth Morris, the daughter of David Morris and Christiana Mercier.

William Mercier served in the Revolutionary War as a Captain. The boycott of English goods was the first American protest against the Stamp Act, but tea from China tasted better than tea from sassafras or sage, and silks from India were preferred to homespun. These and similar articles were never given up by the Loyalists during the War for American Independence, consequently there sprang up a new line of business known as the "Illicit Trade," the operations of which extended from the Thames River in Connecticut along the Long Island shores to the Shrewsbury River in New Jersey.

This trade consisted in buying imported goods in New York City, professedly for pro-British customers; in carrying the same to Long Island and in smuggling them over to Connecticut or Long Island and through a secret meeting with a boat out from New York City an exchange of provisions for English goods was made. The mixed bands which carried on the trade were composed of Whigs, Tories, British and American soldiers, the latter were patriots in pretension only; they loved money more than their country, for a more odious occupation could not have been mentioned at that time than to be engaged in this Illicit Trade.

The Long Islanders were at home on the sea, and were ready to take up this branch of the service in the war to vigorously exterminate this trade in English goods.

The State of New York built a number of frigates at Pough-

keepsie for the Continental Congress. Among them were the "Congress," 28 guns, and the "Montgomery," 24 guns. On March 21, 1776, under the authority of Congress or its substitute, the Committee of Safety, voted money to Captain William Mercier to equip these vessels, in 1776 and 1777, amounting to £2,715, 11s, 2 1-2d (about $13,225), which cruised along the shores of Connecticut and the southern shore of Long Island.

When 30 years of age William Mercier was Captain of the "Porpoise" in 1747, and Captain of the "York" in 1755, and during the Revolution he commanded the sloop "Montgomery," the frigate "Congress," and the schooner "General Putnam," formerly the "Betsy."*

Before June, 1776, the "Montgomery" had captured six vessels, war prizes.

From the "History of Trinity Church," New York, we also learn that Capt. William Mercier was a Vestryman in that church from 1784 to 1788. The date of his death, if recorded, could not be found.

His last will and testament, which was proved Oct. 24, 1797, may be seen in the Hall of Records, N. Y. City. (Liber XLII, pp. 226-227). It reads as follows:

> "In the name of God, Amen: I, William Mercier, of the City and State of New York, gentleman; being of sound mind, memory and understanding. Do make, publish and declare this to be my last Will and Testament in manner following, to wit:
>
> First: I will and order that all my just debts and funeral charges be paid immediately after my decease, by my executors hereinafter named. I give, devise and bequeath unto my son, John D. Mercier and to his Heirs and Assigns forever my negro boy Charles with this condition that he shall be free at twenty-eight (28) years of age, provided he behaves well till that time.
>
> Item: I give, devise and bequeath unto my son John D. Mercier and to his Heirs and Assigns forever my largest silver

*See New York in The Revolution, p. 269; also "The Refugees of 1776 from Long Island to Connecticut," Mather; and Revised Sup., pp. 53, 96, 135, "Documents of Colonial History," State of N. Y. (Vol. XV).

Tankard, my old silver mug, my silver cream pot and silver tea pot, all my pictures and my eider-down coverlet.

Item: I give, devise and bequeath unto my daughter Christiana Morris and to her Heirs and Assigns forever my negro woman Darkis. The bed on which I sleep with all its appendages and furniture, except the coverlet before mentioned, My other silver Tankard, my other silver mug, my silver salver and half my silver spoons.

Item: I give, devise, and bequeath unto my daughter Elizabeth and to her Heirs and Assigns forever, the other half of my silver spoons and all the furniture now in her bedroom.

Item: All the rest, residue and remainder of my estate, both Real and Personal, I give, devise and bequeath unto my son John D. Mercier, unto my daughter Christiana Morris and unto my Daughter Elizabeth and their Heirs and Assigns and the heirs and assigns of each of them forever, in the following proportions: that is to say: One third part to my son John D. Mercier and his Heirs and Assigns forever: one half to my Daughter Christiana Morris and to her heirs and assigns forever and one sixth part to my daughter Elizabeth and to her Heirs and Assigns forever. As soon as may be after my decease, I will and order that my executors hereinafter named, sell my estate in order to make the division aforesaid and distribute the proceeds in the manner abovementioned and lastly I hereby nominate, constitute and appoint my said son John and John Broome Esquire Executors of this my last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former Will and Wills by me at any time heretofore made.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this sixth day of December in the year of our Lord One thousand, Seven hundred and Ninety Six. (1796.)

(Signed) WILLIAM MERCIER
(L. S.)

Signed, sealed, published pronounced and declared by the said William Mercier as and for his last will and testament in the presence of us the subscribers who subscribed the same in the Testator's presence and in the presence of each other.

CHARLES BALDWIN
PETER COLE
ABRAHAM BLOODGOOD

I give, devise and bequeath unto my niece Ann Morris and to her heirs and assigns forever my negro girl Luce and I do hereby declare this to be a Codicil to my aforesaid will. In witness whereof I have

hereunto set my hand and seal this eighth day of December in the year of Our Lord 1796.

(Signed,) *WILLIAM MERCIER*
L. S.

DAVID GELSTON, Surrogate

Appended to the foregoing are the Affidavits of attorney Charles Baldwin to the effect that he saw William Mercier sign and seal the above will and codicil and at the time thereof, the said William Mercier was of sound, disposing mind and memory and that he saw Peter Cole and Abm. Bloodgood subscribe their names as witnesses thereto in the presence of the testator.

(Signed) DAVID GELSTON, Surrogate.

The Peter Cole, or Cool, who witnessed the signing of the above will, was a near relative of Catherine Cool, who married Isaak Morris, the father-in-law of Christiana Morris, mentioned in the will.

Charles Baldwin was closely related to Joseph Baldwin, who was Catherine Cool's second husband.

Thus may be seen the connection between the Morris, Cool and Baldwin families, and the relationship between David Morris and the Merciers.

CHRISTIANA MERCIER MORRIS.

Grandma Scudder's paternal grandmother was a Mercier, a lady of proud Huguenot descent. The latter (Christiana Mercier) was born in 1745 and was married on June 14, 1769, in the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church in New York City, to David Morris. Her death is recorded as Dec. 19, 1812, and Christiana was interred in the graveyard of old St. George's Chapel, New York, which was then standing at the corner of Beekman Street and Park Row. (See illustration, page 105.) Her residence as the widow of David Morris is given in the N. Y. City Directory for 1812 at 115 Bowery.

In old time records the name is found spelled in various ways, such as: Le Mercier, Mercie, Mersjear and Marsay.

THE HUGUENOTS.

The story of the Huguenot emigration to America, of those persecuted Protestants of France, contains many a glowing tribute to the memory of these unfortunate exiles and the value of the contribution made by them to the American character and spirit.

No traditions have been more fondly and reverently cherished among us than those concerning the hardships and sufferings of the fugitives from France, and no names are more honored than the names of foreign cast that indicate descent from them.

The Huguenots came of a happier race than the stern Pilgrim fathers. They believed in mirth and good living; the Puritans seldom smiled.

In those stormy days in France, during the reign of Henry III, Louis XIV and XV, Catherine de Medici, the ruthless mother of the first named monarch, who held the reins of government for her weak son, commenced the hounding out of the kingdom of this band of heroic men and women, who took refuge in the unknown wilderness in the new world, and by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was shattered the vase which contained this beautiful flower of the kingdom of France, but its rare perfume spread to England, Holland, America and other lands, and thus seeking to make their extensive realm "all Catholic" by the armed hand of the king, was France's eternal loss and our gain indeed.

Cruelty, intolerable oppression and violent persecutions compelled the Huguenots to flee with their families at the first opportunity, and with such of their belongings as could be saved from the general wreck to those foreign and hospitable lands that offered them the right to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. They battled for imperishable principles.

Early in the 17th Century the archipelago that lies between

North and South America became the principal center of French commerce, and here in the Antilles the Protestants of France found a comparatively safe retreat during the 50 years preceding the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. At the Island of Martinique, colonized by the French in 1635, and in Hayti, the French language is still the spoken tongue.

Religious persecution, however, commenced in the islands, and among the names of fugitives from the Islands of St. Christopher and Martinique in 1686 we find Isaac Mercier, Jacques Lasty and Pierre leConte.

Many others found their way to this country and settled in South Carolina, Virginia and Maryland, as well as in New York and New England. From time to time some of the colonists who had taken refuge in America returned to the West Indies, and among the French merchants of New York the custom long prevailed—a custom introduced by the refugees—of sending their sons, upon completion of their business education, to spend some time in the islands, whither many family and social ties continued to draw them.

Chapter IX.

Eighth Generation.

HENRY L. BUTLER.

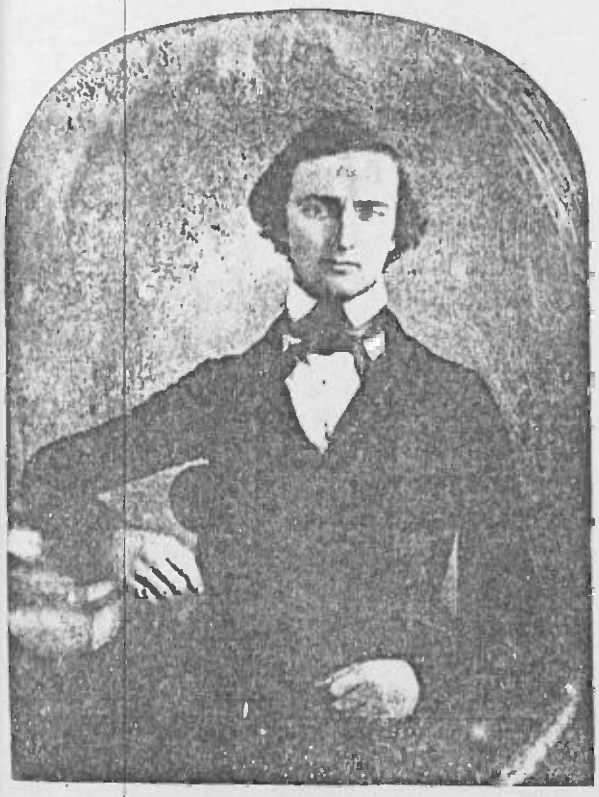
On page 142 it will be seen that Henry Langdon Butler was the second son of William and Alice Morris Butler; he was born in Baltimore, Md., on December 9, 1822. He was named in honor of Henry Langdon, who was a highly esteemed and close personal friend of his father, William Butler. His mother married twice. By the first marriage there were two sons and two daughters, one of the latter died in infancy; by the second marriage there were one son and four daughters, one of the latter also dying in infancy. All their names are given in the preceding chapter, on pages 91 and 95.

Shortly after her second marriage to Mr. John Holmes Scudder, a New York dry goods merchant, Mrs. Scudder went with her husband and her two small boys, William and Henry L., to Trenton, N. J., to visit Mr. Scudder's sister, who was Mrs. Samuel S. Stryker. There were three small children in the Stryker family at this time: Elizabeth, Mary and William S., aged, respectively, eight, six and three years.

A friendship was thus formed between the Butler and Stryker children which continued for many years and which happily led to the marriage in 1848 of Henry L. Butler, Sr., and Mary S. Stryker.

In 1835 Mr. and Mrs. Scudder removed to Port Richmond, Staten Island, and Henry was at once sent to Dr. Westbrook's School at New Brunswick, N. J., two years later changing to the Classical and Commercial High School at Lawrenceville, N. J., of which Dr. Alexander Phillips was then principal.

Three years later, in 1840, Henry started in business, entering a dry goods store in Easton, Pa., in which commercial field he continued steadfastly until his death in 1895.



HENRY L. BUTLER.
From a daguerreotype taken about the time of his marriage in 1848.

MARY S. BUTLER.
Née Mary Scudder Stryker at the age of 20. From a daguerreotype taken about 1848.

Those were days of tremendous political contention in the early forties. Henry Clay, the popular Whig candidate for President, in the great political struggle of 1843, was defeated by James K. Polk, the Democratic candidate. It was in this campaign that Henry L. Butler cast his first vote.

Soon the firm of Butler & Suydam was established in Easton, Mr. Butler's partner being the son of Lambert Suydam of New York. This firm later on became Butler & Hindman.

Through the influence of the young woman who was destined to become his wife, Mr. Butler was induced to leave Easton in 1846, going to Trenton to assume charge of the dry goods department of the establishment of Messrs. Stryker & Seward, the senior member of which firm was Miss Mary Stryker's father.

This *coup d'etat* brought the young couple into closer relationship. They became engaged the following year and were married on June 21, 1848, at the home of the bride's parents on Greene Street, Trenton; the Rev. John Hall officiating at the ceremony.

Shortly before their marriage Mr. Butler was informed that there was a position open in the well-known New York dry goods house of Stone & Starr, and mainly through the urging of his earnest and faithful friend, Anson S. Browne, he was induced to go to New York and endeavor to secure this position.

Leaving Trenton on a Saturday, Mr. Butler went to New York, secured an interview and returned to Trenton the following Monday with instructions to commence work with Stone & Starr, at 31 Pine Street, on the following Wednesday morning.

The trait was characteristic with Mr. Butler; when business called him he never lost any time.

When Mr. Butler started out on Jan. 1st, 1848, five months before his marriage, to sell dry goods for the firm of Messrs. Stone & Starr, his mother's second husband furnished him with the letter of introduction, shown on the following page, the original of which is now in the possession of J. Holmes Butler, Jr. This was Mr. Butler's formal entree into the wholesale dry goods line of business in New York.

By strict attention to duty and faithful application to the affairs of the business, he worked his way upwards, until in three years he was sought as a partner and a new firm organized. This was styled Stone, Starr & Co., at 113 Chambers St.

Written in clear, business handwriting upon a folded sheet of blue paper, now faded with age, is the original partnership agree-

New York Jany 1. 1838

This will be handed you by Mr Henry L Butler, who is with the house of Stone & Starr 31 Pine Street New York and is now travelling for the purpose of extending their business. They & S keep a large and well assorted stock of Staple Dry goods, and you would doubtless find it to your interest to examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere, when you again visit the City

Yours very Respectfully

John H Scudder

FACSIMILE OF LETTER WRITTEN BY JOHN H. SCUDDER IN 1838, INTRODUCING HENRY L. BUTLER TO THE CUSTOMERS OF THE FIRM OF STONE, STARR & CO. IN THE DRY-GOODS TRADE.

ment of the firm of Stone, Starr & Co. extending from 1852 to 1855.

This contract, which is now in the possession of J. Holmes Butler, Jr., is dated four years after the foregoing letter of introduction was written, and given to Henry L. Butler, and in view of the fact that he became a member of the firm under this agreement it would indicate that he must have acquitted himself creditably of his original duties.

The following is a copy:

MEMORANDUM OF CONTRACT made and entered into February twenty-first, Eighteen Hundred and fifty two between Levi P. Stone, Egbert Starr, Henry H. Stotesbury, Henry Langdon Butler and Jon^{a} I. Broom— These parties do agree to become co-partners in trade under the firm of Stone, Starr & Co.— The business to be conducted is the importing and jobbing of staple and fancy Dry Goods in the City of New York— The arrangement takes place from Jan. first Eighteen Hundred & fifty two and is to continue, three years from that date.

Levi P. Stone furnishes Eighteen Thousand Dollars in merchandise and is to add in cash within the year Nineteen Thousand five Hundred Dollars, making Thirty seven Thousand five Hundred Dollars as capital stock.

Egbert Starr furnishes Eighteen Thousand Dollars in merchandise and is to add in cash within the year Nineteen Thousand five hundred Dollars, making Thirty seven Thousand five Hundred Dollars as capital stock.

Interest at seven per cent is to be paid from the concern, on the capital stock, to Levi P. Stone and Egbert Starr from the time it is paid in, except on the merchandise, which is to remain one year from Jan. first eighteen hundred and fifty two without interest.

After paying the interest on the capital, as mentioned and the Store Expenses from the proceeds of the business, the profits or losses are to be shared or sustained as follows viz. Levi P. Stone, three eighths— Egbert Starr three eighths— Henry H. Stotesbury One eighth— Henry Langdon Butler One sixteenth— and Jonn I. Broom One Sixteenth

The name of the firm is only to be used for the business purposes of the house—

The senior partners are only authorized to sign notes and checks

No money shall be drawn out of business during the copartnership except for the personal expenses of each—

Signed and sealed this twenty seventh day of February one thousand eight hundred and fifty two in presence of

GARDINER S. ALLEN

LEVI P. STONE
EGBERT STARR
HENRY H. STOTESBURY
HENRY LANGDON BUTLER
JONATHAN J. BROOME

Severing his connection with Messrs. Stone, Starr & Co. some years afterward, Mr. Butler formed the partnership of Butler, Broome & Clapp, wholesale dry goods merchants, at 358 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Butler and his bride had meanwhile taken up a temporary abode at a house in Morris Street, located to the west of the old Stevens House* and adjoining it; these old-time landmarks, racked by age, are still standing, at the corner of Broadway and Morris Street.

This location was selected in order that Mr. Butler might be situated close to his place of business in Pine Street; after a short time, however, it was found advantageous to move to 348 West 22nd Street, which was then in the outlying village of Chelsea.

Their eldest son, Henry L. Butler, Jr., was born in Trenton, N. J., in 1849, and in October of that year, upon returning from Trenton, the family removed to Hoyt Street, Brooklyn, to begin housekeeping in earnest. Here they resided for two years, during which time their second son, Samuel S. Butler, was born.

From there they removed to a house at Hicks and Congress Streets, Brooklyn, where William, the third son, was born Sept. 15, 1853. William lived but nine months and twenty-two days.

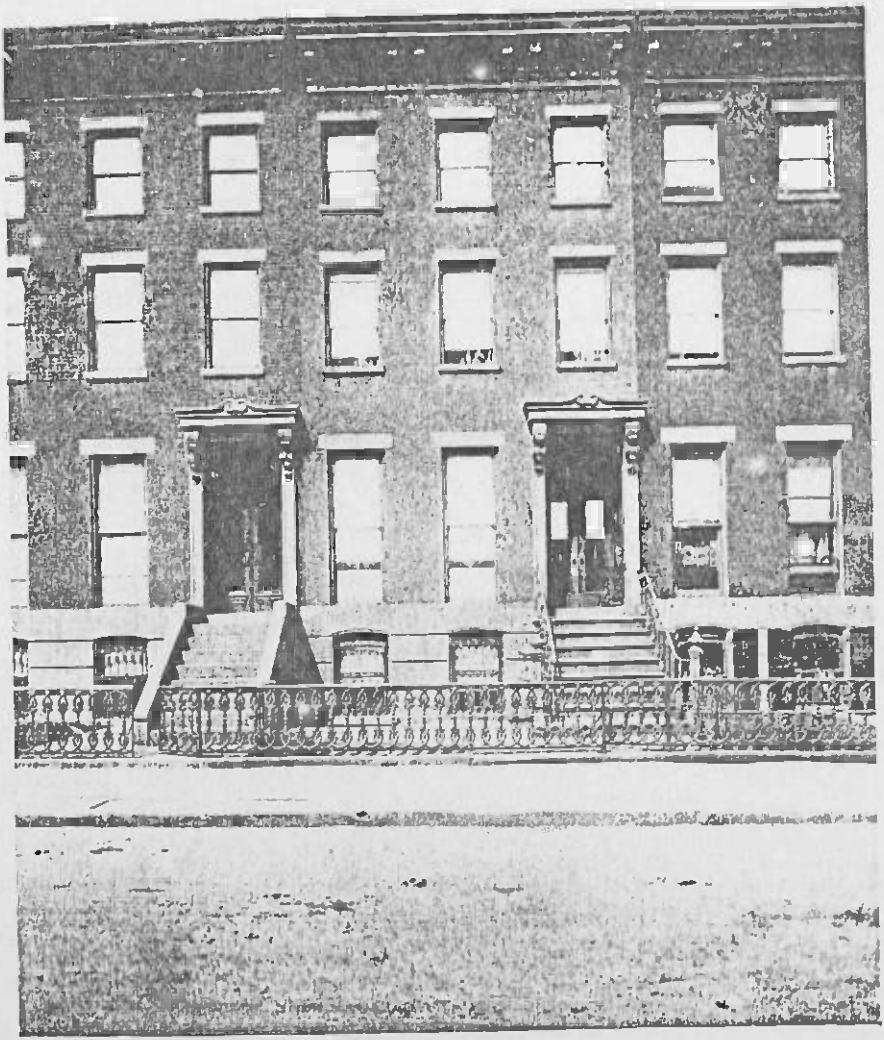
*See page 89.

In 1854 Mr. Butler joined the Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, of which the Rev. J. E. Rockwell was pastor, and whose career was thereafter closely interwoven with the devel-

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Butler and Their Two Sons, Henry L., Jr., and Samuel S. Butler.
From Photograph taken in 1853, now in possession of Mrs. Butler's daughter, Mrs. Charles R. Parmele.

opment and history of the Butler family. Dr. Rockwell resided two doors from Mr. Butler, on Pacific St.

Mr. Butler became Superintendent of the Sunday School, his



399 Pacific Street, Brooklyn.
Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Butler from 1854 to 1863. The house number has been changed to 435.

wife being at one time his assistant and also presided at the organ in that church for eleven years, while her husband sang bass in the choir.

After six years of faithful and devoted service here, Mr. Butler was first elected a Trustee and afterwards, in 1860, was ordained an Elder, his cousin, Charles O. Morris,* also becoming an Elder in this church at the same time.

J. Holmes Butler, the fourth son, was born Feb. 27, 1855, at 399 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, whither the family had removed, and in which house they resided for fourteen years. It is located on the north side of Pacific Street, between Bond and Nevins Streets. Pacific Street was twice renumbered, and from No. 399 this house became No. 411 and later 435, which number it now bears; the house was still standing in 1919.

Here also on Feb. 12, 1857, their son, Edward Morris Butler, was born, as was also Albert, the sixth son, on Jan. 6, 1859.

Leonard Atwater Butler, who lived but two and a half years, was born Aug. 8, 1861, two weeks after the first Battle of Bull Run.

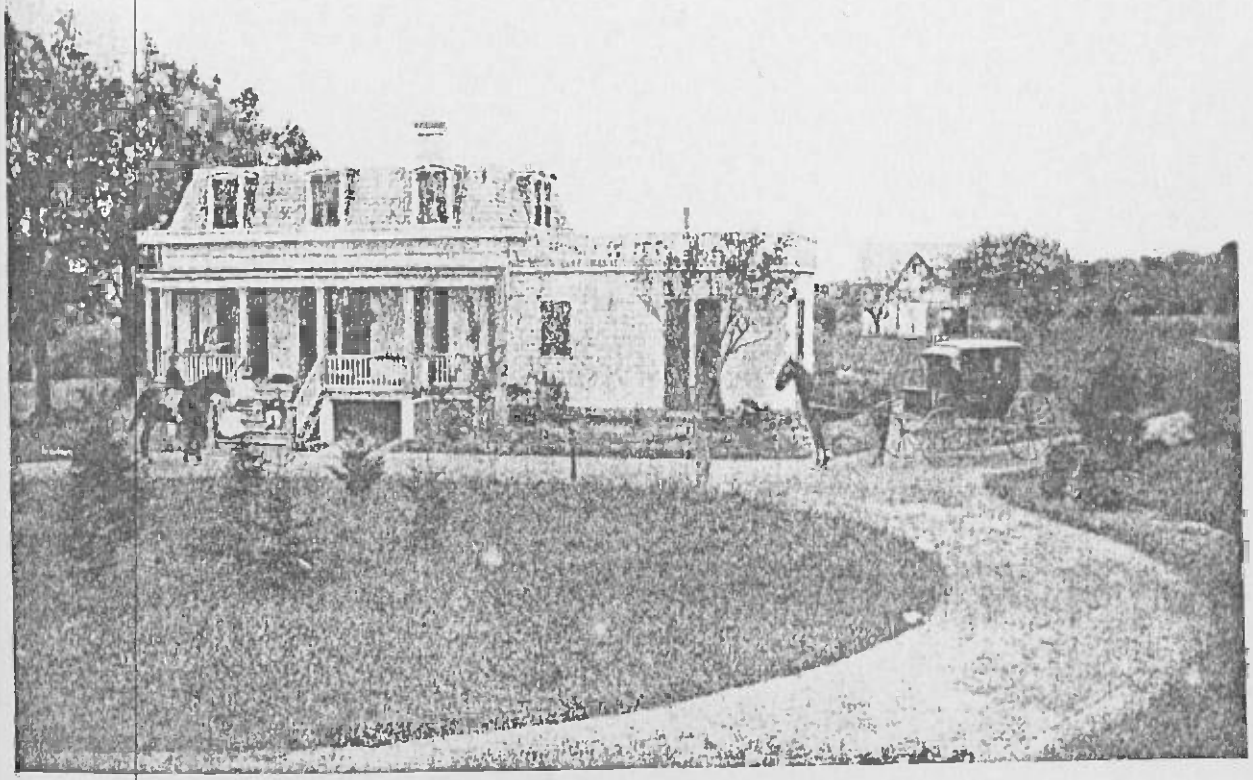
Mary Stryker Butler, their eighth child and first daughter, was born Nov. 28, 1863, at the Pacific Street house, as was Alice Morris Butler, the youngest child, on July 27, 1865.

In a letter to her grandson, Langdon, dated April 25, 1916, Mrs. Henry L. Butler wrote:

> "I have seen the photograph of the old Pacific Street home, where my Holmes, Edward, Albert, Leonard, Mary and Alice were born. It does talk to me. The first number was 399 and it was changed afterwards to 411. I still have those little plated numbers somewhere, that your Grandpa gave me to take care of."

Mr. Butler became afflicted with a slight affection of the

*See page 165.



The Old Farm.

At Castleton Four Corners, on the Manor Road. First dwelling place on Staten Island of Henry L. Butler and his family. From view taken in 1868. On the front porch are the four younger children, Ed., Bert, Mary and Alice—the first named wearing white trousers. Holmes is riding "Nellie," the bay mare, while John Turner, the coachman, waits close by with the carriage.

throat, and having lived for 17 years in Brooklyn, he came to the conclusion that a suburban home would be better suited in many ways to the needs of his growing family; on this account and because of the delicate health of his daughter Alice, their visions of a home in the country were directed towards Staten Island,* and going down there one day with the family, Mrs. Butler carrying Alice in her arms, they ascended the heights of Pavilion Hill, back of Tompkinsville.

While resting on the summit of this hill the change of air seemed to effect an almost instantaneous improvement in the child's condition. That settled the question, and a decision was made then and there to move to Staten Island; accordingly, in 1866, the family moved to a farm at Castleton Four Corners, on the Manor Road, about six miles from the ferry landing at Factoryville, now called West Brighton.

The Farm, as it was called, was primarily intended as a summer residence: the family spent the summer of 1866 there, returning to the Pacific Street house in Brooklyn that winter.

The same arrangement followed in 1867 and 1868, but they did not return to Brooklyn in the fall of the latter year. The winter of 1868 was unusually severe. At the Staten Island farm they had to cut their way through high snowbanks to get out; and their experience that winter sealed the doom of "The Farm" as a winter residence. They remained, however, through the spring and summer of 1869.

Meanwhile, in the spring of 1868, a purchaser for the Pacific Street house was found, and Mr. Butler sold it.

The interior of Staten Island being at that time very sparsely built up, they were considerably isolated from settlements of any size. The winters were long and severe and it was no un-

*Staten Island, which now forms one of the five boroughs comprising the city of New York, was first settled by the Dutch, who called it *Staaten Eylandt*—the island of the states, meaning the States General of the Netherlands from whence they came.

common experience for them to have six consecutive weeks of sleighing.

They took with them from Brooklyn their bay mare "*Nellie*," a fine horse of exceptionally good breed, being a colt of the famous trotting mare, "*Messenger*."

Many were the trips made back and forth from the ferry landing with John Turner, the coachman, driving "*Nellie*."

John returned to his native soil, to settle down in Ireland, and sent out his brother Thomas to take his place as coachman and general overseer of the grange.

These two sturdy sons of Erin served the family faithfully and well for a combined period of twenty-five years.

There was great excitement one day in 1868 at "The Farm," when the farmhouse of a neighbor named McAndrews caught fire. Mrs. Butler was laying a stair carpet in her house at the time the alarm reached her ears; hastening to the front door, she opened it, and the first animate object to catch her view was the venerable Mr. Cortelyou, hesitating before the doorway with his horse and cart, quite oblivious of any imminent danger.

With a flourish of her hand and in an excited voice, which so startled the old man that he stumbled headlong out of his cart, Mrs. Butler rushed toward him, shouting in a loud voice: "Drive on, drive on! Shout fire as you go!"

Mr. Butler's health was not robust when he first went to Staten Island to live, but the invigorating air and outdoor life of the country soon benefited him and he gained steadily in weight from 110 pounds to his later normal weight of 168 pounds; this was also occasioned by his regular habit of walking back and forth on the outer decks of boats going to and from New York.

Finding life at "The Farm" quite too lonesome for Mrs. Butler, besides the severity of the winters, and because of a desire to be a little nearer to the boat landing, Mr. Butler, on Oct. 16, 1869, purchased from Mr. C. Bainbridge Smith an estate of

eight and three-quarter acres at Clifton, Staten Island. The family at once moved into this beautiful new domicile, which was destined to become the family homestead, and here was created a home in every sense the word implies. It remained for a quarter of a century the center of a great constructive influence toward the unity of the family. Within its hospitable portals lingered countless memories of bygone happy days—days of love and harmony, tempered with a wholesome piety.

Each day, immediately upon leaving the breakfast table, the family were summoned to the parlor for morning prayers.

Grandfather Butler, as the children knew him, seated in his upholstered arm-chair, would read a short passage of Scripture from the large family Bible and then with all present kneeling, he would invoke a Divine blessing upon his flock, asking for spiritual guidance through the day and for the safe return of the family at night.

The two-seated surrey, with Thomas Turner, the loquacious coachman, driving *Dick, Finnegan* or *Tom*, the bob-tailed sorrel, coming up from the barn round the corner by the rustic well, past the conservatory, would appear at the front door, and the men of the household, filling the surrey to its capacity, would whirl away to the boat landing, like a disappearing comet.

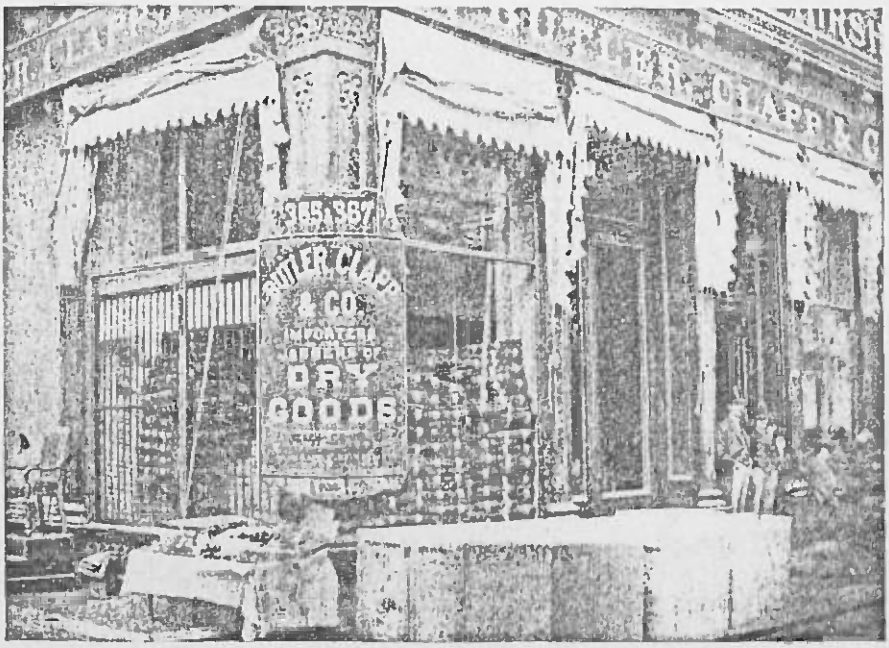
In those days before Staten Island ever dreamed of rapid transit, a fleet of side-wheeled passenger boats, operated by the Staten Island Ferry Company, plied their way across the bay, starting from Vanderbilt Landing, afterwards called Clifton, and calling on the way north to the City at Stapleton and Tompkinsville, the latter was called Quarantine Landing. The terminal at St. George did not come into existence until 1887.

The New York & Staten Island Steamboat Company operated the ferry to New York from 1877 until 1884, when the Staten Island Rapid Transit Railroad Company commenced operations.

The old side-wheelers were named the *Middletown, North-*

field, Southfield, Westfield, and later were added the *Castleton,* the *Robert Garrett* and the *Erastus Wyman.*

The *Westfield* was blown up by a boiler explosion on Sunday, July 30, 1871, as it was about to leave the ferry slip in New York; 106 passengers were killed and 150 injured. A more detailed account of this catastrophe appears on page 223.



Store of Butler, Clapp & Co.
Wholesale Dry Goods Merchants, 365-367 Broadway, n. w. corner Franklin Street.

The luckless suburbanite who missed the boat at the first landing in Clifton, had he a good horse, could overtake the boat before it reached one of the other two landings; such later day mediums of faster transportation as bicycles, automobiles and aeroplanes were unknown in those days.

The first address of the firm of Butler, Broome & Clapp (as

successors to Stone, Starr & Co., dry goods jobbers) was 75 to 85 Duane Street, just east of Broadway, on the north side of the street. Later the firm moved to 358 Broadway, with a large L-shaped extension fronting on Franklin Street, and from there they moved to 365-367 Broadway, northwest corner of Franklin Street, occupying the entire ground floor and two basements. Mr. Broome then retired with what was considered a competency in those days, and the firm, removing to 377 and 379 Broadway, became Butler, Clapp & Co., and so remained until 1888.

On January 1, 1888, the new firm took the entire building at 377-379 Broadway, under the name of Butler, Clapp, Wentz & Co.; a Mr. J. G. Wentz having been taken into the partnership.

The story is told of the prank which was played upon one of the men employed in the store of Butler, Clapp & Co., a middle-aged salesman, who had served the firm faithfully for a number of years. It happened the day before Thanksgiving, in the early eighties. Another of the salesmen in the establishment had purchased the largest turkey he could find at the market, to take to his home that night, and together with another young man who had a liking for practical jokes, they conceived the idea of using the turkey for a trick at the expense of the poor old veteran employee.

With the knowledge and consent of the owner of the turkey, and in accordance with the prearranged plan, various employees, one after another, took the turkey under his arm, passed out the rear door of the store and came in the front entrance, taking especial occasion to walk past the desk of the elderly salesman, like a continuous theatrical army encircling the stage.

Late that afternoon the employees would approach the victim of their joke at intervals and say: "Have you received your turkey yet?" "What turkey?" came the sharp retort from the perturbed salesman, who had watched the afternoon's proceeding with increasing uneasiness and feigned unconcern.

"Why, haven't you heard about it? The firm is giving away

turkeys for Thanksgiving to all their faithful employees." This last, with peculiar emphasis on the "faithful," as another man with the turkey passed, until it seemed that everyone in the establishment with one exception had received the gift of a Thanksgiving turkey.

After a few moments' interval, another one passed him with a turkey. The situation became unendurable. Courageously pulling himself together and bristling with indignation, he headed for the private office of Mr. Butler, the senior member of the firm. Entering the office, he meekly and respectfully unburdened himself somewhat after this fashion:

"Mr. Butler, I have come in to ascertain the cause of what seems to me to be a grave injustice and discrimination against me."

Mr. Butler, somewhat astonished with this unique salutation, glanced up from his writing.

FACSIMILE OF BUSINESS CARD USED BY THE FIRM AND SALESMEN.
The name of the individual using it being printed or written in the lower left hand corner.

"I have tried to be faithful and attentive to my duties here, and I have watched this procession of employees passing my desk all the afternoon carrying their Thanksgiving turkeys. It is now a few minutes before closing time, and I have received no turkey. I cannot understand the reason why I have been overlooked in the distribution, and slighted in such a manner."

The pathos in his voice and the injured expression of the man excited Mr. Butler's sympathetic nature, while his astonishment over these revelations was ill-concealed.

"Just wait a moment," said Mr. Butler, "and I will look into the matter immediately." As he emerged from the private office, a group of grinning faces huddled in the rear of the store greeted Mr. Butler's gaze. They broke into a loud laugh when one of their number was called upon for an explanation. Mr. Butler, entering into the spirit of the joke, returned to the private office to break the news as gently as possible to the offended employee that he had been the victim of a wicked hoax.

Tradition does not tell us whether Mr. Butler gave this man the price of a turkey, but that night he was seen to go home with a turkey under his arm, and to some it seemed as if the joke had been a boomerang.

Grandfather Butler loved children, and they felt naturally drawn toward him by the warmth of his genial nature.

In the autumn evenings, before the children's bedtime, they would eagerly climb upon his easy chair or into his lap and coax him to make the chimes ring in his extraordinary repeating watch, or to demonstrate the wonders of this watch, whose cover would apparently fly open with a sudden blow of breath by one of the children, Grandfather slyly pressing the spring of the cover latch.

But the greatest treat for the children was in listening to his narrating the time-worn stories of "Pompey, Caesar and the Bears," "Susie's Chicken," or the Monkey Story; the latter being always reserved for the climax. Its hold on the youngsters con-

sisted not so much in the merit of the story as in seeing Grandfather imitate the antics and gyrations of the unfortunate monkey who through innate curiosity had swallowed half the contents of a bottle of ugly black medicine.

The grounds about the house were beautiful. The older as well as the younger members of the family would wander out under the shade of the stately trees in summer time, especially on Sunday afternoons, when all were at home, sitting there for hours, frequently joined by friends and neighbors, and enjoying the beautiful situation to the fullest extent.

In the soft glow of the Sabbath afternoon sun, Grandfather, cane in hand, would take either one of his little daughters, or one of his grandchildren, who would delight in accompanying him on an extensive walk through the grounds and gardens of the old estate, now walking the length of the graveled terrace fronting the east porch, now down the winding road by the large cherry trees, back past the flower beds of roses, purple and crimson fuchias, red geraniums, heliotrope, coleus, lily of the valley and rhododendrons.

He would look over his vegetable garden, fruit trees, and lastly, stopping at the greenhouse at the foot of the hill near the large carriage gate, he would invariably gather a choice flower or two and bring it to his beloved wife. On these walks they gathered specimens of leaves, of which there were many varieties to be found within the grounds; the best were selected for preservation between the pages of a large book.

As one stood beside the rustic well-house, the sun sinking in the west would cast its gleaming rapiers of gold through the sturdy oaks about the tennis court; the shifting crimson and gold disappeared over Fox Hills as the twilight fell, while here and there was heard the evening song of a bird.

Soon after becoming settled at Clifton in 1869, Mr. Butler became identified with and joined the First Presbyterian Church of Edgewater, in Stapleton. He was later one of its Trustees

and also became an Elder there, as was also a few years later his son, Henry L. Butler, Jr. A history of this church appears on page 276.

For twenty-two years the family were faithful and devout communicants of this church, first under the pastorate of Rev. J. E. Rockwell, who accepted a call to the Stapleton Church while preaching in Brooklyn, and later, after Dr. Rockwell's death, under his successor, Rev. George M. McCampbell.

This was the church home in which most of the children and grandchildren were baptized, attended Sunday School and brought their children to join upon their confession of the Faith.

With the Butler family, churchgoing was always a habit. They enjoyed their church home. Like the school, it was a very important factor in their lives, and the Scriptural admonition, "Forsake ye not the House of the Lord," was lived up to. There was no thought of observing the Sabbath in any other way than by attending church service in the morning, old and young alike, with a Sunday School session for the children preceding the morning service; in the evening it was church service again, for the older members of the family, and nothing diverted their footsteps from the accustomed purpose; no worldly distractions could swerve them. It was a day set apart for worship and churchgoing was the accepted duty of the Sabbath.

To its clergy, the doors of Mr. Butler's house stood always ajar, with a large-hearted hospitality.

It had been the dream of his life to establish or build for each son and daughter an attractive house upon the homestead grounds at Clifton, where they could dwell in brotherly unity, and his children and their families would be gathered closely around him in the latter years of his life: but fate and the business interests of the rising generation combined to defeat the consummation of his plan and eventually scattered them.

Harry, the eldest, went to Bridgeport, Conn.; Sam to Brooklyn; Holmes to New York City; Ed and Mary to Germantown,

Pa., and Alice to New Brighton to live. All were married except Bert.

The old homestead then became too large and too burdensome for the heads of the family to maintain solely for their own use and that of their youngest son. Conditions had changed and they were no longer young. Finally, in 1891, the old house was closed and the family went to New York to live, leaving Thomas Turner as caretaker of the place. The leavetaking was like a last sad farewell.

In 1893 the property was cut up into lots and sold piecemeal. Thereafter the aspect of "Oaklands" changed completely, until there was scarcely a trace left of the time when the dwelling re-echoed to the happy voices and steps that made the harmony of home.

The house was taken down in the fall of 1914, as the taxes on the land were greater with the house standing than with its removal, and it was found difficult to rent so large a house profitably, although it was used for a time as a hotel, and an Italian restaurateur who became quite celebrated, catered there to automobile parties sojourning into the suburbs from New York.

Thus disappeared from view the last vestige of the old homestead, and today all that is left to remind one of the former beauty and glory of Oaklands is a memory, and where once were the broad acres and unobstructed view across the estate now stand rows of cottages, good, bad and indifferent, and the only visible trace of the former ownership are the names "Butler Place" and "Ormond Place," the two streets bisecting the property.

The Swiss cottage on the property which was the home of Henry L. Butler, Jr.'s family for several years, still remains, but the grounds are much more circumscribed by adjoining buildings.

THE SWISS COTTAGE.

On the homestead grounds at Oaklands. Situated on a rise of ground overlooking St. Mary's Avenue. The home of Henry L. Butler, Jr., and later of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roome Parmele.
(See page 391.)

It is pleasanter to leave the old homestead, taking our last look at it as it was in its heyday, than to follow its fate after the hand of the surveyor and land speculator had prepared it for the encroachments of a foreign element.

Shut out from its view of the bay by mediocre dwellings, which rose before its very doors, new streets cut across the lawns and shorn of all its beautiful surroundings of flowers and shade, it was better that the old house should disappear than that it should stand deserted or degraded to meaner uses

than that of the cherished homestead of happy bygone days; the lovely suburban manor of a true American gentleman.

Moving to New York in 1889, Mr. and Mrs. Butler became members of the old Brick Church, at 37th Street and 5th Avenue, of which Mrs. Butler is still an active communicant in her ninety-first year. Rev. Henry Van Dyke, who afterwards became United States Ambassador to Holland, was the pastor from 1883 to 1900, during Mr. Butler's membership with the Brick Church. Dr. Van Dyke was succeeded by the late Rev. Malthie Babcock. The present pastor is Rev. William Pierson Merrill.

In 1892 Mr. Butler became an Elder in that Church; he was faithful in his attendance and religious duties, and only a short time before his death he attended a meeting of the Session.

In appearance, Mr. Butler was of medium stature. He was well set up and walked with a brisk step; he had a business-like manner, a firmness of character and force and yet as gentle as a lamb; there was dignity in his carriage and when standing, his most characteristic posture was with his hands clasped behind his back. His personality was one which commanded attention always. His forehead was high and he had clear, bright eyes of steel gray, in which there was an acuteness of glance which at first sight gave one the impression of sternness, but beneath them was a heart of the kindest Christian fellowship. He possessed a deep love of peace and kindliness.

In the days of the Civil War it was the manner of young men to wear hirsute adornments upon their chins, with the upper lip cleanshaven. This was a custom early adopted by Mr. Butler, to which he adhered throughout his life; when his hair became grey his grey beard, trimmed somewhat shorter, lent a dignified and notable appearance.

He was always a gentleman; affectionate and pious, thoughtful and considerate of others. Those who knew him unite in saying that he was modest and unassuming beyond most men.

Henry C. Butler

1822-1895

Front photograph taken April 3, 1883.

The author, while riding one day in a Sixth Avenue Elevated train, casually met a Mrs. Tuttle, who was a member of the First Presbyterian Church in Stapleton during Mr. Butler's time.

Mrs. Tuttle said: "I knew your grandfather very well. He was one of the grandest, gentle men I ever knew. Not only was he big and broad in character, but his nature was as gentle as that of a woman. This was perceptible even to small children coming into his presence; everybody's child was a child of his. He touched the hearts of all. I can remember as a child, feeling his kindly stroke upon my head, with a gentle pat, and his genial disposition radiated sunshine wherever he went. He was a type of the old-school gentleman, his manners were lordly; his carriage dignified."

As an evidence of the love in which he held his children, Mrs. Tuttle related an instance when his daughter Alice, the baby of the family, then a young girl in her 'teens, was participating in some charades, for an entertainment at the church. Her long hair was flowing about her shoulders and robed in white for her part in the tableau, someone remarked to her father: "Mr. Butler, your daughter, Alice, looks just like an angel."

The father, standing there in his characteristic pose, with hands clasped behind him, in a voice filled with pride and admiration, replied: "She *is* an angel"

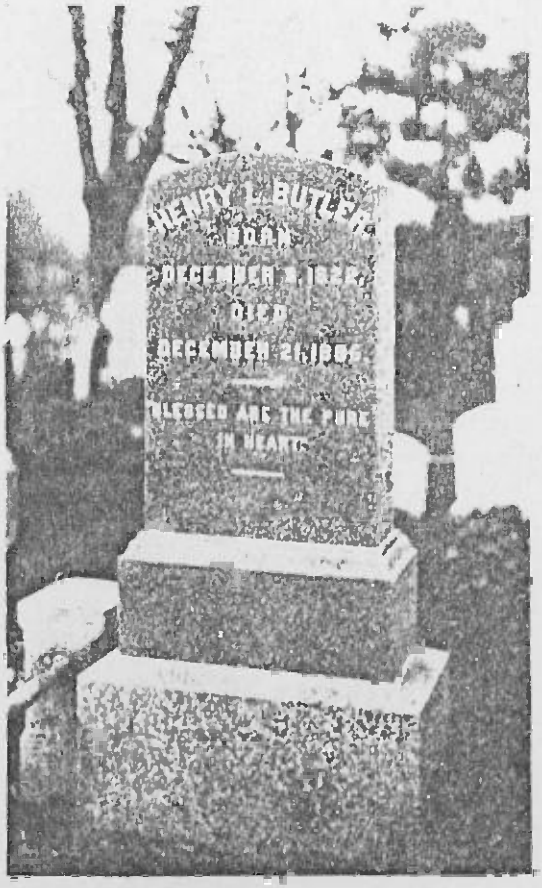
He loved his family with a strong paternal affection, and the devotion between father and son or daughter fostered a confidence deep and entire.

His life was made complete by his unswerving Christian character; he instilled those principles into the younger generation of his household, and family prayers were the daily habit each morning for the assembled family. No layman of his day did more than he to uphold and promote the work of the Church, in which he became early absorbed with a conscientious fidelity which marked his whole career.

Henry L. Butler.
From photograph taken at Lake George, N. Y., summer of 1894.

Succumbing to an attack of pneumonia, after an illness of five days, he died Dec. 21, 1895, at 10:30 P. M., aged 73, at the residence of his son-in-law, Charles Roome Parmele, 6 Lenox Place, New Brighton, Staten Island, and was buried the day before Christmas, 1895, beloved and truly lamented by all who were privileged to know him.

His tombstone in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, bears the appropriate inscription: "Blessed are the pure in heart."



Burial Place of Henry L. Butler,
Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The names of the children of Henry L. and Mary S. Butler are:

1. Henry Langdon, Jr., born April 16, 1849; married Dec. 21, 1871, Cornelia White of New York City; died April 21, 1887.
2. Samuel Stryker, born Sept. 20, 1850; married Dec. 7, 1876, Sarah B. Douglas of New York City; died Feb. 26, 1917.
3. William, born Sept. 15, 1853; died in infancy, July 7, 1854.
4. John Holmes, born Feb. 27, 1855; married Jan. 22, 1880, Helen Livingston Parmele of New York City; died Dec. 11, 1918.
5. Edward Morris, born Feb. 12, 1857; married June 5, 1890, Hilda R. S. Barry of Germantown, Pa.; died Sept. 11, 1899.
6. Albert, born Jan. 6, 1859.
7. Leonard Atwater, born Aug. 8, 1861; died in infancy, Feb. 18, 1864.
8. Mary Stryker, born Nov. 28, 1863; married April 14, 1887, T. Linton Alburger of Germantown, Pa.
9. Alice Morris, born July 27, 1865; married March 25, 1886, Charles Roome Parmele of New York City, brother of of Helen Livingston Parmele, mentioned above on this page.

In writing this volume, the writer has had in mind the idea of keeping alive many of the old stories, traditions and games which are known to the present generation, but might otherwise pass away with them, and the stories which kept the children at Oaklands quiet and out of mischief during the fall and winter evenings and induced them to go early to bed, that they might hear them the sooner.

Occasionally Mr. Butler would entertain the children and fre-

quently the grown-ups with quaint songs. He did not possess what might be considered a good singing voice, nor did he have musical talent to any marked degree; he would, however, sit at the piano, play the melody of an air quite correctly, but with something radically wrong with the bass, of which fact he was fully conscious, but he did not know how to improve it, so he just played on that way and was content. With a flute he was more successful, for that instrument required no bass accompaniment.

There were three songs which were the principal numbers of his vocal repertoire; one of these was:

"The grasshopper sat on the sweet potato vine.
On the sweet potato vine, on the sweet potato vine;
And the turkey gobbler stepped up behind
And snatched him off that sweet potato vine!"

The children were always highly delighted and amused to see the vigorous action of the turkey gobbler vividly portrayed as he stepped up behind the grasshopper and *snatched* (with much emphasis) him off that sweet potato vine. Then grandfather Butler would turn around on his piano-stool and say "Second verse," whereupon he proceeded to sing the same thing, words and all, over again; then "Third verse," with the same thing repeated for half a dozen verses sometimes, while the children expressed their emphatic approval in outbursts of laughter. It was quite the same with another selection about "Old Jimmy Lapstone," who bought a pair of shoes and is doubtless still buying them.

The other song was "Lord Lovell," a tragic romance, which consisted of many verses, which grandfather rendered in a sad and impressive manner; the lovers died in the ending of the song.

The following are some of these stories related simply and as nearly as possible in the way Grandfather Butler used to tell them:

POMPEY, CAESAR AND THE BEARS

Once upon a time there were two pickaninnies who lived in the mountains of North Carolina, where bears roam the forests in the spring of the year. Their names were Pompey and Caesar. Pompey was nine and his little brother Caesar was six years old.

Pompey was very brave in his own estimation, and boasted to Caesar of his great courage, and said he "wasn't scared of nuffin'." But, whenever the time for courageous action came, Pompey failed to possess any qualities that were truly brave, and it was generally Caesar who had the real courage.

They decided one day to go bear hunting, just to show what brave "men" they were. They had not proceeded very far from the log cabin where they lived when they found a very large tree, the trunk of which was hollow at the base. An opening on one side suggested to Pompey the idea that maybe some bears lived there.

"Caesar," said Pompey, with some uneasiness, "does yo' reckon dey's beaars in dar?"

"I dunno, Pompey, but it's awful dark."

"Spec' yo' better gwine in dar an' fine out," said Pompey. Whereupon Caesar went over to the tree, and peering into the opening, was amazed to see two little bear cubs huddled together inside the tree trunk, at the back of the hollow.

Caesar jumped with delight and called to Pompey to come on over and get the bears.

Pompey approached the tree with great caution, and after some minutes, during which Caesar's impatience could scarce be restrained, he regained sufficient composure to peep into the cavity and verify Caesar's discovery.

"Gwine in, Caesar! Gwine in an' git de beaars! What yo' skeered of?" exclaimed Pompey, impetuously.

So little Caesar, getting down on his hands and knees, crawled into the opening to get the bears.

He was in the hollow, putting one bear cub under each arm, and had turned around to come out of the place, when suddenly and without warning it grew dark as night. Blackness covered everything like a heavy blanket.

Now, it appears that the mother bear, scenting trouble at home, had returned unexpectedly to protect her offspring, and was rushing headlong for the tree at a full gallop.

Pompey, seeing this and becoming paralyzed with fear, had presence of mind enough to grasp only the ferocious animal's tail, thus succeeding in retarding somewhat the mother bear's attack upon Caesar. The bear's head was already within the tree, while Pompey with all his might and main, with his two feet braced against the tree, was holding the big bear by the tail from without, thus its body completely filled the entrance of the hollow.

"Who dat air darken de hole? Who dat air darken de hole!" cried Caesar frantically from within the tree.

Faintly the answer came back from breathless Pompey; *"If de tail break yo' fine out who darken de hole!"*

THE MONKEY STORY.

There was once a poor man who had been sick for many years with an illness which some said was incurable. It was his custom to sit in a large armchair close by a window on the ground floor of the house in which he lived, swathed in much warm clothing and with a bandage wrapped about his head.

Thus he sat, day after day, with countless bottles of medicine and boxes of powders and pills which had to be taken at frequent intervals, surrounding him on all sides.

With dreadful grimaces, he took first one remedy, then another, but the medicine he dreaded taking the most and the one most often to be taken was a very bitter, disagreeable liquid, as thick as molasses and as black as ink. It stood in a large bottle on the window-sill beside him.

He was about to take a spoonful of this nauseous fluid when his attention was suddenly attracted by a group of children which had gathered about an Italian organ-grinder, who was playing a hand organ on the sidewalk just beneath his window. He had a weird-faced little monkey upon a long rope; the monkey, seeing the sick man, started toward the window and hopped upon the window-sill, much to the amusement of the children outside.

The monkey was dressed gaily in a green velvet coat and bloomers with gilt buttons and a scarlet cap, from which a feather stood out at a comical angle. Being a mild spring day, the window was open.

Jocko, instead of begging at once for money, as he had been taught to do, gazed about at the numerous bottles and pill-boxes which were all about him.

What a fine time I shall have, thought he, sampling all these delicious syrups and candies.

With great curiosity he gazed upon the black bottle on the window-sill; with a quick motion he seized it, withdrew the cork and in a twinkling had emptied half the contents of the bottle into his mouth, while the sick man looked on in mingled horror and astonishment.

(At this point in the story, grandfather would spring to his feet and for a full minute would convulse the children with his gyrations and antics, imitating the monkey's efforts to rid his mouth of the awful tasting medicine. This was considered the *piece de resistance* of the evening by the children, and was generally reserved until the last).

The sick man laughed and laughed and then laughed some more; in fact, he laughed himself well, and as he had no further use for the bottles, powders and pill-boxes he threw them all away, and was never ill again.

THE STORY OF THE FAGOTS.

An Indian father desired to impress upon his four sons the strength of brotherly unity.

Standing beside the campfire, he took a single fagot from a bundle of firewood which was close at hand and asked the eldest son to break the fagot across his knee.

This done, the father said: "My sons, see how easily it is broken."

He then tied four fagots together and repeated his former request.

Not one of the young braves could break them.

Then said the chieftain: "That is what unison means. Divided, a single man may destroy you. United, you are unconquerable; therefore, whatever befalls you, never fall out with one another."

SUSIE AND THE CHICKENS.

Susie was a little girl who worked on a farm; she had a freckled, comical face, with a small, turnedup nose, and wore her hair parted in the middle, with two straggling braids down her back.

Now, Susie was full of mischief, and, if the truth must be known, was occasionally inclined to shirk her appointed tasks when an opportunity was presented. Upon her arrival at this farm, Susie was informed of her daily duties in the routine life of the place, among which it was her place to see that the chickens were safely cooped up for the night and not left to roam about the farm after dark.

Susie had not been on the farm very long when one afternoon, about dusk, the farmer's wife met Susie coming up the brookside path and the following dialogue took place:

"Susie, has you driv in all them chickens?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Susie.

"Susie, are you sure you druv in all them chickens?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Now, Susie, are you positive you got all of 'em?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Every one of 'em, Susie?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How many chickens did you count?"

"ONE!"

And this bit of local repertoire:

An old-fashioned fish-man was accustomed to pass through certain streets of the city every Friday with a small wagon filled with fresh caught fish or other sea food.

The cart would halt in front of the tall city flats; he would blow a long tin horn and call lustily as fishmongers did in those days, while the housewives crowded about the wagon and bought of his wares.

John, the fish-man, was an ever-welcome character of the neighborhood.

One Friday he brought a fine wagonload of small clams.

Stopping his wagon, he called out in a loud voice: "Clams, clams! Want any clams?"

A woman's head appeared in a fourth story window above him and called back: "Eh? What's that?"

"Clams, clams! Want any clams?"

"Eh?" (Holding her hand behind the ear, as if to better catch the reply).

Repeating very loudly: "C-L.-A-A-M-S! C-L.-A-A-M-S! Want any C-L.-A-A-M-S?"

The same retort came back again. "Eh?"

The grocer's boy, who had been standing nearby and overheard this dialogue, addressing the fish-man, broke in with the utmost disgust:

"Ah, drive on, Johnny; she don't know what they be!"

WESTFIELD, CRAFT OF HORROR, GONE

But Ferryboat's Bad Name Lives Among Boatmen of the Battery

BOILERS KILLED 106 IN 1871

Spent Her Last Days as Hospital Ship to Give Sick Sea Trips.

A few brief lines buried on an inside page of a newspaper announced the other day that the old Staten Island ferryboat, Westfield, had been towed away to the wreckers to be broken up for scrap. Time was when the Westfield's departure would have commanded more space in the newspapers, but that was in the days when her reputation was evil and before she was replaced as a horror craft in people's minds by the ill-fated General Slocum. Although the last years of the vessel's life were spent carrying the sick about the harbor, she was never able to live down entirely the reputation she gained on the afternoon of Sunday, July 30, 1871, when her boilers exploded, killing 106 of her passengers and injuring 150.

Ever since the announcement that the Helen C. Julliard had taken the place of the Westfield, boatmen at the Battery have been recalling the accident on the Westfield, and the graybeards have been telling the younger generation of the horror that happened within a few feet of the basin in which they kept their boats. The Westfield's boilers blew up while she was lying at her South Ferry slip, and the Battery boatmen were the first to attempt to save the injured and bring ashore the bodies of the dead. One of the men first to reach the scene of the disaster was Michael Quigley. He was returning from "running lines" for a bark just arrived from South America, and he was on his way back to the boat basin near where the present Barge Office stands when the boiler of the ferryboat blew up. He turned and rowed at once to the scene. William Quigley, his son, and a boatman who has won the title of "Honest Bill," although a very small boy at that time, remembers the day of the accident very well, because his mother had promised him a trip to the Battery to see his father, but for some reason they did not go. So it was from his father that he heard the story of the terrible accident.

"I remember having heard father tell the story of the Westfield accident," said Honest Bill. "Father was returning from a bark, and was near South Ferry when, with a great noise, the Westfield's boiler—or boilers—let go. There was a typical Sunday crowd waiting at the ferryhouse when the Westfield got ready to take on passengers. As soon as the gates were open they began to flock on board."

The story of what happened after that is replete with horror; how the rescuers worked among the dead, in the frantic struggle to save those who were injured from drowning. Many met death that way, but it was to the efforts of Quigley and other boatmen who flocked to the scene that many were saved. Several children were brought ashore by Quigley uninjured, and in at least three cases he succeeded in getting into his boat mothers who, though slightly hurt, begged him to take their children and let them drown.

Her recollection of the disaster still vivid after forty-five years, Mrs. Abbie Cowan Phillips, of 1761 West Eighth Street, Brooklyn, yesterday told of the explosion on the Westfield.

Mrs. Phillips, with her husband, Moss S. Phillips, their two infant children, and their paternal grandparents, sat in a closed carriage aboard the ferryboat when, just as she left her slip, she was rent by the explosion which killed 106 persons and injured 150.

"It is not true, as has recently been written," Mrs. Phillis said, "that running cold water into the boilers caused the explosion. The boilers were patched and rotten and a 'green' negro engineer was in charge of the engines. The boat had been forbidden by the authorities to leave her slip, but she did so, with the awful result that is now history."

Mr. Phillips said that his mother still recalls the horror of the scenes as the boat went down, but clearest of all are recollections of the part her own family played in the tragedy. The two tiny children and the grandparents were lost, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips were taken to the same hospital, but occupied different rooms. The wife was badly burned, and underwent what was then one of the pioneer skin-grafting operations. Mrs. Phillips had been told that her husband survived, but believed the doctors were deceiving her. As a matter of fact, her husband had been blinded, but this the hospital authorities feared to inform her.

As Mrs. Phillips was recovering she was allowed to wander from ward to ward. One day as she walked about she was gladdened by the sound of her husband's voice, calling to a nurse for some attention. She rushed

to him. Mr. Phillips threw his arms about her, and, in the shock and excitement of the reunion, suddenly regained his sight.

Though for a time the doctors had abandoned hope, Mr. Phillips lived twenty years after the accident.

So the Battery boatmen do not mourn the passing of the Westfield for all the good she accomplished in her later years as a hospital boat. She was built in Brooklyn in 1862, and when the accident happened she was classed as a modern, up-to-date ferryboat by Jacob H. Vanderbilt, then head of the Staten Island Ferry Company. She had been inspected on June 15 preceding the accident, and her boilers were then declared to be in first-class condition. After the fatal accident, just as after the General Slocum disaster, there was a long investigation, and many interesting things were brought to light. For one thing, it was learned for the first time by the public that the hands on the Staten Island ferryboats were the guests of the employees of the Staten Island brewing companies every time a wagonload of beer was brought to Manhattan. It was the usual custom, it appeared, to broach a keg on such a trip and all hands had a drink or two.

What the official explanation of the accident was the Battery has long forgotten. The boatmen arrived at their own verdict and they still hold to it. The accident, the boatmen will tell you, was caused by allowing cold water to run into the boilers from the cock on the ferry slip.

In the last years of the Westfield's service as a ferryboat she was put on the early morning run, and carried the milk wagons, belated travelers and night workers to and from the island.

MARY SCUDDER STRYKER.

Mary Scudder Stryker, the second daughter of Samuel S. S. and Mary Scudder Stryker of Trenton, N. J., was born in Trenton May 23, 1828.

In the family there were five children, three daughters and two sons; one of the latter died in infancy. Their names are given in full on pages 292 and 293.

It is likely that Mary Stryker would never have met the man whose wife she became at the age of twenty but for the coincidence that a favorite uncle of hers, John Holmes Scudder by name, married the widowed mother of Henry L. Butler, the future husband of Mary Stryker.

The uncle just referred to, shortly after his second marriage, came to visit with his wife and her two small boys, Henry L. and William L. M. Butler, at the Stryker home in Trenton.

Because of this relationship, the children came frequently with their mother afterward to visit in Trenton, with the result that the Stryker and Butler children naturally became fast friends and playmates; indeed, they practically grew up together.

At this time Henry was a lad of twelve years and William

his elder brother, was fourteen, while Mary Stryker was not more than six years of age and her sister Elizabeth was eight.

As might be expected, this childhood friendship ripened into romance, and on June 21, 1848, at the home of her parents, the Stryker residence on Green St. near State St., Trenton, Henry L. Butler and Mary S. Stryker were married by the Rev. John Hall, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Trenton. According to the published accounts at the time, it was counted one of the notable events of the season in Trenton, the Strykers being a family of very considerable respectability and prominence in that locality.

Mrs. Henry L. Butler.
(Nee Mary Scudder Stryker.) At the age of 28. From photograph taken in 1856.

Removing to Brooklyn, N. Y., the year following her wedding, Mrs. Butler joined the First Presbyterian Church of that city, then at the corner of Willoughby and Pearl Streets, where she and her first two sons were baptized in January, 1852.

In the fall of 1852 the family became affiliated with the Central Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. J. E. Rockwell was pastor. One Sunday morning in 1853, when in her accustomed place in church, a messenger came to Mr. Butler's pew to enquire if Mrs. Butler would condescend to play the harmonia, on account of the illness of the regular organist. Mrs. Butler acquiesced, and from that day on for eleven years she took her place at the organ regularly each Sunday, until a new church was

built on Schermerhorn Street, for which a large pipe-organ was purchased from old St. Ann's Church; her talent in this respect being rendered voluntarily and without remuneration.

During their residence in Brooklyn, the five sons—Harry, Sam, Holmes, Ed and Bert—were sent to a private school on Sydney Place, near Schermerhorn Street, of which the Rev. Isaac S. Davison was principal. This was an exceptionally good school. Its reputation and influence was one of wholesome, substantial and thorough educational work. By reason of the sterling Christian character of its headmaster, Mr. Davison, the school was largely instrumental in shaping the characters and careers of many splendid men of that time.

Rev. Isaac S. Davison,
Principal of the Davison School, Brooklyn. Whose teachings and principles exerted a strong moral influence in shaping the characters of his students.

The two eldest sons, Harry and Sam, finished at this school and were graduated; the other three boys, Holmes, Ed and Bert, did not complete the prescribed course, but continued to attend the Davison School, even after the family had removed to Staten Island in 1869, making the trip daily to Brooklyn for this purpose by boat and horsecars in the days when there were no trolleys, elevated railroads or subways. Among their schoolmates were Dr. Fred Rockwell, who afterwards became a well-known physician of Brooklyn, and the Rev. Henry Van Dyke, who later became pastor of the old Brick Church at 37th Street

and Fifth Avenue, New York, of which church Mrs. Butler became a member some twenty years or more later.

Dr. Van Dyke resigned the Brick Church pastorate to accept the professorship of Theology at Princeton University. He was succeeded in the Brick Church ministry by Rev. Malbie D. Babcock, who was pastor there about one year and who died suddenly one summer while traveling in Italy. Rev. W. H. Richards then became the pastor and remained about eight years, when he died suddenly. The Rev. William Pierson Merrill was then installed; he is now and has been for the past nine years pastor of Brick Church.

Soon after Dr. Van Dyke's departure for Princeton, Mr Henry L. Butler became one of the elders of Brick Church.

Mrs. Butler's early married life is more fully related in the narrative of Oaklands, the old homestead of the family at Rosebank, Staten Island, of which possession was taken in the fall of 1869.

Here her children, many of the grandchildren, nieces and nephews enjoyed that lovely home for a period of about twenty-five years.

It was a home of genuine hospitality, over which the mother and wife presided with marked dignity and ability.

Welcome guests at Oaklands were the clergy, as well as prominent musicians and entertainers of the day.

After the homestead was closed in 1891, the accustomed gatherings of the family occurred with less frequency. Sometimes they would meet for a Christmas jollification at the residence of J. Holmes Butler, in "The Lyonhurst," at the northwest corner of 76th Street and Broadway, New York; or, occasionally they would come together at the home of Charles R. Parmele in St. Mark's Place, New Brighton, Staten Island.

The name of Grandma Butler is one which will always live in the annals and history of the family: she has been an affectionate and devoted wife and a good mother to nine children.

As a real factor in keeping alive the spirit of family unity she has played an important part, and it may be truly said that she mastered the art of growing old gracefully at an early age. Her interest in the welfare and activities of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren has been ever genuine, real and unceasing.

During the latter years of her life and since her husband's death in 1895, Mrs. Butler's home has been with those of her two sons-in-law and daughters, between whom and the mother there exists the most tender affection.

In the home circle, or at informal home gatherings, she is always present and will oftentimes remain until the last guest has departed.

A delightful family-reception was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roome Parmele on St. Mark's Place, New Brighton, on May 23, 1908, on the occasion of Mrs. Butler's eightieth birthday anniversary. The celebration was a triple one, inasmuch as the birthdays of one of her grandsons, Robert W. Butler, and a great-granddaughter, Helen L. Butler, both of whom were present on this occasion, coincide with that of Mrs. Butler.

Trains arriving from Chicago, Pittsburg, Philadelphia and Morristown brought the various members of the family together, until at nine o'clock twenty-eight persons has assembled.

Many telegrams of congratulation, also letters, were received from other members of the family who were unable to be present on that occasion.

The supper-room was beautifully decorated for the occasion with flowers, green smilax and white ribbon, the latter being carried from the chandelier to the four corners of the table and tied in bows and a large birthday cake occupied the center of the table, surrounded by eighty lighted candles.

A flashlight photograph of this gathering appears on the following page. A feature of the evening was the vocal and instrumental music furnished by members of the family. It was

A Family Gathering of Butlers.

Celebration of the eightieth birthday anniversary of "Grandma Butler," on May 23, 1908, held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roome Parmele, Staten Island.

In the group, top row, standing, left to right: T. Linton Alburger, Albert Butler, J. Holmes Butler,* Samuel S. Butler,* Charles R. Parmele, Jr., H. Langdon Butler, Henry E. Parmele.

Next row, left to right: Elizabeth B. Peck, Bayard L. Peck, Margery H. Butler, Emilie F. Parmele, Grace P. Butler, Ella B. Butler, Robert W. Butler, Ermanie B. Butler, E. Morris Butler, Charles Roome Parmele.

Seated, front row, left to right: Miss Thompson, Alice M. Parmele, Saide B. Butler, Mary S. Butler, Helen L. Butler, Helen L. Butler, Mary D. Alburger, Maie B. Potter.

Sitting on floor, left to right: H. Gilbert W. Parmele, Livingston Parmele,* Robert W. Butler, Jr.

Since this photograph was taken, three persons shown in the group have passed away. Their names are marked with an asterisk.

predicted at the time that with Mrs. Butler's robust health and remarkable strength, she should live to see a similar occasion in 1918, ten years later.

On her eighty-third birthday in 1911, more than fifty letters, post cards and telegrams of congratulation were received; evidences of the esteem and affectionate regard in which she is universally held. Among these was a charming letter from Dr. Van Dyke, her pastor, and former schoolmate of her two eldest sons. The opening salutation was: "My dear old friend."

On this occasion, besides other members of the family who were present, Mrs. Butler's daughter came to Staten Island from Germantown, Pa., and her son Albert from Bound Brook, N. J., to be with their mother on her birthday.

In December, 1917, when nearly ninety years of age, she attended the wedding in Germantown of her granddaughter, May Alburger, and the following spring made the journey from Germantown to Brooklyn, N. Y., in order to be present at the funeral services of her great-granddaughter, Beatrice P. Butler. In February, 1917, and again in the fall of 1918, two great sorrows were visited upon her in the loss of two of her own sons, Samuel and Holmes, who passed on to the Great Eternity beyond this world.

Mrs. Samuel S. Stryker of Philadelphia, a sister-in-law of Mrs. Butler's, while dining one evening in September, 1916, at New Brighton, Staten Island, said: "Sister Mary, we are going to have a grand time when you are ninety and we will surely be present."

At this time, in writing to one of her grandsons, Mrs. Butler said: "When I feel so well and see and hear of so many helpless and suffering ones, I wonder why I am spared so long. I am very well and *so happy*, and I have so many very dear children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, who I am sure love me."

On May 23, 1918, Mrs. Butler became ninety years of age. One of the many messages of love and congratulation which came to

her on that epochal day was a letter from her son-in-law, Charles Roome Parmele.

It typifies in beautiful expression the high position of love and veneration in which the oldest surviving member of the family is held in the affections of all her kinsfolk:

47 West Street, New York.
May 22, 1918.

My dear Mother:

Tomorrow will be your birthday, when ninety years will have rolled past, some of them seemingly longer, some of them apparently shorter than others, all dependent each year upon the extent of the joy which filled your heart or the grief which nearly crushed it. It is not often the privilege of mortals to look back over such a period of time, and where the life of that individual has been spent in Christian rectitude I know full well that your verdict is that your blessings have far outnumbered your sorrows.

Many dear relatives have been gathered to their reward, but, withal, there surely is an increase in the number of those who love you—for some of your dear children are, thank God, still alive, and your children's children and your children's children's children have risen up to revere you and call you blessed.

Many of the older flowers in your garden of Life have withered, faded and gone, and some of the sweet young buds have been plucked with, what to some of us ignorant mortals, would seem like ruthlessness.

But He who shapes our destinies has spared the dear old tree, the proud centre of a splendid orchard, the fruit of which is all yours.

Mother, God bless you.

Affectionately, CHARLIE.

On her ninetieth birthday there were living two sons, two daughters, fifteen grandchildren and fifteen great-grandchildren to render to her the praise and homage to which she is so richly entitled.

A great family reunion, which had been planned by the younger generation in honor of the occasion, was postponed, because of serious illness in the family circle and of the widespread sadness, affliction and losses resulting from the existing war conditions.

An armistice was signed on Nov. 11, 1918, and it was at once apparent that there could be no more appropriate time for the contemplated gathering than Thanksgiving Day of that year. Accordingly, a private dining-room in the Belleclaire Hotel, at Broadway and 77th Street, New York, was formally engaged by a committee of three members of the family, consisting of J. Holmes Butler, Jr., E. Morris Butler and Charles R. Parmele, Jr., and it was announced that the family would foregather at three o'clock P. M. on that date.

All plans for this celebration were suddenly abandoned when the unhappy news was received of the serious illness of J. Holmes Butler, whose health had been rapidly failing and whose lamentable end already foreshadowed, came on December 11, 1918.

Grandma always dresses in black and is very tidy and careful about her personal appearance. She is of medium height, has bright, expressive eyes and a placid expression, as if nothing on earth ever disturbed her equanimity. Quiet and unassuming in manner, she enjoys all that is going on about her, although not given to doing much of the talking herself; grandma is more accustomed to doing this on paper.

She is a very regular and interesting correspondent.

She keeps in frequent touch with every branch of her large family and writes all the news of family interest; she has never failed in her promise to her daughter Mary, since the latter's marriage in 1887, and removal to Germantown, Pa., to write to

her each Monday and Thursday, which plan has been maintained for over thirty-two years.

Her excellent penmanship would strike the casual observer at once; it is regular, clear and unwavering.

Possessing the most astonishing memory for names, dates, places and persons, which are recited with the utmost accuracy, her brother Dr. Samuel S. Stryker, of Philadelphia, describes her as "a walking volume of family history," which is indeed an apt characterization, and it is largely from her voice and pen that our descendants will be enabled to learn much about their antecedents with her valuable knowledge as the connecting link between the present and the past.

Grandma Butler's interest in this volume has been deep and genuine from the outset, and without her assistance, it is doubtful if the book could have been successfully completed.

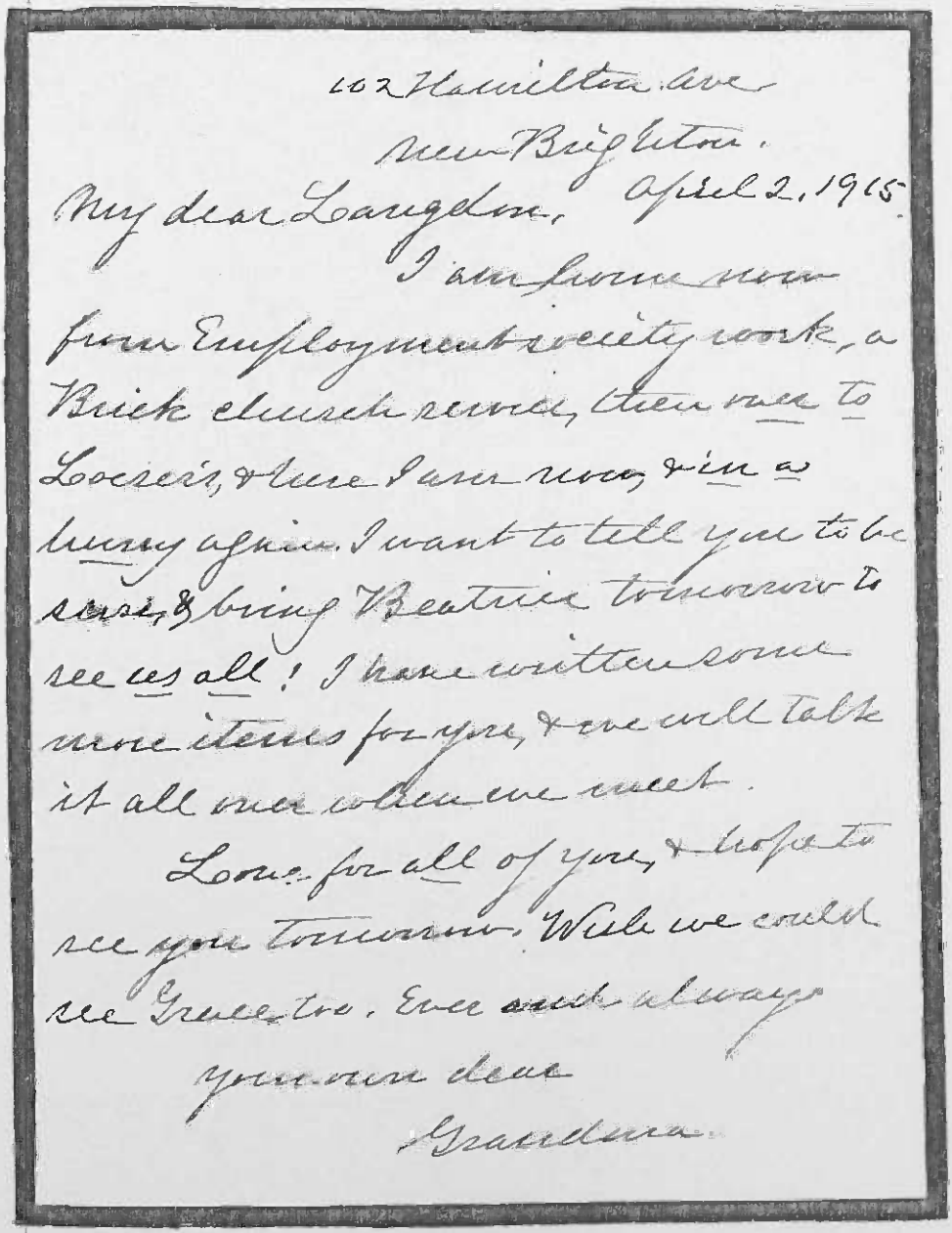
Her vitality is remarkable; having enjoyed excellent health most of her lifetime, she has retained all her faculties until the present time; her eyesight is very good, her hearing excellent, and she goes out and about with a spryness which is seldom seen in persons twenty years her junior. A facsimile appearing on page 235 of one of her letters written at the age of nearly eighty-seven, is in her usual firm and clear handwriting and typifies her activity at that advanced age.

In a letter written by her daughter, Mrs. Parmele, dated December 14, 1916, when Mrs. Butler was in her eighty-ninth year, the following significant remarks appear: "Mother is a miracle, nothing less! Imagine her, spending a whole day, very nearly, at Loeser's yesterday, picking up her Christmas gifts. I believe I was much more tired than she was last night."

Although living on Staten Island, Mrs. Butler long continued, up to her ninetieth year, to attend the old Brick Church, 37th Street and Fifth Avenue, New York, of which she has been a member for nearly thirty years.

Mrs. Henry L. Butler

(Nee *Mary S. Stryker.*) *From photograph made in the summer of 1913 at the age of 85 years. Quiet and unassuming of manner, she goes about with a spryness seldom seen in persons many years her juniors. The above portrait is a delightfully realistic likeness, just as Grandma Butler often appears dressed for church, or "off to Loeser's," for a trip to the Brooklyn shops.*



102 Hamilton Ave
New Brighton.
April 2, 1915.

My dear Langdon,

I am home now from Employment society work, a Brick church record, then run to Locke's, & here I am now, & in a hurry again. I want to tell you to be sure, & bring Beatrice tomorrow to see us all! I have written some more items for you, & we will talk it all over when we meet.

Love for all of you, & hope to see you tomorrow. Wish we could see Gretchen. Ever & always

your own dear

Grandma.

FACSIMILE OF LETTER WRITTEN BY MRS. HENRY L. BUTLER IN 1915, AT THE AGE OF 87. The writing is clear and firm of hand and the contents characteristic of her activity.

When the weather permitted she would make the journey on Sunday mornings from Staten Island unaccompanied; taking the ferryboat at St. George, she would usually be met at the South Ferry in New York by one of her sons—Sam, Holmes or Bert—who escorted her thence to church.

On week-days Grandma would occasionally accompany her daughter Alice on a trip to the shops in Brooklyn.

She is an active member of the Society of the Daughters of The American Revolution, by virtue of the services rendered by her grandfather, Christoffle H. Stryker, the latter's father, Abram Stryker, and her great-grandfather, Amos Scudder, mention of whose services will be found elsewhere.

Mrs. Butler takes an ardent interest in the object and works of that society, and has delighted especially in their annual custom of decorating the graves of the Revolutionary heroes with flags and lilies, after an appropriate service for these departed patriots in Trinity Church, New York, when the "daughters" would go round the churchyard placing the decorations personally upon the graves and tombstones. Here grandma frequently decorated the grave of Captain James Lawrence of *"Chesapeake"* fame, whose immortal words were: "Don't give up the ship."

Her life has been a living exemplification of Christian principles. Her happy and beautiful wedded life attained a span of more than forty-eight years. Her beloved husband died of pneumonia in 1895, and for twenty-four years since then she has uncomplainingly trodden life's uncertain paths without that strong arm to lean upon.

Her devotion to the memory of her departed husband is beautiful to behold, and as one after another six of her sons have died, she has faced and passed through sore trials with unswerving courage and stanch religious faith.

Adversity and affliction she has accepted with Christian

resignation and calmness, as a manifestation of the direct will of her Lord and Master.

As this book goes to print, she has rounded out her ninety-first birthday, and is the wonder of all who know her.

She is loved, honored and revered as it is given to few. She is the marvel of her whole devoted family, from the eldest to the youngest member.

The Vitality Prize is precious; hale and hearty at ninety-one, it has been superbly won and long held, and will so continue until her long, quiet day is over and her aureole as the oldest living representative of her generation has ended, when memories of her will always linger as the sweet scent of roses.

The names of her nine children are fully given on page 216.

OAKLANDS.

Southeast front. The Butler Homestead at Clifton, Staten Island; purchased by Henry L. Butler in 1869 and occupied as the family residence for a quarter of a century. It was razed in 1914. In front of the house stands the large Princess Tree mentioned on page 245.

HENRY L. BUTLER.
From photograph made at Lake George, N. Y., Summer of 1894.

MRS. HENRY L. BUTLER.
(Nee Mary S. Stryker.) From photograph made in 1901.

OAKLANDS.

Prior to 1859, according to the records of Richmond County, the land which was destined to become the site of the Butler family homestead was in the possession of two men; J. Singmaster, who owned a four-acre tract facing on New York Avenue, and also J. O'Connor, who was the owner of an adjoining tract 150 by 494 feet, fronting on New York Avenue. The attractive and substantial house, afterwards known as "Oaklands," was built about the time of the outbreak of the Civil War by a well-known Staten Island builder, Captain Curry, who had the reputation of building houses to live in and not to sell on speculation. In this connection it is interesting to note that the walls of this particular house were twenty-two inches thick in some places.

Besides this house, Captain Curry built in the immediate vicinity thereof St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, built in 1857; the Jannin house, directly across New York Avenue from the Butler homestead, as well as the O'Connor house and the old Anderson house, known as Rosebank Cottage.

The property was conveyed to Charles Bainbridge Smith by two separate deeds of conveyance; one executed by George M. Nichols, dated March 13, 1862, and the other executed by Richard Mortimer, dated June 10, 1862, and on March 27, 1867, the property was in the possession of and owned by Charles Bainbridge Smith. The original owner was Richard Mortimer, who had the house built by Capt. Curry for the former's son-in-law, Mr. Christ, of the New York banking house of Christ, Jay & Co.

In the County Clerk's office, Richmond County, N. Y., it is recorded under date of Oct. 19, 1869, in Liber 83, page 552 of 1869, that on Oct. 16, 1869, Charles Bainbridge Smith and his wife, Lucy B. Smith, conveyed by deed this property to Henry L. Butler.

The name "Oaklands" was given to the place by Mrs. Henry L. Butler, and as such it was known as long as the family resided there, over twenty-two years.

The grounds were extensive and abounded in beautiful shade trees of many varieties, tall, stately maples, beautiful oaks and lindens, with here and there a hickory or beech, chestnut, willow, horse-chestnut or tulip tree. For years those great and beautiful shade trees had swung their green branches into the blue skies of spring, turned red, brown and gold in the autumn, and shed their dead leaves before winter set in, their glory departed, to blossom forth again the following April.

The place abounded also in fruit trees of all kinds; a row of full-grown cherry trees bordered one of the carriage roads.* One of these trees in particular was noted for its delicious ox-

*These are marked "m" on the map shown on page 250.

Hearts, as they were called, a white variety of cherry of prodigious size and sweet flavor. There were pear trees of several varieties, from small sickle pears to large winter russets, used for cooking and preserving; a fig tree grew in front of the greenhouse, the fruit of which seemed to be a great curiosity; there were also plums, grapes, peaches and such apple trees! The sweetness of the fruit was a source of great temptation to the venturesome youths of the poorer families from the neighborhood of St. Mary's Avenue, who would frequently climb over the fence bent upon unannounced depredations. On one occasion John Turner, the coachman, sighted one of these youthful raiders whom he caught in the act of climbing a pear tree. Standing at the foot of the tree, coach-whip in hand, the excited John exclaimed in a commanding voice: "Now, come down out of that tree and get down on your knees and forgive me!"

On another occasion, one Sunday afternoon, a lad named Westerman was attempting to rob a bird's nest in one of the big willows near the west fence, when the branch gave way and he fell heavily to the ground, 15 or 20 feet, breaking one of his legs. The forcible object lesson of this incident was not lost to the Butler children, whose parents emphasized the retribution thus visited upon the unfortunate boy with a broken leg. The lesson left an indelible impression. At the northeast front of the house the ground sloped away in a hill, as may be seen in the picture shown on page 268. In the winter this became an ideal coasting place. Immediately after school hours the children would appear with their sleds and were soon joined by many of their friends. They would coast until dark, grandma watching them from the bay window above; down the hill, across the carriage road, and down a second hill they would go, ending at the greenhouse, 75 yards below. When the head of the house came driving in, upon his return from the city, he would alight from his carriage and seeing the sport, would join in with the same

spirit himself, coasting down once or twice, lying flat upon a sled, just like the children, "pommying," as he would call it: one of his little daughters would sit upon his back and away they would fly down those hills, with coats dragging in the snow.

At the westernmost end of the place, in the enclosure at the rear of the barn, there was a low meadow, the surface of which occasionally was covered with water, and becoming frozen in winter, this pond was the favorite skating place, and many a sportive hour was here spent on the ice.

When not driving, the coachman could usually be seen standing in front of the barn. He kept an ever-watchful eye in every direction.

At the lower or easternmost end of the place and running parallel with New York Avenue, there was a beautiful little lake about fifty yards wide, stocked with goldfish: the lake narrowed toward its northern end into an outlet, which was crossed by a rustic bridge and summer-house. In this summer-house at dusk one evening, Henry L. Butler, Jr., placed an engagement ring upon the finger of Cornelia White, his future bride.

The cutting of new streets and changing the levels of old thoroughfares beyond St. Mary's Avenue materially altered the course of the natural waterways, and this lake soon became an undesirable drainage pool. Mr. Butler had the lake filled in and promptly brought suit against the village corporation and was given a verdict for damages to his property, and it was largely because of this suit that the village authorities subsequently planned and introduced an entirely new and improved system of sewage for Clifton.

On the Chestnut Avenue side, a glass greenhouse stood close to the fence, and was always full of beautiful flowers and plants, both in and out of season.

Courting days for the two sisters, Alice and Mary, were truly romantic. There was a difference of less than two years of age

between them; by mutual agreement, they would take alternate turns on Sunday afternoons in taking possession of the greenhouse and summer-house. When one had the greenhouse the other agreed to stay in the summer-house, or in the larger residence.

It appears that the youngest generation of the family circle on such occasions was a source of some annoyance to these romantic couples. The tale is told about Alice Butler and her betrothed being discovered in a secluded corner of the library at Oaklands one Sunday afternoon by one of these proverbial young opportunists, who instead of apologizing abjectly for his unwelcomed intrusion, persisted in remaining upon the scene of his discovery; which tenacity added but little to his popularity at the moment.

Depending upon the youngster's obliging disposition, a brilliant *coup* was conceived by Miss Alice, who seized paper and pencil and wrote an urgent note to her sister, who was in another part of the house. The guileless young messenger being at hand, she had only to ask him in her sweetest tone of voice if he would do her a great favor and carry a note to his aunt upstairs; to which request he readily agreed and delivered the note promptly to its rightful owner. This is what the note said:

"For goodness' sake, keep this child upstairs."

Needless to state, the *tête-a-tête* in the library thereafter progressed with uninterrupted blissfulness.

The main entrance gate was flanked on either side by massive stone gate-posts, three feet square and eight feet high; between which was hung a pair of ornamental, heavy wooden gates: but this entrance was not used as frequently as the rear carriage road, which led up from Chestnut Ave., past the barn and ice-house; on each side of this road were rows of large stones, which were whitewashed to make the way more clearly visible at night.

One dark night in the eighties an unfortunate mishap oc-

curred; Mr. and Mrs. Butler were returning home in the family carriage—a closed brougham. They had passed the gate by the barn and were proceeding up the road near the ice-house when Thomas Turner, the driver, lost his way, the horses became unmanageable, got off the roadway and plunged with coach and occupants over a four-foot embankment beside the road. The coach rolled over and over, pitching those inside about, but fortunately they escaped narrowly from an untimely death. Besides a few slight bruises and a general shaking up, no other injuries were sustained. Mrs. Butler succeeded in extricating herself from the overturned coach by climbing out of the back window of the brougham.

Passing along the south side of the house, the road turned sharply northeast around the old well, with its picturesque rustic well-house, covered with honeysuckle vines.

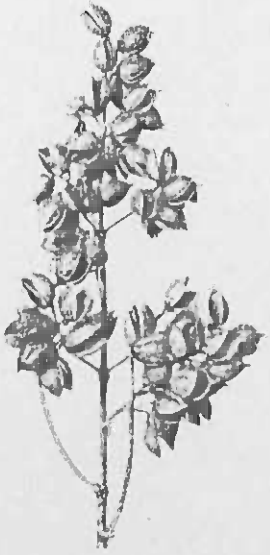
The entrance to Oaklands faced nearly southeast and was gained by a short flight of stairs. Over this entrance there was a balcony with ornamental iron railing, which extended from one of the second floor bedrooms. Every spring this balcony was garlanded with a drapery of wistaria and red trumpet flowers, with all their fragrance at full-bloom.

From this balcony the scene was picturesque and impressive; one looked out upon a large circular flower garden of geraniums and coleus, bordered with boxwood hedges; a path traversed this circle, in the center of which grew a Southern lily-flowered magnolia tree.

With the coming of April each year, this tree, in full bloom, literally covered with milky-white blossoms, was a picture to behold; it looked as if a flock of white birds had suddenly alighted in its branches.

A sunny spot of boyhood years
  Was Oakland's homestead olden;
Its fragrance rare comes floating back
  O'er twenty summers golden.

It will be seen from a glance at the southeast view of Oaklands, shown on page 238, that directly in front of the house and close by an iron hitching-post, the top of which was fashioned in the shape of a miniature horse's head, stood a large tree. It is remarkable that this tree was one of the only two of their kind known in that locality—a Princess tree—or Paulowina; named for Princess Anna Paulowina, daughter of the Russian Czar Paul I: it was an Asiatic species which bore in the spring, beautiful pyramid-shaped flowers of pale violet or blue, five inches long and so delightfully fragrant that the whole atmosphere for some distance from the tree was redolent with their perfume; but the flowers did not stay long: within a few days the ground would be strewn with their withering corollas; then would follow in their places clusters of brown, spoon-shaped, twin pods or shells, each having a dividing partition and filled with seeds. These shells the children were wont to use for boats in the rain pools which came after a storm.



Seed-Pods of the Princess Tree.

Just inside the main entrance of the house was the reception hall, the floor of which was paved with ornamental tiles, the door opening into the parlor was to the right, and the dining-room door was to the left; the staircase directly ahead.

The parlor, a spacious room about 50x35 feet, octagonal at one end, and with high ceiling, was attractively furnished in the manner of a well-to-do family of the times. On the further side of the room stood a square grand piano, an instrument required

to do good service in a family, most of whom have ever been musically inclined, and who are lovers of good music.

Mary, the elder daughter, is an accomplished pianiste of rare talent. Her piano playing has delighted her many hearers, both in and out of the family, for many years, and is considered by all to be one of the anticipated treats at all gatherings of the family at which she is present.

On the opposite side of this room stood a small Mason & Hamlin parlor-organ, used principally by Mrs. Butler. Two long French windows were on this side of the room, with a tall cheval wall-mirror between them. Grandma's chair, a low, stationary rocker, stood near the cheval mirror in the parlor.

The windows opened upon a wide porch, which extended more than half way around the house, with a protecting railing of iron rods.

Adjoining the parlor and just back of it was a small music-room with hardwood floor.

Locking up the house for the night, which was usually attended to by Albert, the youngest son, required going around this porch, closing in the long, solid folding shutters at each window and securing them with heavy iron bolts, and placing a heavy wooden bar across the front door.

One night sneak thieves forced their way into the house. A flute and several overcoats were stolen and a gold watch was taken from Mr. Butler's private desk. The following morning the trail of the thieves could be traced in the house by the drops of candle grease which were found in several places. None of the stolen articles was ever recovered.

The dining-room was large, 20 by 30 feet, wainscoted with dark wood and with a parquet oak floor, having an elaborate ornamental border. The ceiling, like all the other rooms, was high; the room was long and well adapted in size and shape to the memorable holiday gatherings on Thanksgiving or Christmas, when for many years it was the custom to invite the Trenton relatives, and the gatherings around the festal board on such

occasions were always looked forward to by the entire family as most interesting and enjoyable reunions. When, in later years, the family with its three generations, numbering 20 or 22, and six grandchildren, at a large side table, all seated about the venerated heads of the household like Darby and Joan, it was truly a scene to be held in affectionate remembrance.

During the progress of these festivities someone would ask in a loud tone of voice: "Who was Mother Butler?" and the vociferous reply would come back: "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of her countrymen!" followed immediately by a thumping of feet and pounding of silverware upon the table in unison, which almost cracked the plaster ceiling of the kitchen below.

This room was oftentimes a great amusement place for the young folks. The tables were pushed back and there was dancing, roller-skating, or a game of blind-man's buff: in one of these latter games Harry Butler avoided being caught by leaping upon the dining-room mantel-piece.

With the Butler kindred, to foregather was to sing. Most of them could sing unusually well: several had trained voices, and their choruses were rendered with expression and great harmony. There was a double quartette. The sopranos were Mrs. J. Holmes Butler, Sr., who possessed a clear soprano voice of high, sweet tone, and was the prima donna of the family; Mrs. Alice Butler Parmele, who always filled in as a second soprano; Mrs. Mary Butler Alburger and her mother sang contralto well, while their brothers, Sam and Holmes Butler (or Harry, if at home), sang tenor. Holmes was long a member of the Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York, with many years' experience and practice in church quartette singing. Charles R. Parmele, Sr., husband of Mrs. Alice Butler Parmele, had a rich baritone voice of excellent quality, and Albert sang bass, which completed the component factors for quartette or chorus work; the others present joined in making the ensemble complete.

Mary Butler was always the accompanist. She was an undis-

puted artiste; her marriage and removal to Germantown, Pa., was a real loss to the musical circle at the old homestead.

Harry also played the flute very well; so did his father; sometimes they played duets. When Harry was away traveling the elder Mr. Butler played the flute, accompanied at the piano by his wife. His flute was stolen by robbers who broke into the house one night.

There was a Vocal Society of considerable merit and reputation organized on Staten Island, and the entire family joined. There were about forty members in all. A series of concerts were given, which were exceedingly well rendered and well attended.

It required two carriages to take the Butler members of the Vocal Society to its rehearsals and concerts. They brought their music home from the Society meetings and practiced it at home. Many evenings were thus spent in a realm of music.

Their favorite selections were: "Sweet and Low," "Jack Frost Went Out on a Journey," "Homeward," and others. Of these, "Homeward" is perhaps the most beautiful. Mrs. Holmes Butler sang the soprano part, her husband the tenor, Mary Butler Allburger contralto, and Alice Butler Parmele could sing either the soprano or alto part, as occasion required; Albert Butler and Charles R. Parmele took the bass part, and when Edward M. Butler was present he sang tenor with his brother Holmes, who facetiously conferred the name of the "Rip Van Winkle Quartette" upon the singers, whom he declared had been singing as long as Rip Van Winkle had been asleep in the Catskills.

As a further evidence of the music in the family, it is remarkable to note in passing, that every member of the tenth generation of Butler's can either sing or play the piano with more or less proficiency; two of whom both sing and play most entertainingly.

"Sweet and Low."

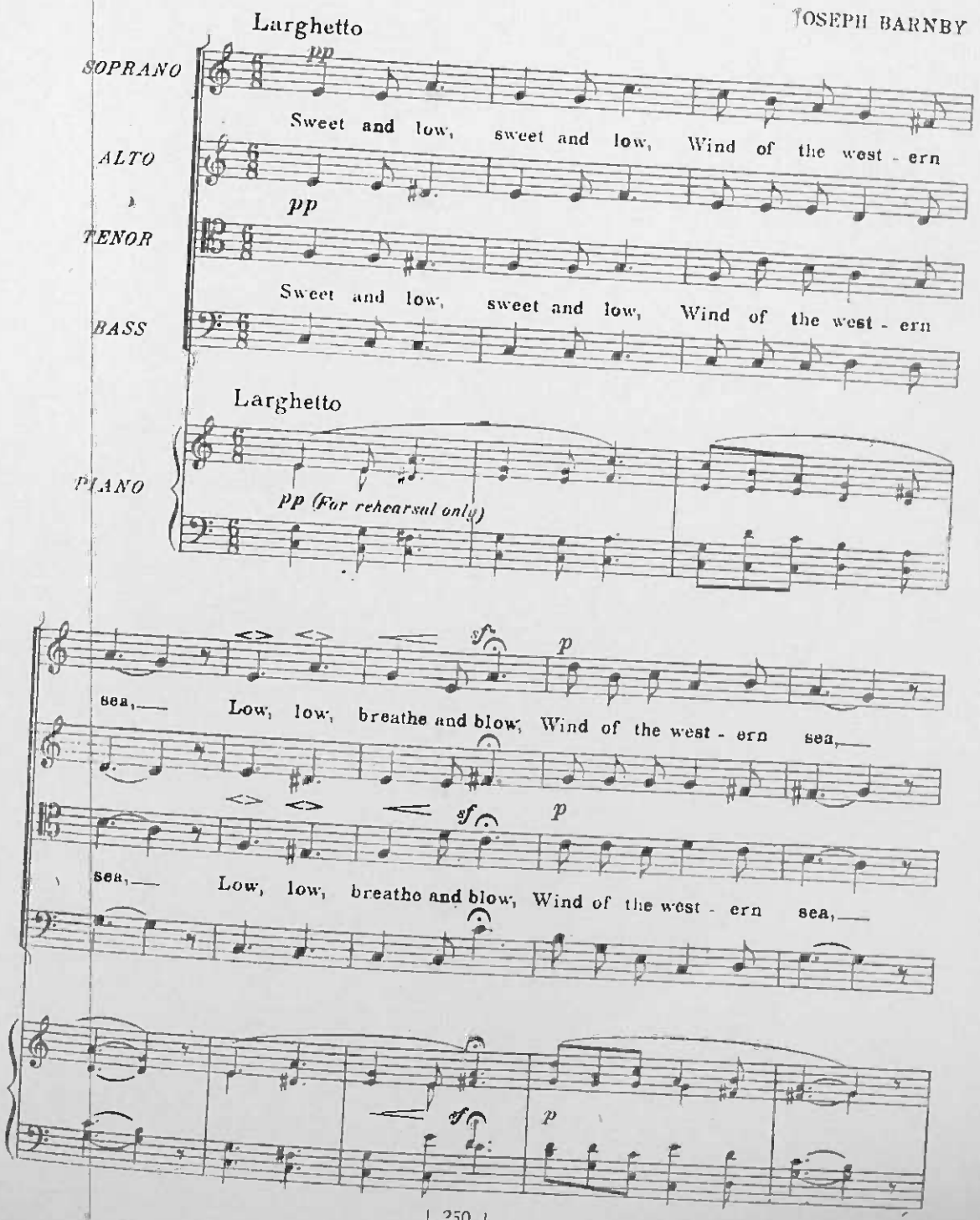
"Where there is a Butler, there is a song."

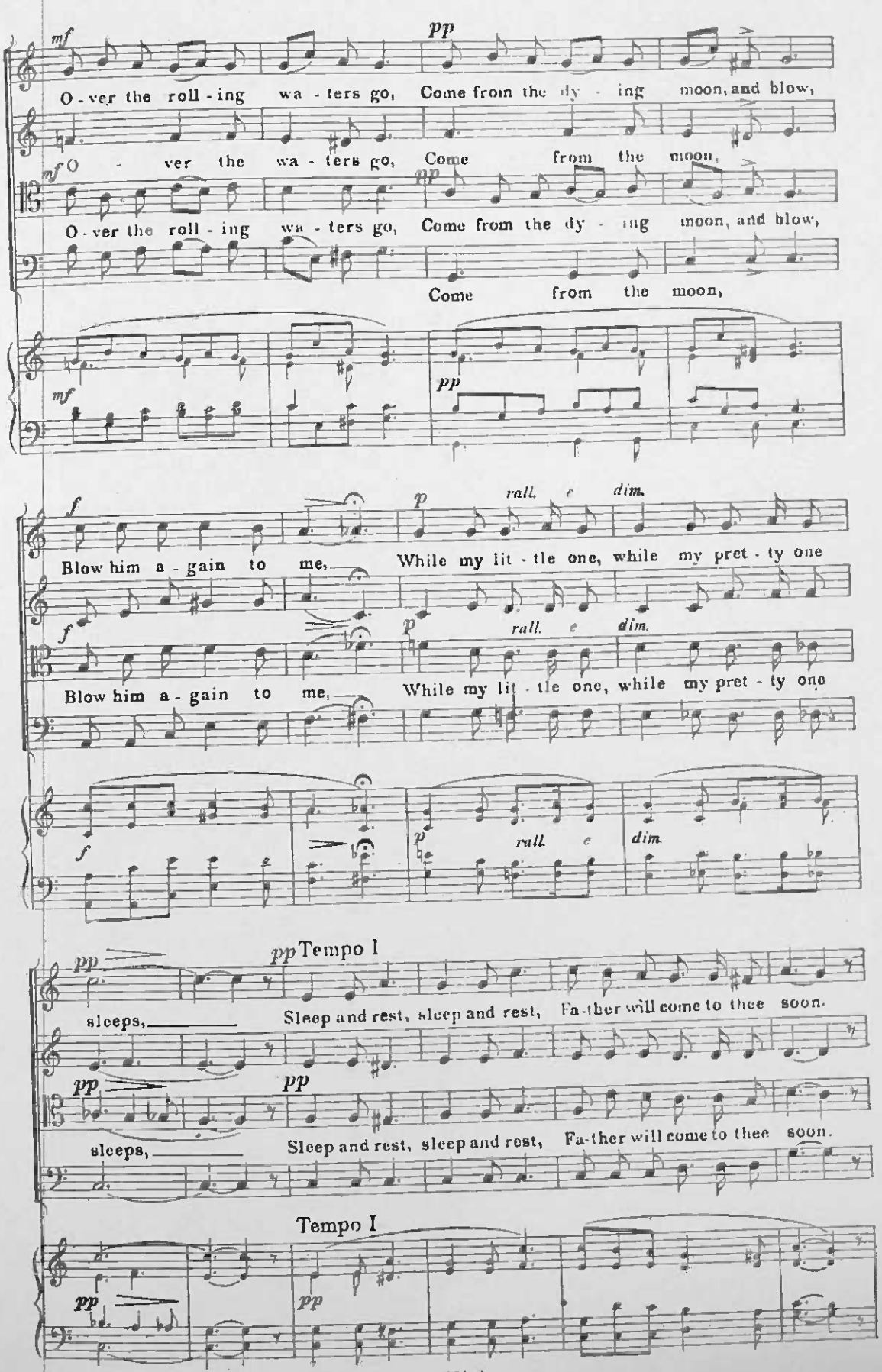
SWEET AND LOW
A LULLABY

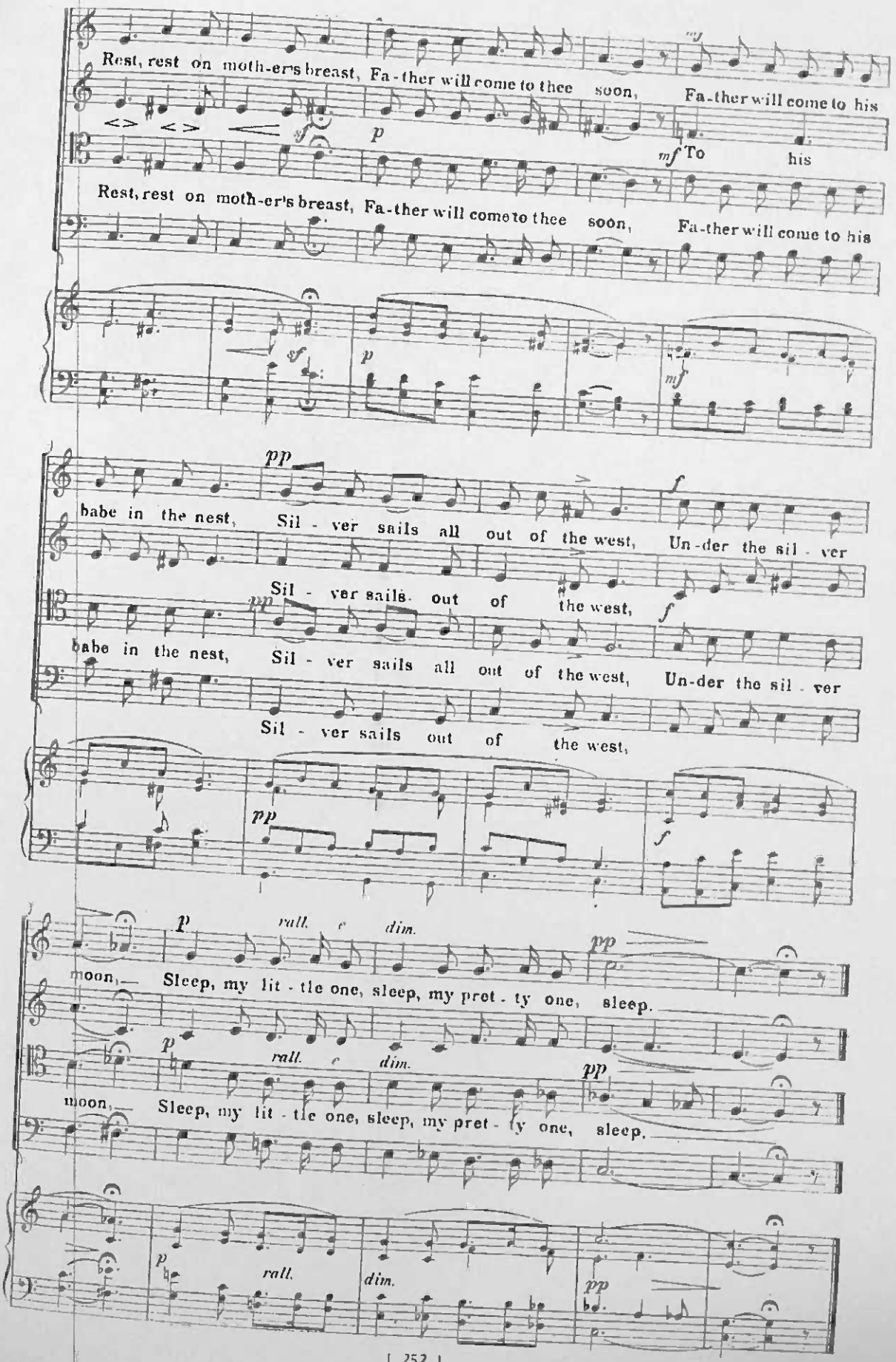
FOR MIXED VOICES

ALFRED TENNYSON

JOSEPH BARNBY

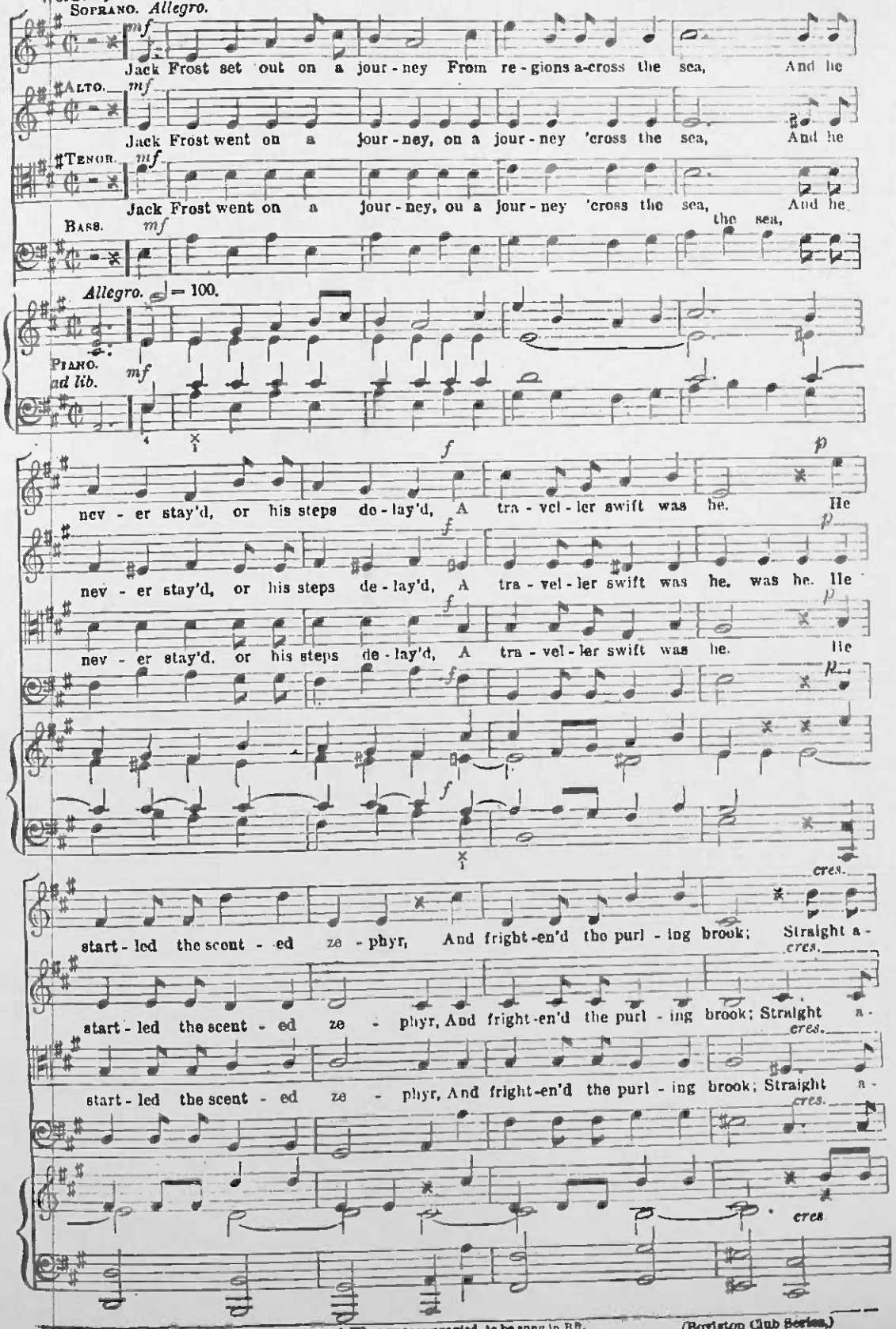



mf
pp
O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon, and blow,
mf O - ver the wa - ters go, Come from the moon,
pp
O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon, and blow,
Come from the moon,
mf
pp
f
p rall. e dim.
Blow him a - gain to me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one
f
p rall. e dim.
Blow him a - gain to me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one
f
p rall. e dim.
pp
pp Tempo I
sleeps, Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon.
pp
pp
sleeps, Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon.
Tempo I
pp
pp


Rest, rest on moth-er's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon, Fa-ther will come to his
To his
Rest, rest on moth-er's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon, Fa-ther will come to his
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un-der the sil - ver
Sil - ver sails out of the west,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un-der the sil - ver
Sil - ver sails out of the west,
moon, Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.
moon, Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.

JACK FROST.

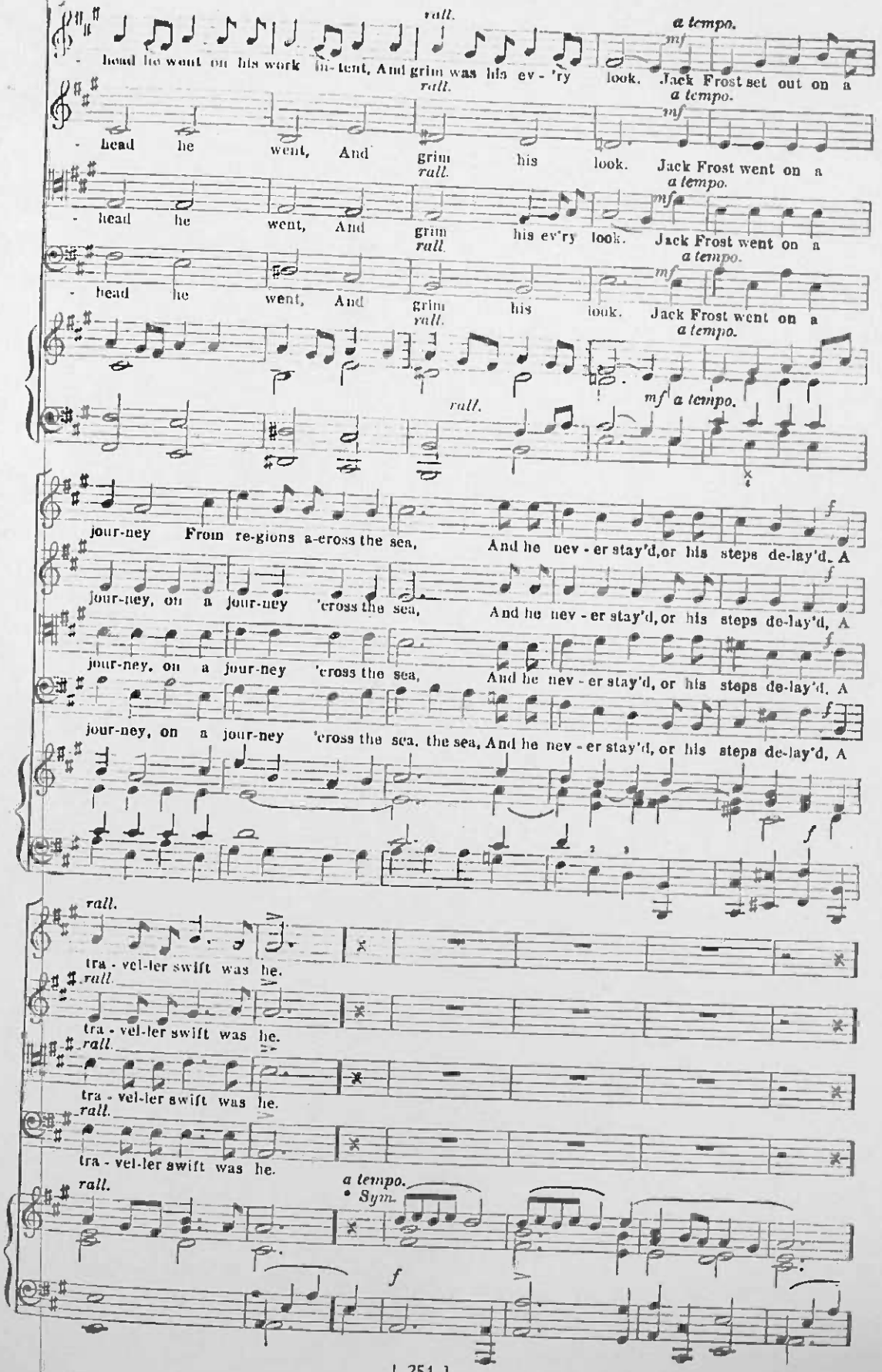
Words by EDWARD OXENFORD. Music by ALFRED R. GAUL.

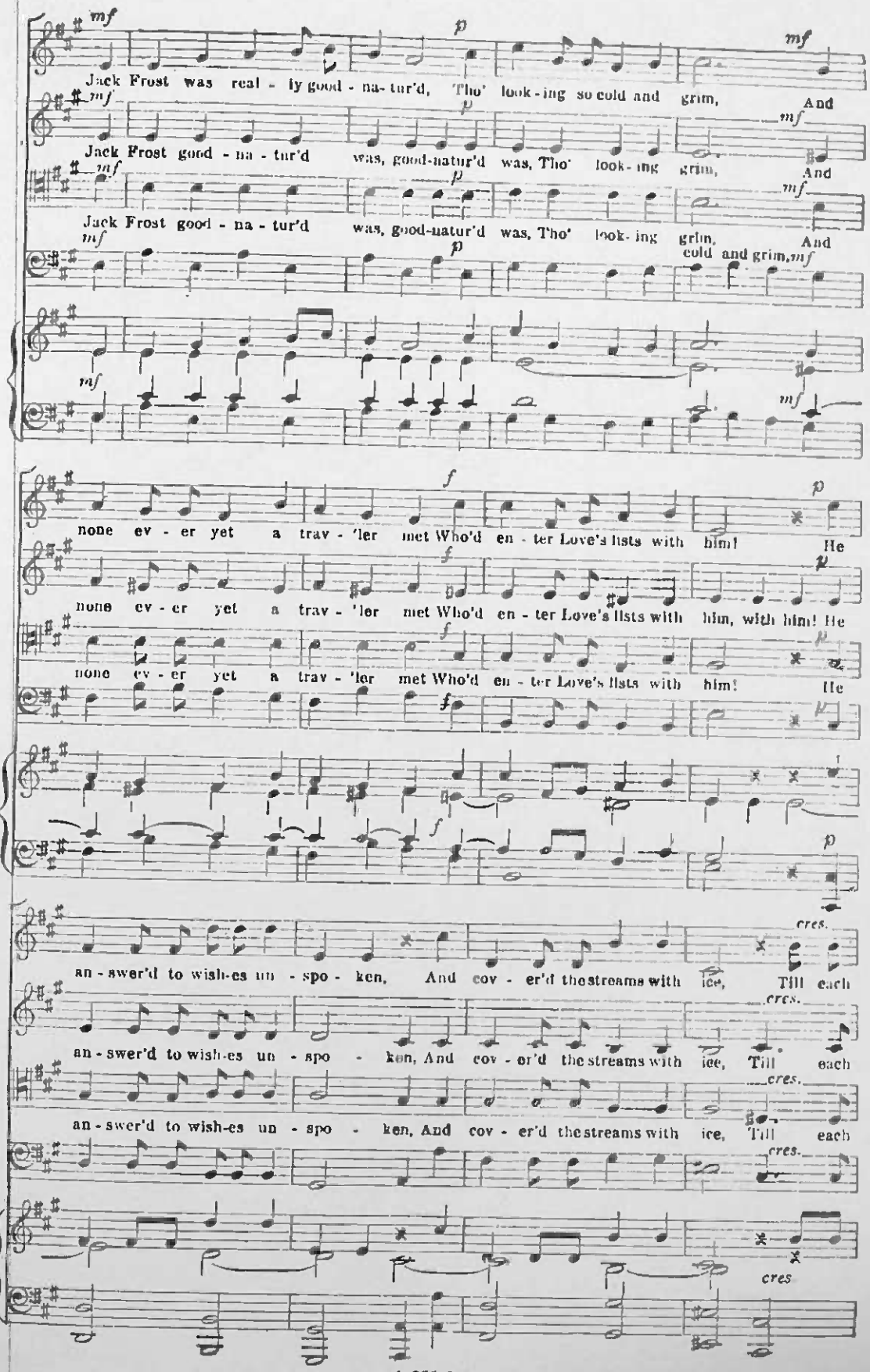

SOPRANO. Allegro.
mf
Jack Frost set out on a jour - ney From re - gions a-cross the sea, And he
ALTO.
mf
Jack Frost went on a jour - ney, on a jour - ney 'cross the sea, And he
TENOR.
mf
Jack Frost went on a jour - ney, on a jour - ney 'cross the sea, And he
BASS.
mf
the sea,
Allegro. ♩ = 100.
PIANO. ad lib.
mf
f
p
nev - er stay'd, or his steps de - lay'd, A tra - vel - ler swift was he. He
nev - er stay'd, or his steps de - lay'd, A tra - vel - ler swift was he. was he. He
nev - er stay'd, or his steps de - lay'd, A tra - vel - ler swift was he. He
cres.
start - led the scent - ed ze - phyr, And fright-en'd the purl - ing brook; Straight a -
start - led the scent - ed ze - phyr, And fright-en'd the purl - ing brook; Straight a -
start - led the scent - ed ze - phyr, And fright-en'd the purl - ing brook; Straight a -
cres.

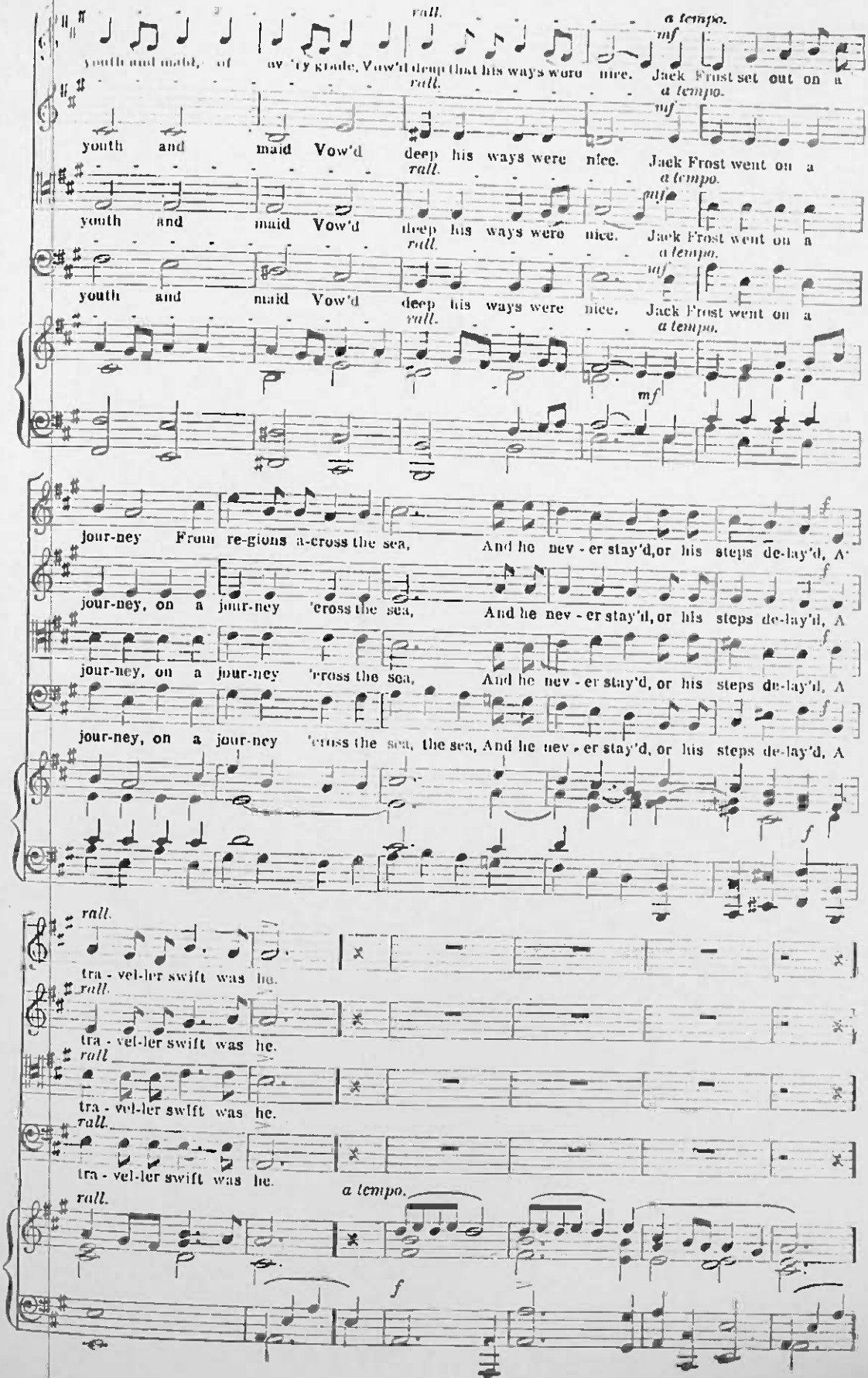
(8 pp.) (8)

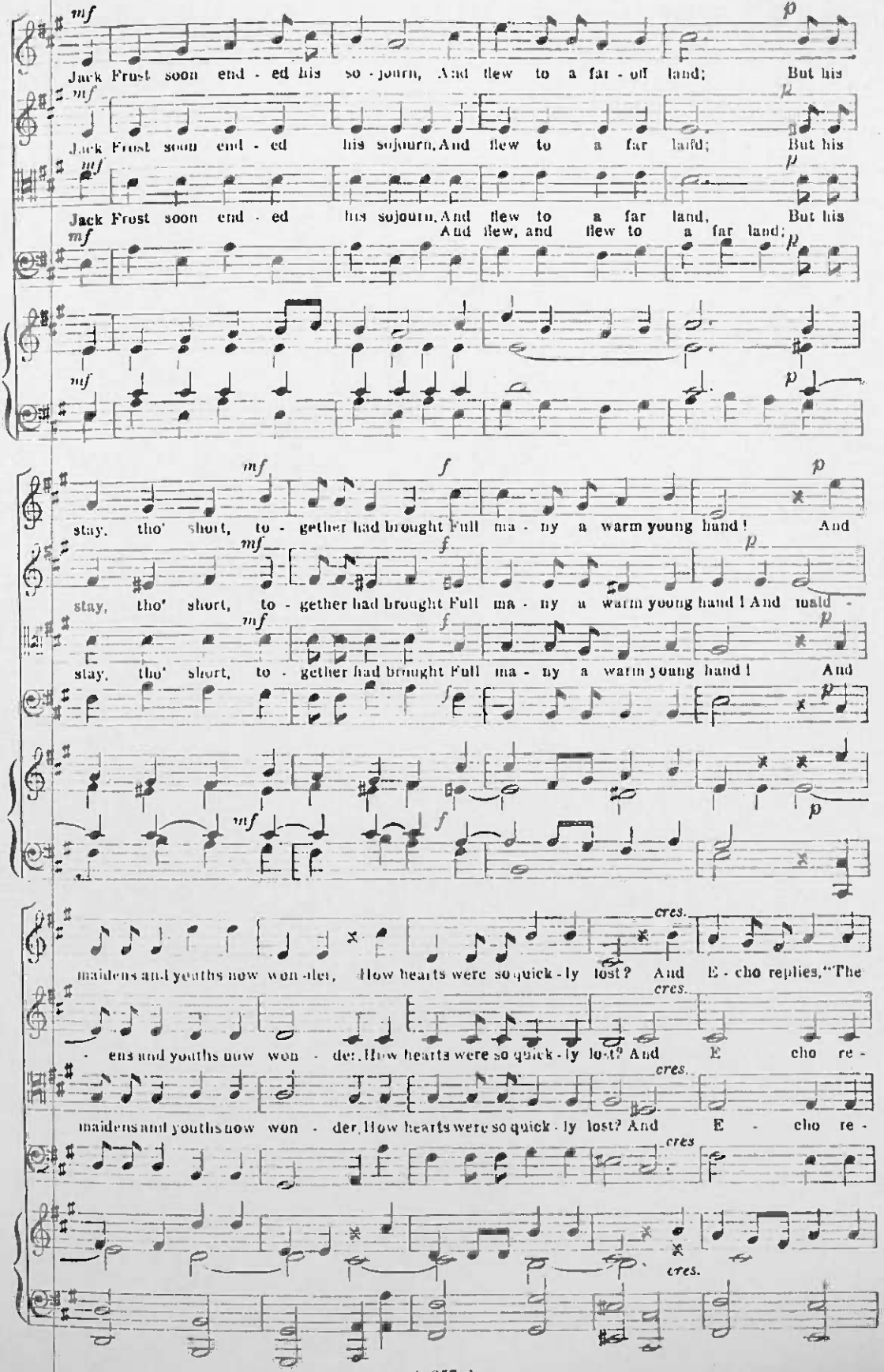
* When unaccompanied, to be sung in B♭.

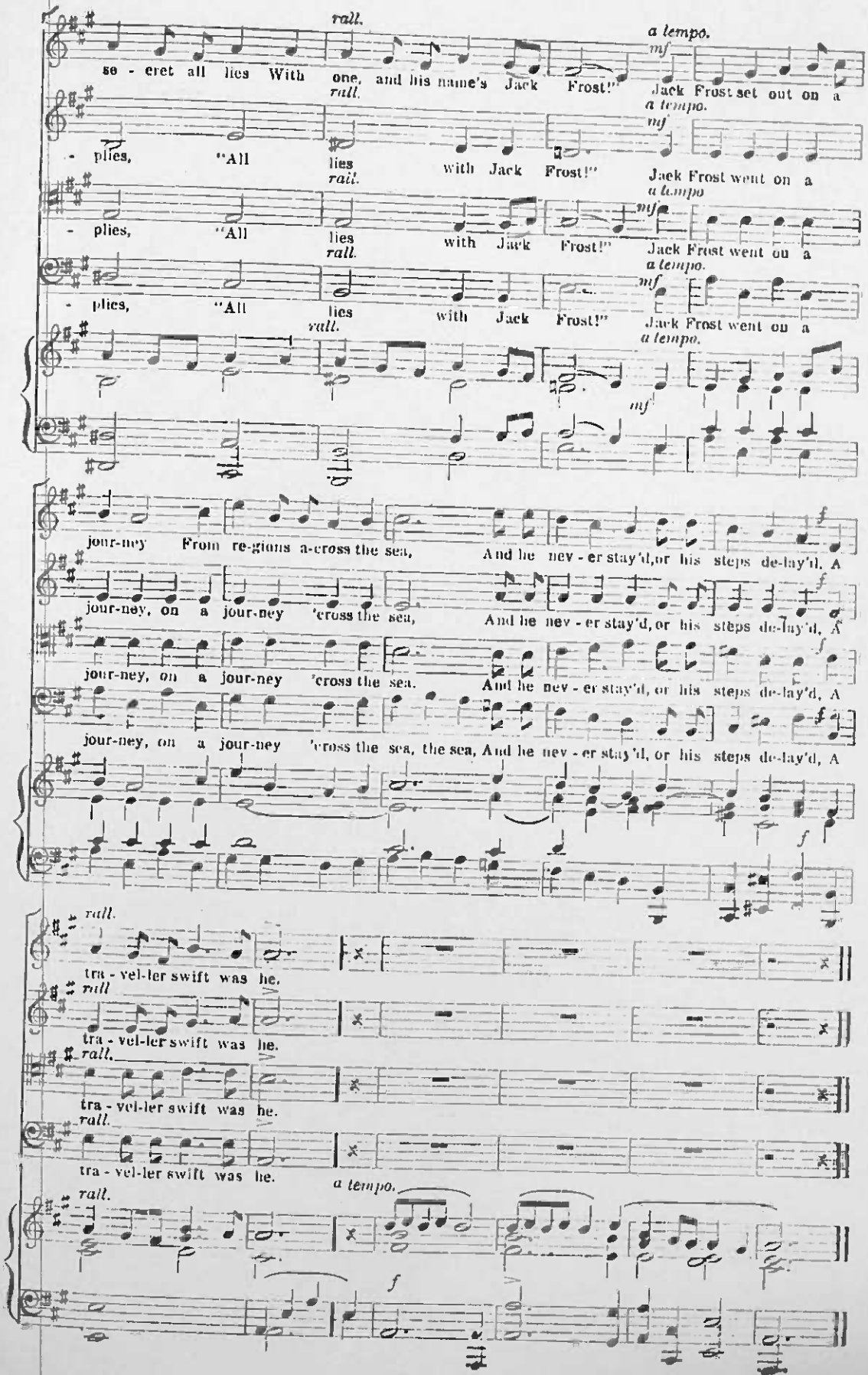
(Boylston Club Series.)


rall.
a tempo.
mf
- head he went on his work in-tent, And grim was his ev-'ry look. Jack Frost set out on a
- head he went, And grim his look. Jack Frost went on a
- head he went, And grim his ev'ry look. Jack Frost went on a
- head he went, And grim his look. Jack Frost went on a
jour-ney From re-gions a-cross the sea, And he nev-er stay'd, or his steps de-lay'd. A
jour-ney, on a jour-ney 'cross the sea, And he nev-er stay'd, or his steps de-lay'd, A
jour-ney, on a jour-ney 'cross the sea, And he nev-er stay'd, or his steps de-lay'd, A
jour-ney, on a jour-ney 'cross the sea, the sea, And he nev-er stay'd, or his steps de-lay'd, A
f
tra-vel-ler swift was he.
tra-vel-ler swift was he.
tra-vel-ler swift was he.
tra-vel-ler swift was he.
a tempo.
Sym.


Jack Frost was real - ly good - na - tur'd, Tho' look - ing so cold and grim, And
Jack Frost good - na - tur'd was, good-natur'd was, Tho' look - ing grim, And
Jack Frost good - na - tur'd was, good-natur'd was, Tho' look - ing grim, And
cold and grim,
none ev - er yet a trav - 'ler met Who'd en - ter Love's lists with him! He
none ev - er yet a trav - 'ler met Who'd en - ter Love's lists with him, with him! He
none ev - er yet a trav - 'ler met Who'd en - ter Love's lists with him! He
an - swer'd to wish-es un - spo - ken, And cov - er'd the streams with ice, Till each
an - swer'd to wish-es un - spo - ken, And cov - er'd the streams with ice, Till each
an - swer'd to wish-es un - spo - ken, And cov - er'd the streams with ice, Till each
cres


youth and maid, of ev'ry grade, Vow'd deep that his ways were nice. Jack Frost set out on a
youth and maid Vow'd deep his ways were nice. Jack Frost went on a
youth and maid Vow'd deep his ways were nice. Jack Frost went on a
youth and maid Vow'd deep his ways were nice. Jack Frost went on a
jour-ney From re-gions a-cross the sea, And he nev - er stay'd, or his steps de-lay'd, A
jour-ney, on a jour-ney 'cross the sea, And he nev - er stay'd, or his steps de-lay'd, A
jour-ney, on a jour-ney 'cross the sea, And he nev - er stay'd, or his steps de-lay'd, A
jour-ney, on a jour-ney 'cross the sea, the sea, And he nev - er stay'd, or his steps de-lay'd, A
tra - vel-ler swift was he.
tra - vel-ler swift was he.
tra - vel-ler swift was he.
tra - vel-ler swift was he.
rall.
a tempo.
mf
f


Jack Frost soon end - ed his so - journ, And flew to a far - off land; But his
Jack Frost soon end - ed his sojourn, And flew to a far land; But his
Jack Frost soon end - ed his sojourn, And flew to a far land, But his
And flew, and flew to a far land;
stay, tho' short, to - gether had brought Full ma - ny a warm young hand! And
stay, tho' short, to - gether had brought Full ma - ny a warm young hand! And maid -
stay, tho' short, to - gether had brought Full ma - ny a warm young hand! And
maidens and youths now won - der, How hearts were so quick - ly lost? And E - cho replies, "The
- ens and youths now won - der, How hearts were so quick - ly lost? And E cho re -
maidens and youths now won - der, How hearts were so quick - ly lost? And E - cho re -
cres.


rall.
a tempo.
mf
se - cret all lies With one, and his name's Jack Frost!"
Jack Frost set out on a
- plies, "All lies with Jack Frost!"
Jack Frost went on a
jour-ney From re-gions a-cross the sea, And he nev - er stay'd, or his steps de-lay'd, A
jour-ney, on a jour-ney 'cross the sea, And he nev - er stay'd, or his steps de-lay'd, A
jour-ney, on a jour-ney 'cross the sea, the sea, And he nev - er stay'd, or his steps de-lay'd, A
f
tra - vel-ler swift was he.
a tempo.

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HOMEWARD

A FOUR-PART SONG

THE POETRY WRITTEN BY H. MACDOWALL*

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR" BY

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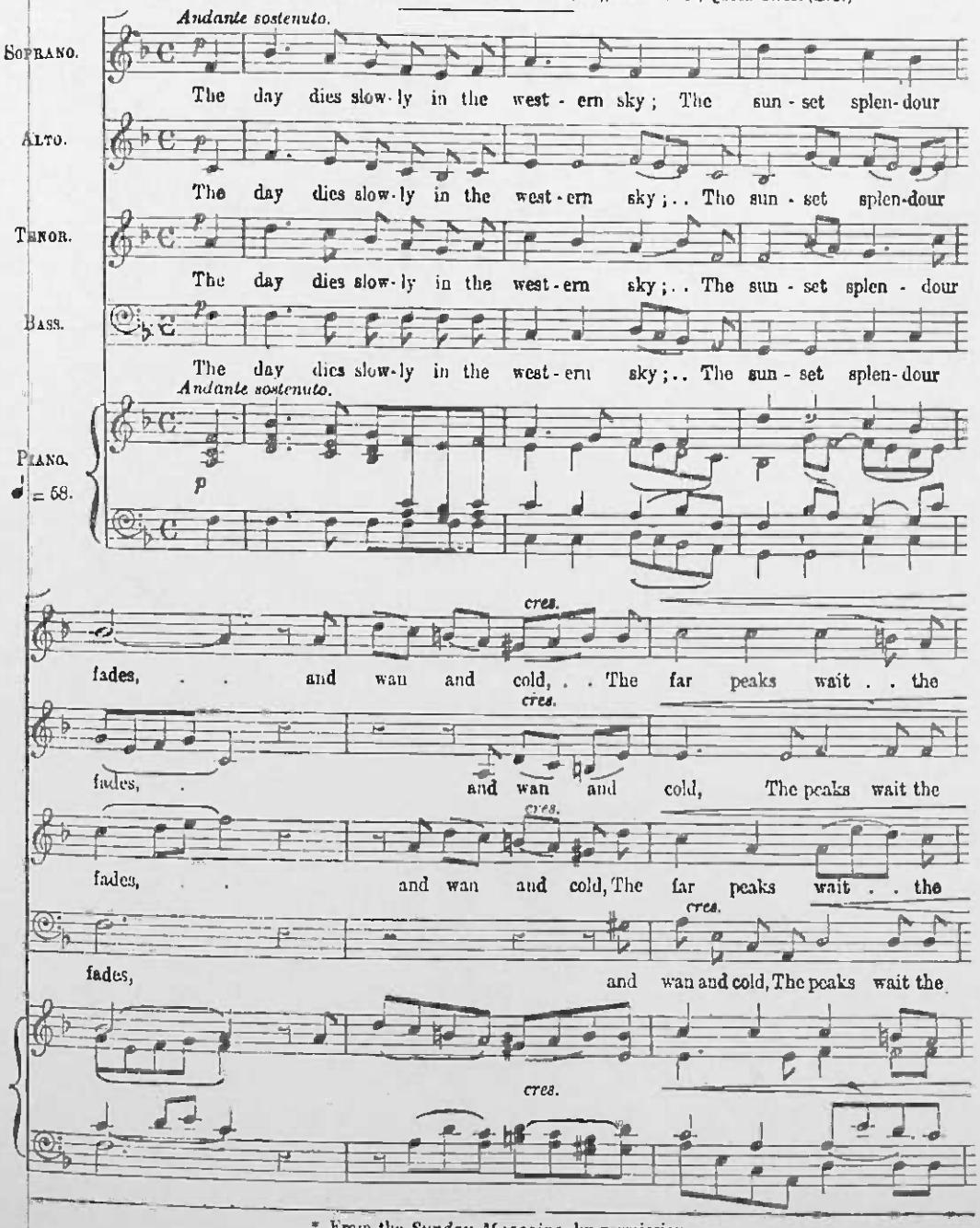
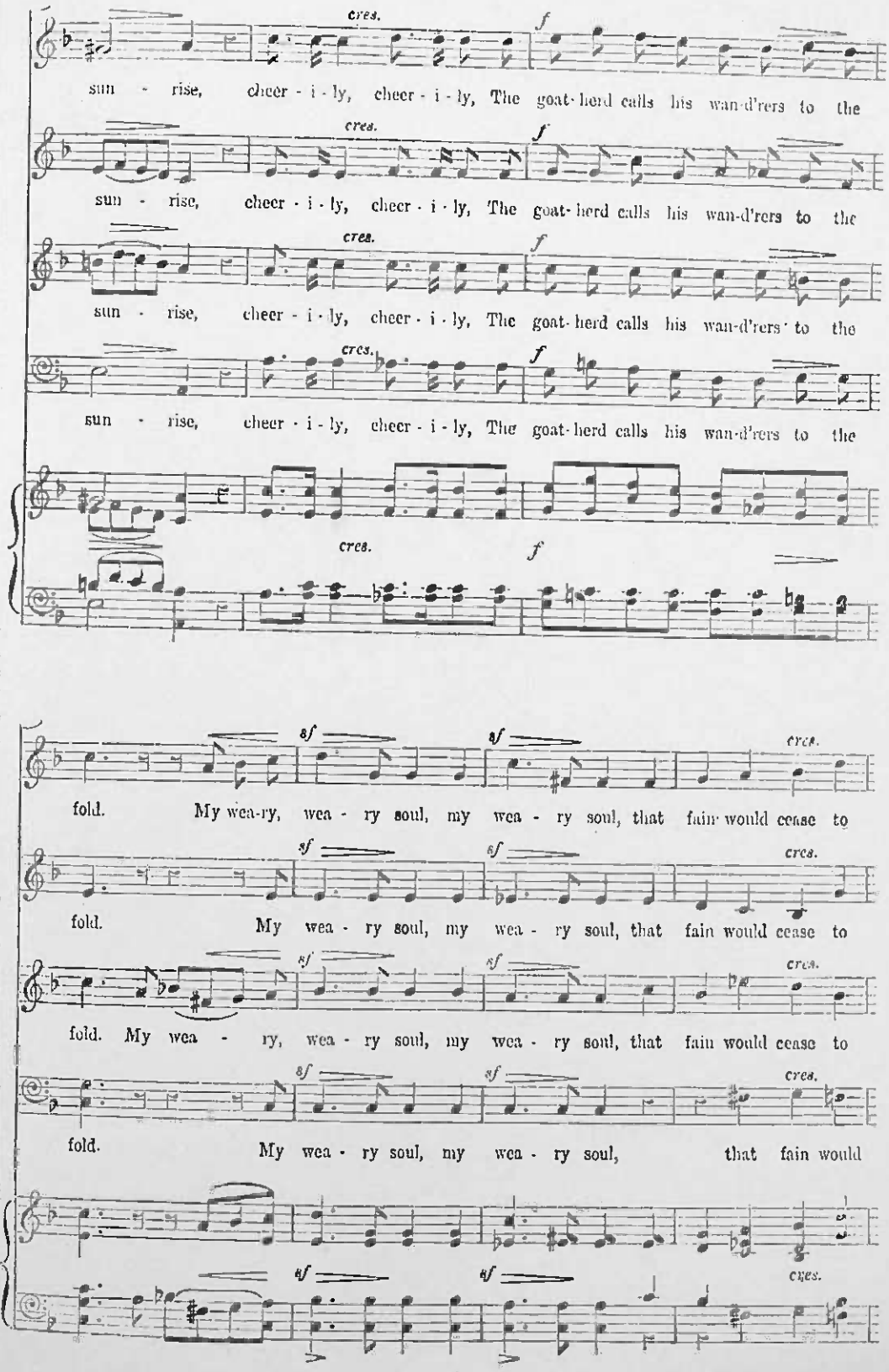
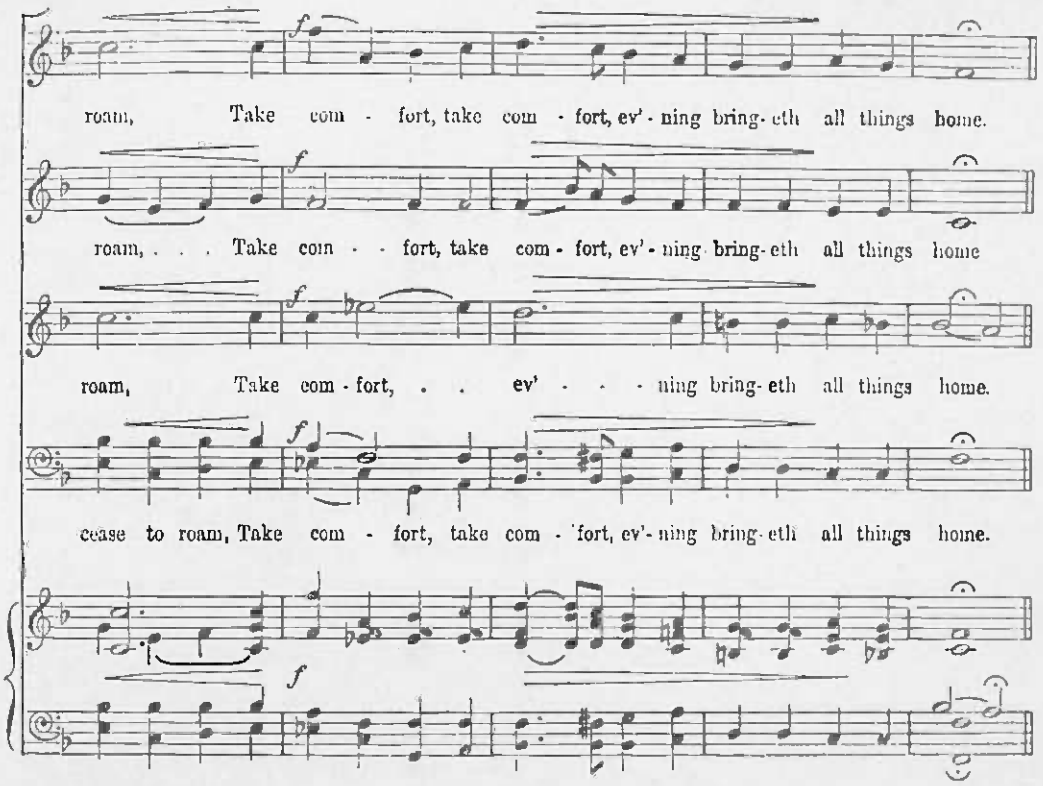
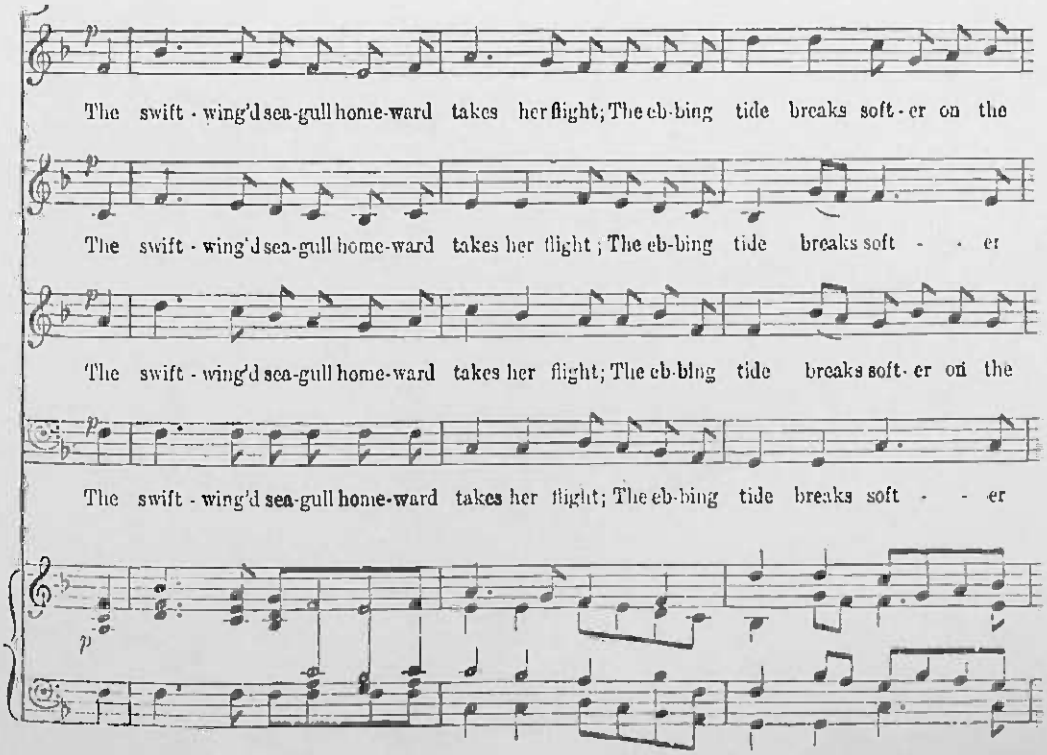
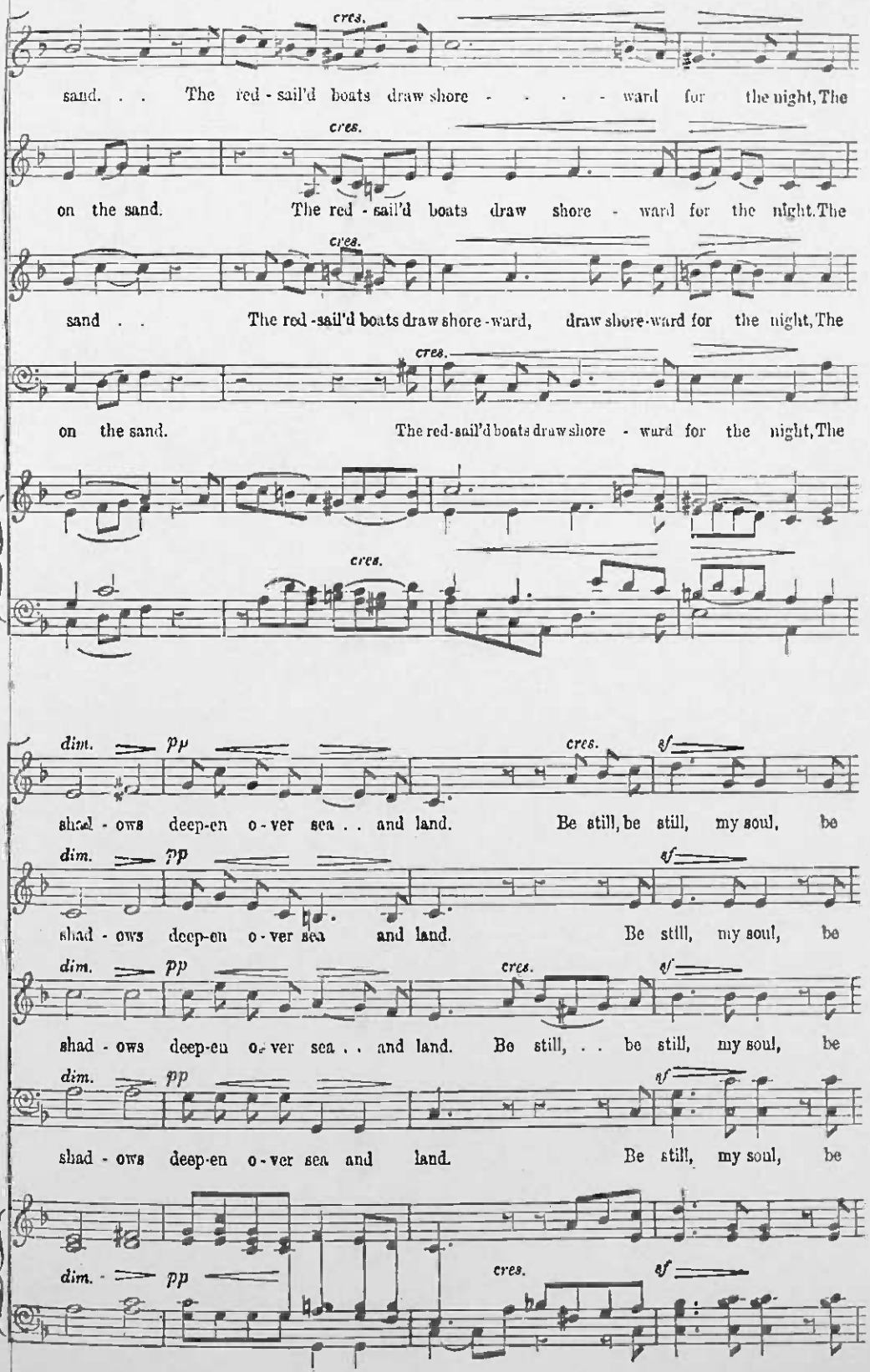

Andante sostenuto.
Soprano.
The day dies slow-ly in the west-ern sky; The sun-set splen-dour
Alto.
The day dies slow-ly in the west-ern sky;.. The sun-set splen-dour
Tenor.
The day dies slow-ly in the west-ern sky;.. The sun-set splen-dour
Bass.
The day dies slow-ly in the west-ern sky;.. The sun-set splen-dour
Andante sostenuto.
Piano.
♩ = 68.
cres.
fades, . . and wan and cold, . . The far peaks wait . . the
fades, . and wan and cold, The peaks wait the
fades, . . and wan and cold, The far peaks wait . . the
fades, and wan and cold, The peaks wait the
cres.

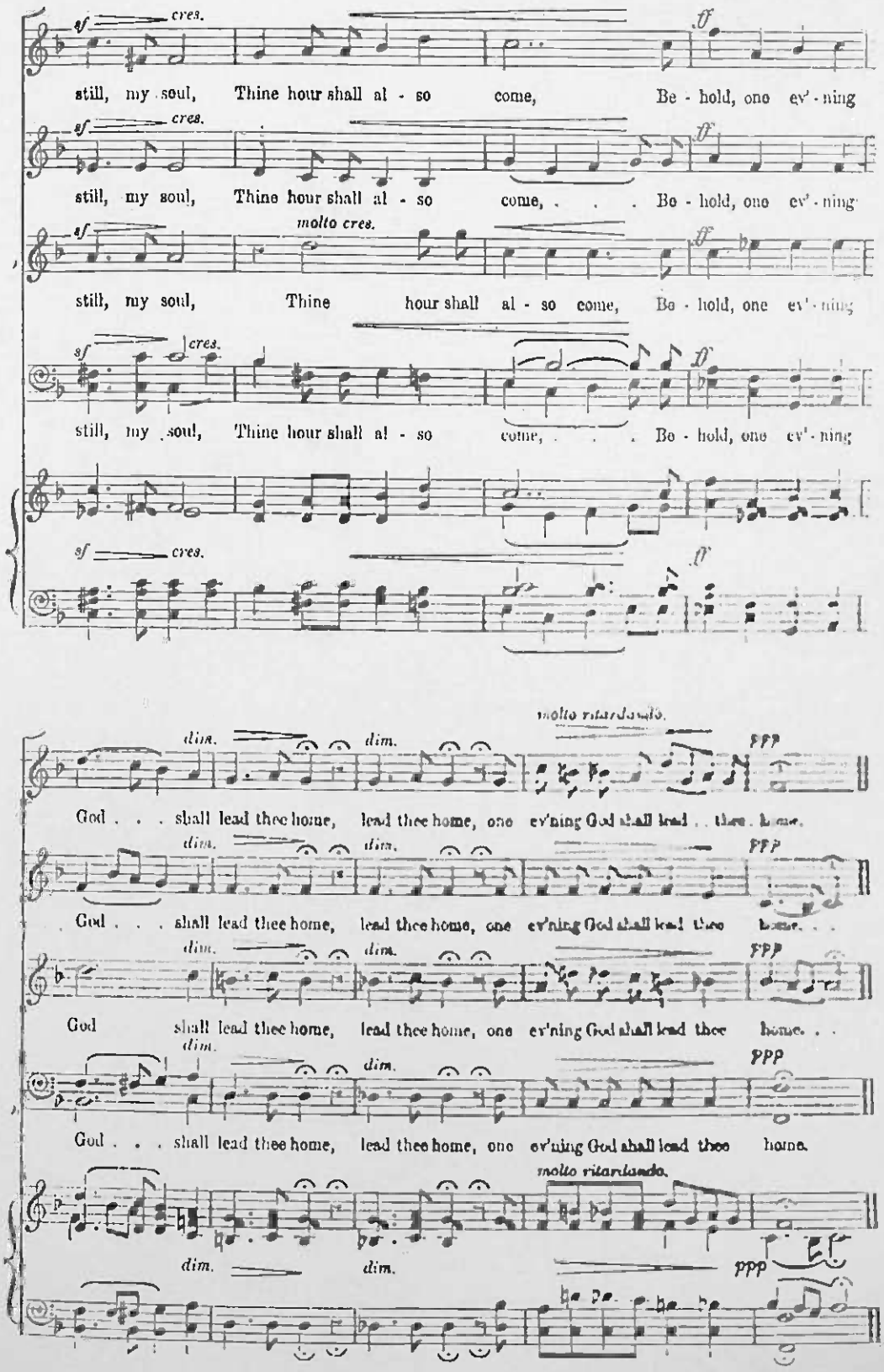
* From the *Sunday Magazine*, by permission.


cres.
f
sun - rise, cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, The goat-herd calls his wan-d'rers to the
sun - rise, cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, The goat-herd calls his wan-d'rers to the
sun - rise, cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, The goat-herd calls his wan-d'rers to the
sun - rise, cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, The goat-herd calls his wan-d'rers to the
sf
fold. My wea-ry, wea - ry soul, my wea - ry soul, that fain would cease to
fold. My wea - ry soul, my wea - ry soul, that fain would cease to
fold. My wea - ry, wea - ry soul, my wea - ry soul, that fain would cease to
fold. My wea - ry soul, my wea - ry soul, that fain would


roam, Take com - fort, take com - fort, ev' - ning bring- eth all things home.
roam, . . . Take com - - fort, take com - fort, ev' - ning bring- eth all things home
roam, Take com - fort, . . ev' - - - ning bring- eth all things home.
cease to roam, Take com - fort, take com - fort, ev'- ning bring- eth all things home.


The swift - wing'd sea-gull home-ward takes her flight; The eb-bing tide breaks soft - er on the
The swift - wing'd sea-gull home-ward takes her flight ; The eb-bing tide breaks soft - - er
The swift - wing'd sea-gull home-ward takes her flight; The eb-bing tide breaks soft - er on the
The swift - wing'd sea-gull home-ward takes her flight; The eb-bing tide breaks soft - - er


cres.
sand. . . The red - sail'd boats draw shore - - - - ward for the night, The
cres.
on the sand. The red - sail'd boats draw shore - ward for the night. The
cres.
sand . . The red - sail'd boats draw shore - ward, draw shore - ward for the night, The
cres.
on the sand. The red - sail'd boats draw shore - ward for the night, The
cres.
dim. pp cres. sf
shad - ows deep-en o - ver sea . . and land. Be still, be still, my soul, be
dim. pp sf
shad - ows deep-en o - ver sea and land. Be still, my soul, be
dim. pp cres. sf
shad - ows deep-en o - ver sea . . and land. Be still, . . be still, my soul, be
dim. pp sf
shad - ows deep-en o - ver sea and land. Be still, my soul, be
dim. pp cres. sf


still, my soul, Thine hour shall al - so come, Be - hold, one ev'-ning
still, my soul, Thine hour shall al - so come, Be - hold, one ev'-ning
still, my soul, Thine hour shall al - so come, Be - hold, one ev'-ning
still, my soul, Thine hour shall al - so come, Be - hold, one ev'-ning
God . . . shall lead thee home, lead thee home, one ev'ning God shall lead . . thee home.
God . . . shall lead thee home, lead thee home, one ev'ning God shall lead thee home. . .
God shall lead thee home, lead thee home, one ev'ning God shall lead thee home. . .
God . . . shall lead thee home, lead thee home, one ev'ning God shall lead thee home.

The Fourth of July was another holiday which the family delighted to celebrate at Oaklands in the old-fashioned way, with the shooting of fire-crackers, firearms and a general display of fireworks.

A favorite scheme was to procure an empty flour-barrel, ignite giant fire-crackers—the largest obtainable—and drop them into the barrel, where they would explode with a loud report, to the great delight of the youngsters who looked on with glee. In view of the more recent demands for a "safe and sane" Fourth of July celebration, with the elimination of fireworks displays, let it be said that in all the celebrations of this holiday at "Oaklands," there was not a single mishap or casualty.

At these gatherings of the family there were usually present father and mother Butler, their seven children, with four of the sons' wives and eight children; the eldest son Harry, with his wife and four children; Sam, with his wife and three children; Holmes, with his wife and young son; Ed and his wife; Bert, Mary and her husband and Alice and her husband, and oftentimes Jack, Sadie and Grace Albert, the young children of the elder Mrs. Butler's sister Sarah, who died when her three children were very young and but a year after her husband's death.*

The younger children had an outdoor game which afforded them continuous amusement; it was called "decalcomania," and consisted of making a number of small holes in the ground, about the size of an egg, into which were placed small objects, attractive to the eye of a child, such as colored paper, a pretty picture, a bit of decorative china, tinfoil, etc. Each was covered with a small piece of window glass and then covered with earth. In a small book was entered the exact location of each of the many decalcomanias and the game consisted in searching out and examining these objects.

A favorite pastime with the younger boys, especially Holmes

*See illustration, page 265.

GRACE, JACK AND SADIE ALBERT.
From right to left in the order named.
Nephew and nieces of Mrs. Henry L. Butler, who were visitors at Oaklands each summer, after the death of their mother in 1881. From photograph taken in 1884 on the long porch, beneath the bay window.

Junior, who was frequently joined by Willie Turner, was the game of "playing trains." It was a never-ending source of diversion which kept them out of mischief for hours and days at a time. It consisted in labeling various trees at widely scattered points about the place, with lettered signs to represent the names of railroad stations; each boy was supposed to be a train. They puffed and blew whistles, rang bells, backed and filled, loaded and unloaded imaginary freight, yelled themselves hoarse, wore out their shoeleather, and would come into the house perspiring and exhausted, but having had a glorious time of it.

Harry's two boys, Robert and Langdon, being the eldest grandchildren, were sent to school at the Staten Island Academy, then located at Stapleton, opposite the old German Lyceum, on

Richmond Road, a mile and an eighth distant from "Oaklands," whence they walked both ways each day, rain or shine.

The younger generation was wont to spend a day occasionally preparing tableaux or rehearsing an original dialogue of timely "comedy" to be presented in the form of a vaudeville entertainment after supper for the edification and amusement of the older members of the family.

This "theatrical talent" was generally furnished by Jack and his sister, Sadie Albert (a nephew and niece of Grandma Butler's), also Langdon and Holmes Butler, Jr., and sometimes Arthur Butler.

They bedecked themselves in outlandish costumes, painted their faces with rouge, powder or burnt cork, as the character to be portrayed required, printed their programmes with pen and ink and really worked very hard for the success of their entertainments given in the small music-room at Oaklands, as the programme stated, at "Butler's Music Hall."

There was no charge for admission, the plaudits of the older members of the family being considered ample compensation for any effort or energy expended.

The degree of enthusiasm and delight of the patronizing audience, whether feigned or real, may well be imagined, as they gathered on the appointed evenings, with their manifestations of great approval of the antics and acting of the performers.

This room opened directly into a large formal drawing-room or salon, reserved for formal occasions, such as receptions and weddings. A formal reception was always given to welcome a new daughter-in-law into the family circle. The first event of importance to take place here was the large wedding reception given for Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Butler, Jr., on Dec. 21, 1871, following the ceremony in the First Presbyterian Church at Stapleton. A similar reception took place there in December, 1876, when Mr. and Mrs. Samuel S. Butler were married, and

again early in February, 1880, upon the return of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes Butler, Sr., from their honeymoon trip. On all these occasions Ray, the New York caterer, had charge of the serving of refreshments to the guests.

Many ambitious musicales were given in this grand drawing-room, and some of the best concert soloists of the early '70s and '80s were guests who sang for the entertainment of many musical friends of the family.

In this room the floor was carpeted with an Axminster which excited the wonder and admiration, especially of the younger generation, with its wealth of roses and prodigious floral design.

The room was richly decorated and furnished in red. It was also the scene of the wedding of Mary S. Butler and T. Linton Alburger of Germantown, Pa., on April 14, 1887, on which occasion the organist of St. John's Church played appropriate selections on the small but well made organ, which was placed in the music-room, between the two parlors.

The house being built on high ground, its northeast windows commanded a superb view of The Narrows and New York Bay.

It was long Mrs. Butler's custom to sit at the bay-window of her room, sewing in hand, late on week-day afternoons, and watch across the bay for boats returning from the city, which would bring home the men of the family at night.

Here the summer evenings were wonderful. The sun, sinking over the hills to the west, disappeared below their horizon and flashed back its radiant rays through the trees about the tennis court, its golden shafts piercing the shadows and gradually fading, changed the twilight into the grandeur of night, as star after star twinkled out.

Oaklands.

Northeast front. In the upper bay window, sewing in hand, it was the custom of Grandma Butler to sit on week-day afternoons and watch across New York Bay, far the boats returning from the busy city, which would nightly bring home the men of the family. The house for fifty years had a commanding view of The Narrows and Upper New York Harbor. From the eminence upon which it stood could be glimpsed through the trees every now and then a white sail or an outgoing ocean steamer. There now remain but a few of these old manor homesteads along the north shore of Staten Island, where once these lovely places flourished.

The Home of My Childhood

AN IDYLL OF THE PAST

By Anna J. Granniss.

I've been a long journey and back today—
'Twixt rise and set of a single sun;
I have traveled two score of years away,
And have returned with the journey done.

To the sun-lit vale of my early youth
I bent my steps in the dewy morn,
And by noon I came to the place in truth,
And entered the house where I was born.

As I stood in the long deserted hall,
A throng of memories met me there;
They gazed at me from the vacant wall,
They called to me from the creaking stair.

They knelt with me at the cold hearth-side,
Where the gay flames danced in other days;
They mingled their voices with mine and cried,
Holding pale hands to the vanished blaze.

In the open chamber which once was mine
The sun still shone on the same old beams,
But, oh, heart of mine, how it used to shine
On the splendid castles of our dreams!

My glimpse of the world through a window given
Was rainbow-lined in that far-off time,
Then my own "Blue Hills" reached up to Heaven,
And I was eager and longed to climb.

Oh, what have I been that I hoped to be?
What have I done that I thought to do?
Return, oh, ye days of my youth to me,
Those early pledges I would make true!

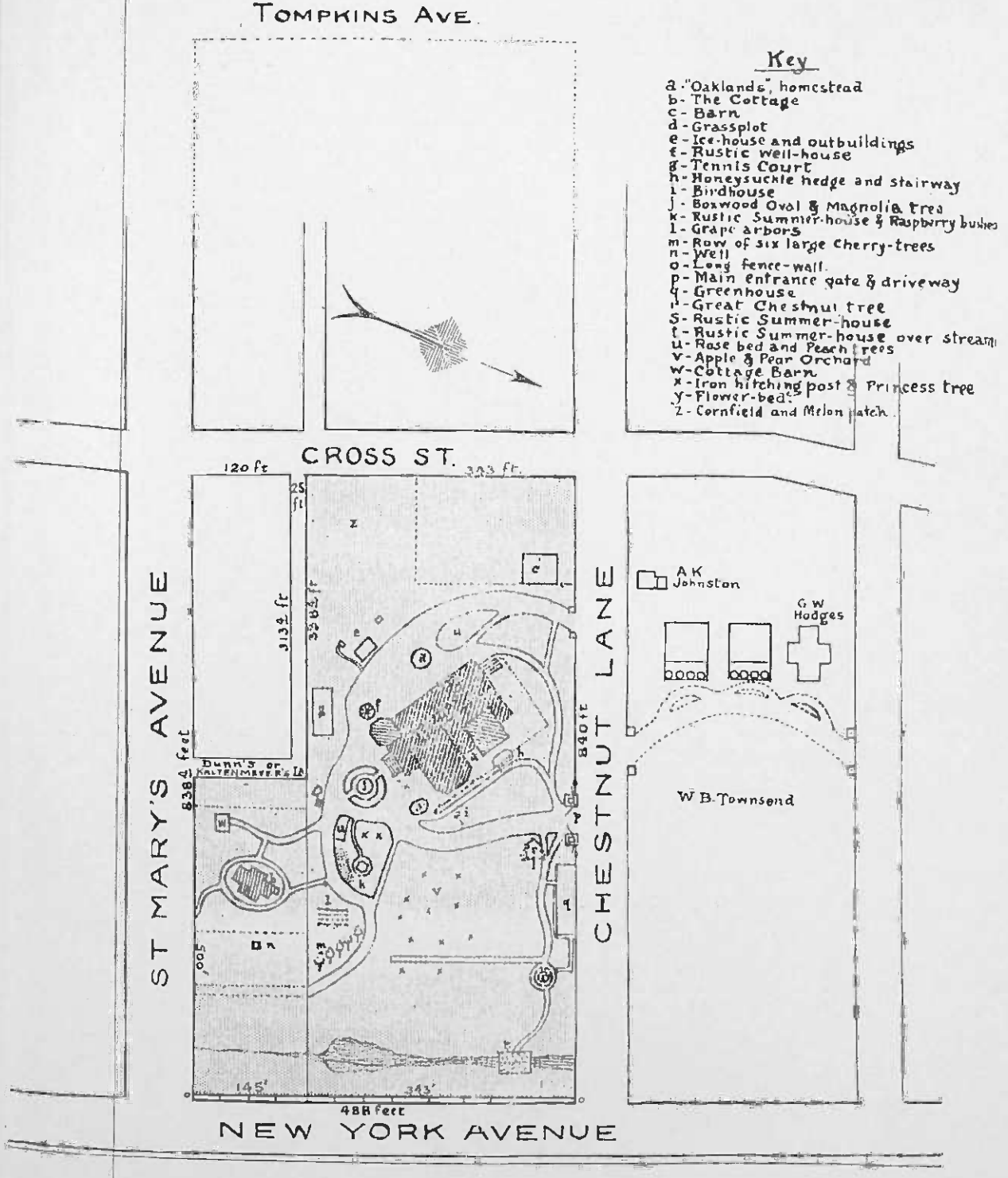
From the crimson dawn to the sweet day's close,
Still, God through Nature is calling me,
As all through the ages He calls to those
Who have ears to hear and eyes to see.

And when my spirit, as one who sings,
Thrills in response, I believe and know
That a breath Divine is upon the strings
By Nature fashioned to vibrate so.

And believing this, shall I cry "alack!"
For the unsung melodies of youth?
Shall I bid the years of my toil turn back,
The years so rich in their love and truth?

Even though the Fountain of Song be sealed,
Though I grope my upward way blind-fold,
Already to me there have been revealed
Things such as poets have sung and told.

No—the voices heard as a little child
Nor toil, nor the world's rude tones have stilled;
Life's conflicting claims will be reconciled:
Its highest purpose will be fulfilled.



MAP OF
"OAKLANDS", ~ ROSEBANK, S.I.
PROPERTY OF HENRY L. BUTLER.

Dimensions of Property taken from Tax Map of Staten Island, N.Y.

Published by J.B. Beers & Co. 1887.

Come, let us have supper this evening at Oaklands, with the hospitable, musical Butlers. The way leads up from New York Avenue, through Chestnut Lane. After walking 100 yards turn to the left, enter one of the little gates at either side of the large square pillars of stone which mark the entrance for carriages. Turn to your right within the gate, from the carriage road ahead, with its lawns of glinting green on either side, and take the narrow footpath which winds up a perceptible slope to the terrace, mounting the stairway under an arbor redolent with the perfume of honeysuckle, and you stand face to face with the broad piazzas on the northeastern front of Oaklands.

You face about and gaze over the waist-high hedge of honeysuckle, a broad lawn is flung out down a slope before you, and from this vantage point you behold above the tops of the large trees below a beautiful glimpse of the Narrows, and in the distant horizon the skyline of the greatest of cities, New York.

The path atop the terrace is graveled and well-kept, and walking along the hedge, past the large bay-windows of the parlor, before which is a wide covered porch, you follow the path to the right around the house. Here is the main entrance, and you pause before entering to look about over the beautiful scene before your eyes. In the foreground there is a large formal circle, bordered with boxwood 18 inches high, enclosing beds of red geraniums and coleus, and in the center, traversed with cross-paths through the boxwood, stands a lily-flowered magnolia tree. You can smell the delicate perfume of its blossoms. In the distance through the foliage of stately elms and oak trees is discernible the eaves of a Swiss chalet, a short distance to the southeast, beyond the boxwood circle.

You listen instinctively to the harmony of a wood thrush, and the surroundings seem so secluded and homelike that you are deeply impressed with the tranquility of its shaded curves and pathways.

The front door opens before you draw the bell-knob, and there

stands Grandfather Butler himself, with a genial smile, a cheery word and with outstretched hands, as he stands on the top step, welcoming you in.

He is both surprised and delighted at your unexpected arrival, and you walk together into the parlor. "Mrs. Butler will be down in a moment," he says, as he steps out into the entrance foyer to call to her upstairs. You select one of the comfortable looking upholstered arm-chairs and sit down, noticing that the room is both spacious and livable. Two objects in particular impress you. A Steinway grand piano and a smaller parlor organ near the door. Presently Mrs. Butler enters with a cordial greeting, the family affectionately call her "Mother."

A few moments of brisk conversation is punctuated by the appearance of various members of the family, Holmes and Nellie, with their young son and heir; Ed and Hilda, Bert, Mary and Alice; Harry and his wife and four children then come over from the cottage, and dinner begins. Sam and his wife, you are informed, have moved to Brooklyn.

A colored waiter named Thaddeus, without visible assistance, serves a wholesome and bountiful meal. The topics of the day are discussed, ideas are exchanged, while Mother Butler, presiding at one end of the table, watches quietly the uninterrupted progress of the meal; a nod or a whispered word to the waiter and everything runs on smoothly. Holmes' original humor and wit is the spice of the occasion. He is irrepressible, and keeps everyone in good humor, while Ed encourages and urges him on. Bert has perhaps been wrestling with the correct pronunciation of a certain French word meaning sugar, and endeavors to impress his two sisters, Mary and Alice, with the necessity of learning to speak French. They, however, are at the age where their thoughts are preoccupied with a more absorbing topic, and are hoping the meal will soon be over, as their respective beloveds are to call that very evening.

Supper terminates smoothly, and all leave the dining-room to

return to the parlor for an evening of music and sociability. The children disappear, for early bedtime is the rule, and Mary takes her place at the piano. She performs exquisitely.

Without interrupting the music, Charlie Parmele and Lin Alburger enter. "Let's sing something," someone suggested, after you have been introduced to these two; a double quartette of more than passing excellence gathers about the piano, and they sing well, for the love of singing, " Jack Frost Went Out on a Journey" and "Sweet and Low," or airs from "The Mikado."

And how they do sing! It seems as natural to them as to breathe, and some have had their voices trained.

Perhaps Holmes has brought his friend, James Burdette, down to the island that evening with him. Burdette's ability for entertaining is almost as celebrated as that of Marshall P. Wilder, and his parlor recitations are delightfully humorous and entertaining. His recitation on the unfortunate Irish sailor apprentice on a warship, who was induced by a shipmate to place a bucket over the muzzle of a cannon, holding tightly to the handle of the bucket, while the shipmate fired the cannon, is a great favorite.

Toward eleven o'clock, the clock on the mantel would remind you that *tempus fugit*, though you would have been entirely unconscious of it up to that time.

Thomas, the coachman, then drives up to the door with the surrey, and the parting guest is speeded merrily on his way back to the great city, accompanied to the ferry by one or two of the Butler boys, as many as there are extra seats for in the surrey, and a delightful evening has passed from reality to pleasant recollection.

The last will and testament of Henry L. Butler was dated July 22, 1889, and is recorded in the Surrogate's records of New York County. It was admitted to probate 39 days after his death, and is recorded in Liber 539 of Wills, page 369. Date of probate, Jan. 29, 1896.

In his will Mr. Butler gives his place of residence as the Village of Edgewater, Richmond County, New York.

Edgewater is the name given to the northeastern shore of Staten Island, which was first incorporated as a village in 1866, and divided into nine Wards; it extends from the southern boundary of Tompkinsville along the shore front to the southern limit of Fort Wadsworth and inland as far as Concord only.

After the formal declaration that he is of sound mind and memory, Mr. Butler states that he is 66 years of age. He first willed that as long as it shall be the desire and wish of his beloved wife, Mary S. Butler, she shall be permitted to retain and use the family silver, silver-plate, china, table-ware, pictures, ornaments and library and household furniture, and that after her death the same shall be equally divided among his children then surviving.

He made specific bequests of his ring, diamonds and other jewelry to his sons and daughters, and to the grandson who bore his name he gave his gold watch, with chimes.

To his son, Samuel S. Butler, he gave his library bookcase and a bronze statue of Augustus Caesar; to his daughter Alice the Steinway piano, a French marble clock and bronze figure of horsemen.

To his sons, J. Holmes and Edward M. Butler, he gave each a bookcase, and to the latter the dining-room clock, candelabra and an ebony desk. To his son Albert he gave his office desk.

The residue of his estate he directed was to be applied to the use of his beloved wife during her lifetime, the income from which it was his will and object to secure to his wife in lieu of her dower rights and upon her death the trust estate created should be

divided into seven equal parts and distributed in one-seventh shares each to Samuel S., Edward M., J. Holmes, Albert, Mary, Alice and to the children of his deceased son, Henry L. Butler, Jr.

He conferred authority upon his executors, in their judgment, to close up or carry on the business affairs of his firm, also to invest the principal of his residuary estate in Government, State or City bonds, his desire and purpose being that these funds should be so invested and secured as to yield to his wife during her lifetime a sure and regular income, and his estate be prudently and securely managed rather than hazarded in what might promise great gains.

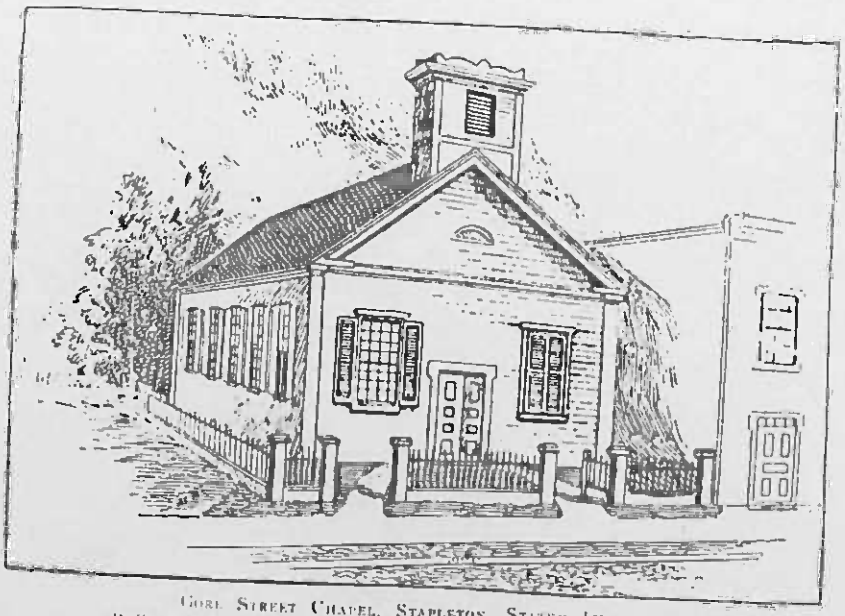
He appointed as joint trustees and executors his wife, Mary S. Butler, and his sons, Samuel S. and J. Holmes Butler.

The will was witnessed on July 22, 1889, by three of his friends, W. Harris Roome, Charles O. Morris, Junior, and Charles J. Babbitt. Charles O. Morris was his cousin.

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF EDGEWATER, S. I.

In the spring of 1856 a number of the members of the Reformed Church of Stapleton believed that the time had come for the organization of a new church in Clifton, which then gave promise of a rapid increase in population. They met for preliminary deliberation and prayer in the house of Mr. J. M. Dix, and after several meetings and earnest sessions agreed to unite in a new church enterprise.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 14, 1856, its organization took place at the house of George M. Gerard in Townsend Avenue, Clifton, by a Committee of the Third Presbytery of New York. After religious services, conducted by the Rev. S. D. Burchard, twenty-six persons presented letters from other churches and were duly constituted as the First Presbyterian Church of Clifton, Staten Island. Services were then held in a temporary chapel on Townsend Avenue.



Cord Street Chapel, Stapleton, Staten Island.
Built 1856. Predecessor of the church edifice shown on page 278.

On Oct. 1, 1856, Rev. Alonzo Brown was duly installed pastor of the church, and the same year the Gore Street Chapel was built as a Mission School.

The Gore Street Sunday School gave excellent service until 1874, when somebody set it on fire, but new friends came forward and enabled the building of a fine new chapel.

On Feb. 20, 1865, the Rev. David R. Frazer of Baltimore was invited to become the pastor. In Dec., 1865, the first steps were taken towards the building of a new church and resulted in the purchase of the church building on Brownell Street, Stapleton, which was still the Dutch Reformed Church, having been erected in 1852.

On April 13, 1868, a congregational meeting was held to consider an overture from the Reformed Dutch Church regarding a union of the two churches, the pastor of the latter having resigned his charge the previous November. It was agreed on May 20, 1868, that the churches unite under the corporate name of The First Presbyterian Church of Edgewater,* Staten Island.

The following named gentlemen thereupon became Elders and Deacons:

ELDERS:		DEACONS:	
From the Clifton Church	John M. Dix E. C. Bridgeman	From the Clifton Church	Francis McDonald Howard Parmele
From the Reformed Church	William Shaw Dr. Thomas C. Moffatt	From the Reformed Church	Chas. H. Morris Wm. Standerwick

Of the Elders, Mr. Shaw left to reside in Ireland; Mr. Bridgeman and Dr. Moffatt died. Their places were filled by Henry L. Butler, Sr., and William Standerwick.

Of the Deacons, Mr. Parmele and Mr. Morris removed to the West and their places as deacons were filled by Alfred Parmele, Benj. T. Jacobs, E. C. Bridgeman, Jr., and Henry L. Butler, Jr.

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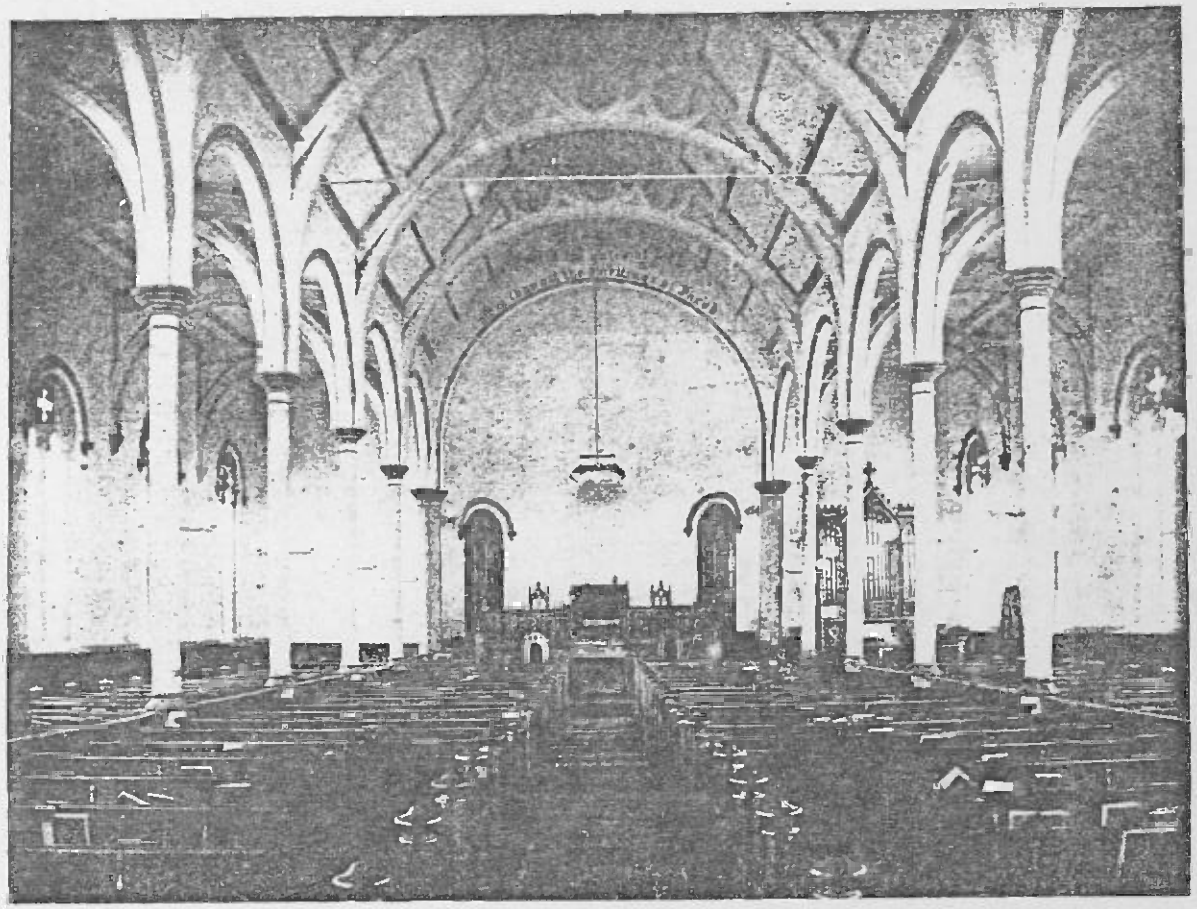
*See reference to Edgewater on page 274.

First Presbyterian Church of Edgewater, States Island.
Built 1852. Enlarged 1854. Taken down and replaced in 1892.
For nearly twenty-five years, the church home of the Butler family on Staten Island. In this church Henry L. Butler, Jr., and Cornelia White were married December 21, 1871, and their five children were here baptized.

Rev. J. E. Rockwell of Brooklyn was elected to the pastorate Aug. 5, 1868, accepted, and took charge in September of that year. During Dr. Rockwell's ministry the church prospered spiritually and materially and its membership was substantially increased.

In 1874 the Sunday School Chapel in Gore St. (now Broad) was burned to the ground by incendiary fire. In 1876 a new chapel was erected, through the benevolence of Mrs. Francis McDonald and the late Mrs. John C. Green, who donated $8,000 for this purpose.



INTERIOR OF FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF EDGEWATER.

At the time this photograph was taken, the church stood on the middle of the block on Braunell Street, between Gore (now Broad) and Harrison Streets. Later a street was cut through to Braunell Street, called McKeon Street, running close beside the church edifice, thereby placing it upon a corner. On the opposite corner of the new street was placed in 1876 the new Sunday School building and Chapel shown on page 282. The original frame church was demolished and a modern brick structure now occupies the old site of the building shown above.

SECOND EXHIBITION

OF

MRS. JARLEY'S

Celebrated Tableaux

AND

WAX WORKS,

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

The Ladies of the First Presbyterian Church,

Edgewater, N. J.

AT THE

GORE STREET CHAPEL,

ON

Friday Ev'ng, March 17.
1871

Richmond County Gazette Print, Stapleton, S. I.

[280]

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

TABLEAUX.

1. ARTIST'S DREAM.

Characters Represented.
- Spirit of the Dream,
- Artist,
- Red Riding Hood,
- Flower Girl,
- Shepherdess,
- Gipsy Girl,
- Spanish Lady,
- Faith, Hope & Charity.

2. After the Shower.

3. The Pedlar.

4. The Picket Guard.

5. The Telegram.

6. On the Ferry.

1. Coming Through the Rye.

2. May and December.

3. Night and Morning.

4. One More Shot.

5. The Interruption—Two Scenes.

6. Before and After Marriage—Two Scenes.

7. Mrs. Partington's Tea Party—Two Scenes.

PART SECOND.

Mrs. Jarley will Exhibit her Unparalleled Winking, Smiling, Naturally-Moving

WAX WORKS.

CHAMBER OF BEAUTY.

1. Maid of Honor, who pricked her finger while sewing with a No. 12 Needle.
2. The Giggler.
3. The Young Lady who Danced herself to Death at the Premature Age of 112 Summers.
4. The Ruffian Disarmed by a Smile.
5. The Prima Donna.

HISTORICAL CHAMBER.

1. Horace Greeley.
2. The Siamese Twins.
3. Mrs. Winslow.
4. Mrs. Squeers.
5. Pocahontas.

CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

1. Lindley Murray.
2. The Short-legged Boy.
3. Capt. Kidd.
4. Jasper Packlemerton—who Tickled 12 Wives to Death.
5. Beautiful Girl Pursued by an Indian.

PART THIRD.

OVERTURE AND GRAND FINALE,
By the Celebrated Orchestra of SIGNOR DORRAMO.

Dr. Rockwell's pastorate was terminated by his death in 1882, after a long and useful ministry of fourteen years.

The next pastor was the Rev. Geo. M. McCampbell, who was called to the church on Oct. 29, 1882, and continued as pastor until 1889, when he retired, and was succeeded by the Rev. Wilbur F. Wood, who continued in charge until after the departure of the Butler family from Oaklands, Clifton. The present pastor is Rev. James A. Fraser.

On Sunday, March 6, 1892, were held final services of the congregation in the old building. As was fitting, the Rev. Alex. R. Thompson, D. D., who founded the church and preached its first sermon, also preached the last sermon in it.

The old building was removed during the summer of 1892 and the corner-stone of the present fine new stone edifice on the same site was laid on the evening of Nov. 2, 1893, while the congregation standing nearby, the scene lighted by hand torches, sang the Doxology and other hymns.

The first service was held in the finished new building on Oct. 12, 1894. The new church cost $26,105.

The younger members of the Butler family always took an active part in the social and other activities of this church in Stapleton. On one particular occasion an entertainment was given at the Gore Street chapel, in which several of them participated. The novelty and unqualified success of "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works" of which affair the original program is here shown, created quite a stir on quiet little Staten Island at the time.

J. Holmes Butler was one of the so-called Siamese twins, No. 2, in the Historical Chamber; Abraham Amos, who was 6 feet 2 or 3 inches tall, was the other twin. Mrs. Jarley was impersonated by Dr. Frank Hamilton, a well-known New York physician, who apologized to the spectators because the connecting link of the twins had become lost on the journey to the church. In consequence whereof, when the animated wax figures were "wound up" the twins wandered off separately about the stage,

Chapel and Sunday School of the First Presbyterian Church of Edgewater. Corner of McKeon and Brownell Streets, Stapleton, Staten Island. Here Mary Butler Allmrger officiated at the piano for several years prior to her marriage in 1887.

greatly to the amusement of the audience. Miss Nellie White, who afterwards became Mrs. Henry L. Butler, Jr., was in one of the tableaux with her fiancé as "Night and Morning." Edward M. Butler took the part of the Short-legged Boy, No. 2, in the Chamber of Horrors. He was carried upon the stage in a large packing case, Mrs. Jarley explaining that the box had only just been delivered by the expressman and it would therefore have to be unpacked on the stage, which was done, and Ed. Butler was thereupon lifted out and placed upon the floor, standing

like a wax figure and stiff as a ramrod. Dr. John L. Feeney, of Stapleton, played the role of Lindley Murray in the Chamber of Horrors.

A second exhibition of Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works and tableaux under the management of the ladies of the First Presbyterian Church, Edgewater, Staten Island, was given at the Gore Street Chapel on the evening of Friday, March 17, 1871.

The entertainment opened with an overture by the burlesque orchestra, under the directorship of Prof. Dorramo. The most attractive feature of the tableaux was "The Artist's Dream." The characters in this tableau were greatly admired for their graceful, gliding movements as they appeared and vanished in the dream. Mrs. Feeny, the spirit of the dream, sustained her difficult part well.

Miss Nellie White, the stately Spanish lady, was greatly admired. The crowning feature of the evening was the Wax Works. The exhibitor, Mrs. Bowden, was a lady of refinement and culture and well qualified for the part assigned her. Her descriptive powers were fine. The "Beautiful Girl," Miss Rosie Fry, of New Orleans, and the prima donna, Miss Hamilton, of New York, attracted considerable attention. The pianist, Mr. Benedict of Pacific St., Brooklyn, was deservedly applauded for his fine display of musical talent. The entertainment was a delightful one and despite the severe storm passed off very pleasantly.—Account from "Our Society," a New York social newspaper, issue of April 1, 1871.

Mrs. Henry L. Butler, Sr., as we have seen, was a Stryker, and it is well at this juncture to consider the ancestry from which such fine, sturdy qualities were drawn.

THE STRYKER FAMILY.

The Strÿcker family is of remote antiquity in Holland. In 1643 Jan and Jacobus Van Strÿcker received from the States General of The Netherlands a grant of land in the colony of New Amsterdam, upon consideration that they took out with them to America twelve other families at their own expense.

Eight years afterward the offer was acted upon, and then the younger brother Jacobus* left Holland, one year before *Jan*,

*Jacobus Gerritsen Strÿcker, younger brother of Jan Strÿcker, who generally wrote his name Jacob Strÿcker, came to America in 1651 and on February 11, 1653, bought "a lot of land on the west side of the Great Highway on the cross street running from the said highway to the shore of the North River, Manhattan Island." This "lot," or a portion of it is still in the possession of the family.

The river front of this estate belongs in perpetuity to the family and can not be taken from them by City legislation. We can but sincerely wish that the city in its hurry and rush uptown might pass the old mansion untouched, leaving it to remain just as it is, a beautiful reminder of one of the few remaining old manor homesteads of old Knickerbocker days in New York. Between 52nd and 53rd Streets a narrow lane turns down toward the Hudson from 11th Avenue. The stroller who turns from the dust, noise and squalor of the adjacent neighborhood into this quiet nook, feels as if he had suddenly dropped into some rural village. The lane is called Striker's Lane; the gate at its head gives entrance to the grounds which are guarded with care from the encroachment of the city's progress upon this secluded corner; square feet of which have grown to be worth as much as whole acres had been valued at. The house with its stone walls three feet thick, originally faced the river; it was built on a slight rise of ground and from the porch the owners could look across the river to the Jersey shore still clad in primeval wood.

In 1867 Gen. Garrit H. Striker was living in the old mansion on what is now 11th Avenue and 52nd Street; a picture of him within the house shows a gentleman of the old school, of fine proportions and soldierly bearing. The ceilings of the old house are low, but the rooms large and the halls

and founded the old Knickerbocker family of this name in and near New Amsterdam, now New York. In 1651 Jan took the lead in founding a Dutch colony on Long Island, at what is now Flatbush, Brooklyn: he had emigrated in 1652 from Ruinen, Province of Drenthe, Netherlands. He was born in 1615 and died prior to 1697. Jan Strÿcker was thrice married; his first wife being Lambertje Senbering, whom he married in Holland, and was living as late as 1663, there were eight children. He was a magistrate for Flatbush most of the time from 1654 to 1673, when the various towns of Midwout (Flatbush), Breuckelin, Amersfoort, Utereeht, Boswyck and Gravesend selected him as Schepen. He was a member of the Special Assembly called by the Burgomasters in New Amsterdam, Apr. 10, 1661, to consider the precarious condition of the country. He was a man of ability and education.

PIETER STRŸCKER, his son, born Nov. 1, 1653, was the seventh child of Jan and Lambertje S. Stryeker; he was one of the patentees of the town of Flatbush, named in the Dongan Patent, Nov. 12, 1685; was High Sheriff of Kings County, L. I., commissioned Nov. 2, 1683; Judge of the Court from 1720 to 1722. On Dec. 27, 1689, he was Captain of Foot Militia. His residence in Flatbush—torn down in 1817—was a stately Holland brick dwelling in quaint Dutch style, with the letters "P. S., 1696," over the doorway, and certainly its appearance indicated a home of genuine hospitality: Garret Stryker, his descendant, lives on this property now, it having never passed out of the family. He was married on May 29, 1681, to

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wide and today all the old belongings, the carved wooden mantels, the brass fenders, andirons and much of the furniture are kept with the greatest care and in perfect order. The polished mahogany balustrade ends in a carved lion's head and a vivid suggestion of olden times is found in the old oaken chair in the hall, a portrait of Captain MacDougall (Mrs. Garrit Striker's father) in light blue coat and ruffles and still another of Jacobus Van Strÿcker in a deep collar and velvet pourpoint.

Annetje Barends. They had eleven children. Pieter Stryeker died June 11, 1741.

JAN STRYCKER, the third child of Pieter and Annetje Barends Stryeker, left Flatbush, his birthplace, May 10, 1740, and removed with his family to Franklin Township, Somerset County, N. J.

In connection with this purchase of Jersey land it is well to note that the Dutch land owners in and around New York thought the rule of the British crown very oppressive. Looking across the harbor, they saw the fine farms and the benign rule of the Proprietors of New Jersey, and they resolved that at least some of their descendants should settle there. The exactions of the English in the matter of their town governments and more especially the establishment of the Church of England among them, made them long to remove away from their conquerors. Various parcels of land were purchased by companies, and the Stryeker family selected the fertile soil of Somerset County (N. J.) for their future home; the good service performed by their descendants in the Revolutionary War in the Somerset County Militia is fully recorded by Gen. Wm. S. Stryker* in his valuable work entitled "Officers and Men of New Jersey in the Revolutionary War." Jan Stryeker married twice; his first wife was Margarita Schenck, whom he married in 1701. They had nine children. She died in August, 1721. His second wife's name was Sara Bergen of Brooklyn, N. Y.

ABRAM STRYKER,† son of Jan and Margarita Schenck

*See page 316.

†See "Genealogical Record of the Stryeker Family," by William S. Stryeker, pp. 19, 28.
"Early Germans of New Jersey," p. 510.
"Early Settlers of Kings County," by Bergen, p. 289.
"Officers and Men of New Jersey in the Revolutionary War," by Adjutant General William S. Stryker, 1872, pages 293, 338, 772.
"Early Settlers of Trenton," by Cooley, pp. 217, 233, 238, 239, 247.

Strycker, was born August 4, 1715, o. s., at Flatbush, Long Island.

When he was twenty-five years of age, his parents had decided to leave the place of his birth, and they removed on May 10, 1740, to Franklin Township, Somerset County, N. J., and settled there on the Raritan River.

At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, Abram Stryker enlisted as a private in Capt. Peter D. Vroom's Company, 1st Battalion, Somerset County, New Jersey, Militia, which formed a part of the Second Establishment of troops. He was afterwards a private in Capt. John Ten Eyck's Company of Col. Hendrick Van Dyke's 2nd Battalion, Somerset County, N. J., Militia. He became Ensign in Capt. Vroom's Company, abovementioned.

The good service performed by the Militia of Somerset County in the war for American independence is fully recorded. At the fights at Quinton's Bridge, Hancock's Bridge, Three Rivers, Connecticut Farms and Van Neste's Mills, they bore an active part; while at the Battles of Long Island, Trenton, Assanpink, Princeton, Germantown and Monmouth they performed efficient service in supporting the Continental Line troops.

Abram Stryker was thrice married; his first wife was Ida Ryder, whom he married Nov. 23, 1739, o. s.; his second wife's name was Catriena Cornell.

His third marriage took place on Oct. 16, 1760, to Katriena Hogeland. There were four children by the third marriage:

CHRISTOFFEL H., born Sept. 28, 1761,
Peter, born Dec. 6, 1762,
Catalyne, born Apr. 21, 1767,
Jacob, born June 27, 1768.

Abram Stryker died April 4, 1777; the following year his widow remarried on July 28, 1778, one Richard Longstreet, who was called "Derick" Longstreet.

CHRISTOFFEL H. STRYKER, eldest son of Abram and Katriena Hogeland Stryker, was born Sept. 28, 1761, at the Stryker homestead on the banks of the Raritan River, Franklin Township, N. J., where he spent his boyhood days. Although but sixteen years of age, he joined the patriots who were determined to throw off the yoke of oppression and win their independence. He enlisted as a private in Capt. Jacob Ten Eyck's Company, known as the First Battalion, Somerset County, New Jersey, Militia, and took part with them in the Battle of Germantown, Pa., Oct. 4, 1777.

In both the official records of the Adjutant General's Office at Trenton, New Jersey, and of the War Department in Washington, the name of Christoffel H. Stryker appears on a list of Capt. Ten Eyck's men who marched on the 19th of June, 1780, to Springfield, where a fight with the enemy ensued on June 23, 1780.

At the close of the Revolution he married Ruth Cowart of Imlaystown, N. J., on April 9, 1789. She was born Sept. 29, 1761. They had nine children. Their son, Samuel Stanhope Smith Stryker, married Mary Scudder on Feb. 21, 1825.

Peter, the next son, married Sarah Snowhill of Spotswood, Pa., and their children were Samuel S., Thomas J. and Caroline, the latter died young.

Another son of Christoffel H. and Ruth Cowart Stryker named Thomas J. Stryker, married first Hannah Scudder, who was a sister of Mary Scudder, just mentioned. After the death of Hannah, Thomas J. Stryker married Elizabeth S. Chambers (Mrs. John S. Chambers), a widowed sister of Mary and Hannah Scudder.

Upon the death of Christoffel H. Stryker on Oct. 18, 1805, his widow married Perez Rowley. She died March 7, 1848, in Trenton, N. J.

Mrs. Samuel S. S. Stryker.
(*Nee* Mary Scudder.)
1802-1866.

Samuel Stanhope Smith Stryker.
1797-1875.

Parents of Mrs. Henry L. Butler.

SAMUEL STANHOPE SMITH STRYKER, eldest son of Christoffel H. and Ruth C. Stryker, was born at Princeton, N. J., on Nov. 2, 1797. He married Feb. 24, 1825, Mary Scudder of Scudder's Falls, N. J. They had five children, whose names appear on pages 292 and 293.

He was a gentleman of unblemished reputation; he held a high position in the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens. Modest and unassuming, kind and courteous, and strictly honorable in all his transactions, were the characteristics of his long and eminently useful life.

In 1847 he was Treasurer of the State of New Jersey, and was for many years President of the Peoples Fire Insurance Co. of Trenton.

In a letter dated March 14, 1917, Mrs. Alice Butler Parmele wrote graphically to her nephew of a conversation with her mother, Mrs. Henry L. Butler:

"In everything that Grandma Butler has told me of her parents or grandparents I have been impressed with the strong feeling of religious devotion which existed in those days. It played a very important part with everyone, not alone our ancestors. This I learn from old letters of Grandma's coming from both sides of the family. Everyone attended church on Sunday and on Wednesday evening went to prayer-meeting. It was a part of their life.

"The music which has been inherited in our family, both in my generation and in yours, comes from our Grandfather Samuel S. S. Stryker. He was passionately fond of music, had a natural tenor voice himself, as has his son, Dr. S. S. Stryker, of Philadelphia.

"Grandpa's mother was Ruth Cowart, and Grandma tells me her people were very musical. Grandpa always led the singing in his church in Trenton, standing up in his pew to do so. Grandma tells a funny little story of how on one occasion Grandpa found that he was not familiar with the hymn tune the minister had given out, so he said, quite audibly: 'I don't know that tune.' The minister quickly answered: 'Take the next.'

"Imagine music being conducted in that way in our present beautiful services!

"Grandpa was full of humor and wit; he always had a joke or a funny story to relate, and there was always a laugh in the company when he was present. I can remember that myself, young as I was while he lived. My brother Holmes is very like him.

"Grandpa was a director in the Trenton Bank, and on the occasion of the bank's banquets, held annually in February, Mr.

Stryker was always asked to sing a solo. This custom had prevailed for years, and when the time came that Grandpa grew too old to sing creditably it broke his heart, Grandma says, and he asked his son—our dear 'Uncle Doctor,' as we all call him—to take his place, which he always did for years afterwards. Grandpa Stryker died Feb. 9, 1875, in Trenton.

"Grandpa Stryker's third daughter, Sarah, was really a brilliant musician. She both played and sang exquisitely. Her parents gave her every opportunity in the way of instruction, and she played the piano beautifully. She married John S. Albert, a Captain and Engineer Officer in the United States Navy. During the Centennial Exposition held in Philadelphia in 1876 he was appointed Engineer in Chief of the machinery of the entire exposition.

"During this exposition Messrs. Steinway & Co. of New York had a beautiful exhibit of their pianos, as they always do at the national expositions, and Aunt Saide Albert was one of the artistes who played on the very special, beautiful piano exhibited there. She also played duets there with Mr. Malcolm Stetson, at present one of the high officials of the Steinway firm.

"You will realize from this what a truly great artiste Aunt Saide Albert was, and that all the music in the Butler family was inherited through the Stryker branch.

"Grandma Stryker (*nee* Mary Scudder)* was a splendid woman, a wonderful housekeeper, wife and mother. She was strong and thrifty, and brought up her daughters, Elizabeth, Mary and Sarah, to be good housewives in every sense of the word. They must learn to sew, cook and keep house, and at the same time she was most interested in having them taught music also, though she knew not one note from another herself; yet she insisted upon her children having the very best of instructors

*See page 289.

and was most particular about keeping them to the duty of practicing.

"An indefatigable worker herself, she could not abide any idlers in the home. I always look back upon Grandma's memory with something like awe; she was such a wonderful manager of her home."

Mrs. Stryker became a member of the Presbyterian Church in Trenton about 1838, shortly after the death of her son William.

She was born Nov. 10, 1802, in the old Scudder homestead at Scudder's Falls, N. J.,* and was named for her mother, Mary Scudder.

The names of her brothers and sisters are shown on pages 315–317.

Mary Scudder idolized her eldest brother, John Holmes. "Brother Holmes" she always called him—a fine type of gentleman of the old school he was. He became the husband of Alice M. Butler, who is mentioned on page 88 and they were known to the younger generation as Grandpa and Grandma Scudder.

Mary Scudder was married Feb. 24, 1825, to Mr. Stryker, by Rev. E. F. Cooley, of the old Ewing Presbyterian Church, and later they moved to Trenton, N. J., where Samuel S. Stryker, her husband, was engaged in the dry goods business.

The latter part of her life, Mrs. Stryker was an invalid, for about eighteen years, in fact, being confined to her bed the greater part of that time. She passed away Jan. 23, 1866, and her husband survived her by nine years and two weeks.

Their five children are as follows:

Elizabeth C., born Jan. 26, 1826; married Hon. Barker Gummere; died March 24, 1846. Resided in Trenton, N. J. (parents of William, Barker, Charles, Mary, Elizabeth, Isabella, Gertrude, Sarah, and of Hon. Samuel R. Gummere for many years U. S. Minister to Morocco).△

Mary Scudder,† born May 23, 1828; married Henry L. Butler

*See illustration, page 295.

†See page 224.

△ Died May 1920 in England, following a stroke of paralysis. He is buried in Wimbledon, Eng.

and removed from Trenton, N. J., to New York City, Brooklyn, and later to Staten Island, N. Y., where they resided for many years; now living in Germantown, Pa., with her daughter, Mrs. T. L. Alburger.

William S., born July 21, 1831; died Oct. 4, 1837, aged 6 years, 2 months, 13 days.

Sarah Parker, born July 13, 1838; married Dec. 19, 1872, John Seaman Albert, Chief Engineer, U. S. Navy (he died in Philadelphia, July 3, 1880, aged 45); died Aug. 7, 1881, in Philadelphia, Pa. They had three children:* Grace, born April 21, 1875; now resides in Philadelphia; John S., born Nov. 1, 1876; married Sarah Mercur; they reside at Wallingford, Pa., and have one son, John S. Albert, Jr.; Sarah Stryker, born Jan. 31, 1879; married Thomas Beaver Browne, April 30, 1902. They had two children: Samuel Stryker Browne and Sarah Browne. Mrs. Browne, called "Sadie," died June 12, 1909.

Samuel S. (M. D.), born May 4, 1842; married April 11, 1877, Grace Medora Bartlett. They had two children: Samuel Stanhope Smith Stryker, Jr., born Nov. 9, 1879; died April 12, 1901; Abner Bartlett Stryker, born March 20, 1883. They reside at 39th and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Henry L. Butler's mother was Mary Scudder, of Scudder's Falls, Mercer County, N. J. The Scudder history is proud, interesting and romantic. This family, through the Throckmortons, descended from four barons, who signed the Magna Charta and from Edward I.†

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*See illustration, page 265.

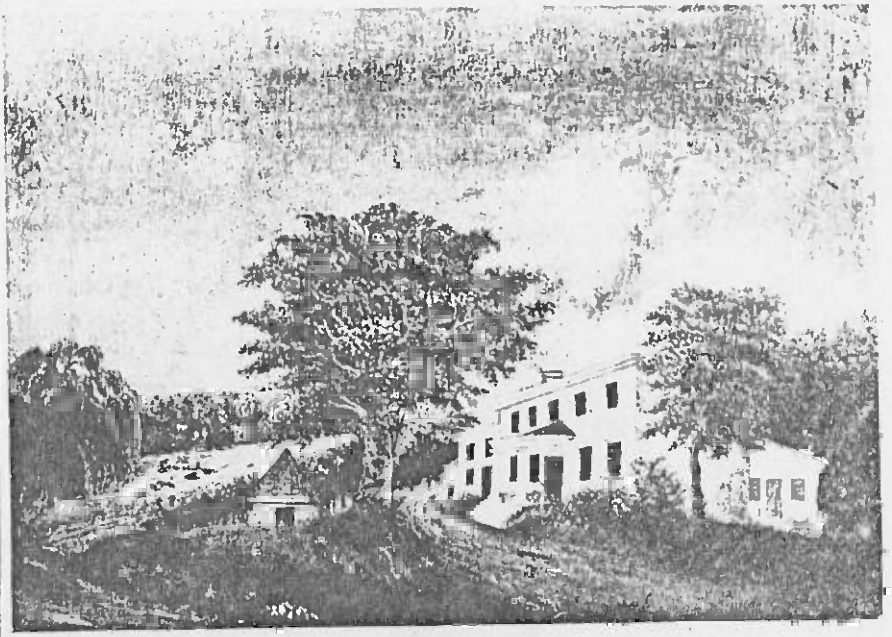
†See Genealogical and Memorial History of State of New Jersey," Vol. I, p. 66; also "Official Register of Officers and Men of New Jersey in the Revolutionary War," by Gen'l Wm. S. Stryker, Trenton, 1872, p. 456.

THOMAS SCUDDER, the progenitor of most, if not all, the Scudders in America, emigrated here from London, England. In 1635 he is found at Salem, Mass., where he lived until his death in 1658. His will, dated 1657, names his wife Elizabeth and children, *John*, Thomas, Henry, Elizabeth, and his grandson Thomas; son of his son William. His wife died in 1666.

JOHN SCUDDER, son of Thomas, removed in 1651 from Salem to Southold, L. I., thence to Huntington in 1657, and before 1660 is found at Newtown, L. I., prominently engaged in affairs. He married in 1642 Mary, born in 1623 in England, eldest daughter of William and Dorothy King: their children were Samuel, *John*, born 1645; Mary, baptized June 11, 1648; Elizabeth, baptized March, 1649, married John Alburtus; Hannah, who married 1660 William Smith.

JOHN SCUDDER, JR., son of John abovementioned, and Mary King Scudder, his wife, was born 1645 and lived in Newtown, L. I., removing later to Ewing Township, N. J. His wife, Joanna, whom he married in 1669, was the third daughter of Capt. Richard Betts. John and Joanna Scudder were the parents of *Richard Betts Scudder*.

LIEUT. RICHARD BETTS SCUDDER, son of John, Jr., and Joanna Betts Scudder, was born at Newtown, L. I., in 1671. In 1709, or a little later, he came to Ewing Township, on the Delaware River, five miles above the site of Trenton, N. J. He is the ancestor of the families of this name in Trenton and Ewing. His property on the Delaware River, known as Scudder's Falls, is still in the possession of his lineal descendants. His deeds for this land were conveyed to him in May, 1709. He died March 14, 1754, aged 83 years, twenty years after his wife, Hannah, the daughter of Joseph Stilwell. Their children were: Hannah, Mary, Richard, *John*, Abigail, Joseph, Samuel, Rebecca, Joanna

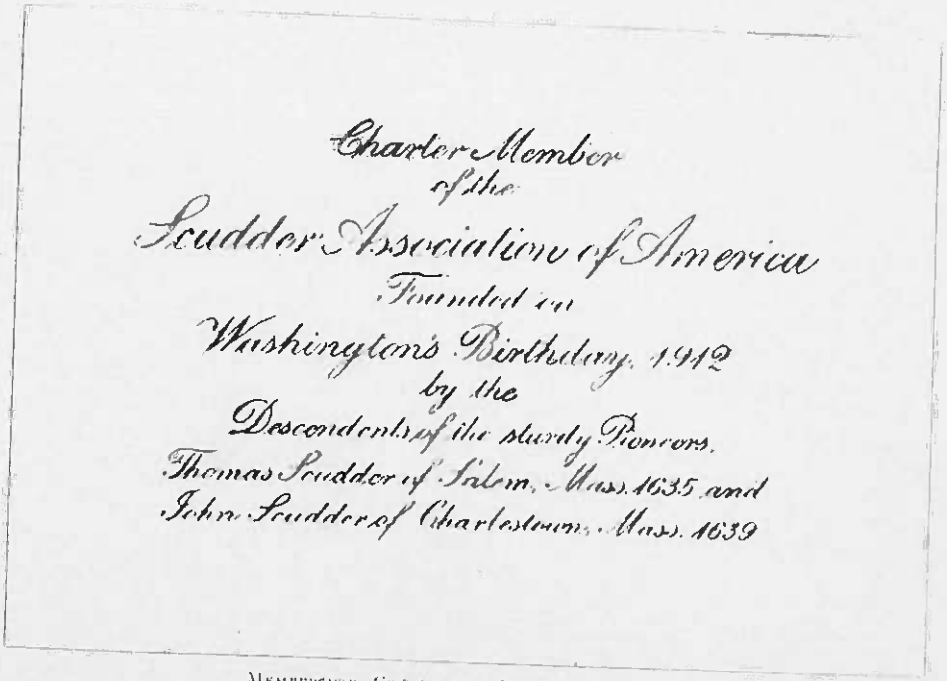


THE OLD SCUDDER HOMESTEAD, SCUDDER'S FALLS, N. J.

Built before the Revolutionary War. Birthplace of several generations of Scudders and still in possession of the family. Mrs. Henry L. Butler's mother (Mary Scudder) was born here in 1802. From original painting made about 1830 by Mrs. John Holmes Scudder, and now in possession of her granddaughter, Mrs. Charles Roome Parmele.

and Deborah, who married John Hart, the signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Lieut. Richard Betts Scudder commanded a section of New Jersey Militia in an expedition to Canada in 1711. The commission is still in the possession of the family. His name is mentioned frequently in charters, etc., and heads the list of grantees to the land on which the Presbyterian Church at Ewing was built. He was one of the most active and influential men in the town. Capt. Richard Betts, of Newtown, L. I., who emigrated to America from England in 1648, was his maternal grandfather.



MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATE, SCUDDER ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA.

JOHN SCUDDER, son of Lieut. Richard Betts Scudder, was born in 1701 and died May 10, 1748. He married Phoebe Howell. Their children were: Daniel, *Amos*, Prudence, Jedediah, Jemima, Ephraim and Katurah.

AMOS SCUDDER, the second son of John and Phoebe Howell Scudder, was born Feb. 14, 1739. He married Phebe Rose, daughter of Stephen and Elizabeth Rose, of Ewing Township, N. J. In 1775 he enlisted as a private in Capt. Robert Hoop's Company of Col. Isaac Smith's 1st Regiment (Lower Battalion), Hunterdon County, New Jersey, Militia. Later he became a private in Capt. Mott's Company of Col. Joseph Phillips' First Regiment, Hunterdon County, N. J., Militia, was promoted Ensign in the same company May 10, 1777. On the 25th and

26th of Dec., 1776, in the attack on the Hessians at Trenton, after crossing the Delaware River with great difficulty, Amos Scudder was one of 11 guides for General Washington, en route from McKonkey's Ferry to the Battle of Trenton. He preceded the troops, being familiar with that part of the country. This march is described in the following pages. Of the children of Amos and Phebe R. Scudder, all died young excepting *John*, who married Mary Keen. Amos Scudder died Aug. 11, 1821.*

Late in the year 1776, having been reinforced by the forces of Gens. Sullivan and Gates, Washington prepared to execute the plan which he had for some time had in contemplation, to re-cross the Delaware by night and march rapidly to Trenton, in the hope of surprising and possibly of capturing the force of about 1,500 Hessians which then occupied that place in winter quarters.

The time fixed upon for its execution was the night of the 25th and the morning of the 26th of December, because, knowing the convivial habits of the German soldiers and the universal custom among them of celebrating Christmas with bacchanalian revelry, he believed that in the unheralded visit which he proposed to make, in the early morning, he would find the guards less vigilant than usual, and both officers and soldiers in poor fighting condition, as a result of the previous night's debauch.

The plan was an excellent one, and the secrecy with which it was carried out seems remarkable, particularly when it is considered that the Hunterdon County shore of the Delaware at that time was infested with a great number of Tories, all closely watching the movements of the patriots on the other side and eager to carry in all haste any information they might obtain to the nearest British post. Boats had been previously collected on the Delaware for miles up and down the river for transporting the troops across—at what is now known as Washington's Crossing—opposite Taylorville, Pa.

*Continued on page 315.

There, on the evening of the 25th of Dec., 1776, as soon as the early nightfall of winter had settled down upon hill and river, the troops destined for the expedition, comprising 2,400 men and 20 pieces of artillery, were mustered in silence and inspected by Washington and his Generals.

The river was found to be so filled with masses of floating ice and the weather was so thick, by reason of a storm of snow and sleet which had just commenced, that it hardly seemed practicable to cross at all, and when it was decided to move forward regardless of these obstacles, the transportation was found to be so slow and difficult that it was not until nearly 4 o'clock in the morning that the last of the troops and cannon were landed safely on the eastern shore.

Gen. Washington, who sat in silence on an empty bee-hive, wrapped in his cloak, while his troops were crossing, as they were about to march, enjoined upon them all profound silence during their march to Trenton, and said to them: "I hope you will all fight like men."

Then, marching in silence to a place called Birmingham, about three miles from the river and five miles distant from Trenton, the force halted and partook of some refreshment. Here they were divided into two columns, one under Gen. Sullivan, taking the river road, and the other, accompanied by Gen. Washington, moving down the Scotch Road to its junction with the Pennington Road, and thence down the latter to Trenton. The columns marched with quick step and in perfect silence, under the direction of a number of guides who were familiar with the routes.

Among the 11 men who acted as guides on that march was *Amos Scudder*. Gen. Washington also wished to get twelve men who should be mounted on horseback without arms or uniforms, and in plain farmer's dress, to ride in advance of the army and gain such intelligence as they could of the position of the enemy's

Washington Crossing the Delaware.
Christmas Night, 1776.

outposts. For this hazardous service only three volunteers could be found; they were John Guild, John Muirhead and David Lanning.

The march of the two columns was so well planned that both reached the British outposts at Trenton at almost exactly the same time, Sullivan coming in from the west and Washington from the north. The sun had just arisen as the tents of the enemy appeared in sight. Washington, riding at the head of his troops and pointing with his sword towards Trenton, shouted: "There, soldiers, you see the enemies of your country. . . . . Remember what you are about to fight for! March!"

With such stillness did the army move that they were not discovered until they came upon the enemy's outguards. One of the guards called to Lanning,* who was a little in advance of the troops, and asked: "Who is there?" Lanning replied: "A friend." "A friend of whom?" "A friend to General Washington!" At this the sentry fired and retreated. The American soldiers pressed quickly forward, drove in the outposts, and in a few minutes had possession of all the British artillery. The enemy, consisting of about 1,500 Hessians, under command of the brave Col. Rahl, surprised and not yet recovered from the effects of Christmas potations, rushed frantically hither and thither to form for defense, but their commander almost immediately received a mortal wound. They were pressed from every quarter by Washington's men, and as further resistance then

*This Lanning had a few days before been taken prisoner by a British scouting party, carried to Trenton and confined in a house there. Watching his opportunity, he slipped out of the back door, sprang over a high board fence and escaped to the house of Stacy Potts, who took him in and concealed him that night. The next morning, Lanning dressed in an old ragged coat and flapped hat, put an axe under his arm and went with his head down, limping along and so passed the enemies' sentries in safety, in the character of a wood-chopper; but when he got to where Scotch and Pennington roads meet he threw away his axe, headed for Dickinson's Swamp and so escaped.

appeared hopeless, the place with its troops (except a part which had escaped and fled towards Princeton) and military stores surrendered to the American commander.

Col. Rahl, the Hessian commander, was shot from his horse while endeavoring to form his dismayed and disordered troops. When supported by a file of sergeants he presented his sword to Gen. Washington (whose countenance beamed complacently at the success of the day), he was pale and bleeding, and in broken accents seemed to implore those attentions which the victor was well disposed to bestow upon him. He was taken to the latter's headquarters, where he died. The captures comprised six brass field pieces, 1,000 rifles, four colors, 909 prisoners, of which number 23 were commissioned officers. The American losses were very trifling—two officers and one or two privates wounded. After resting a few hours in Trenton, the American army returned with their prisoners and other captures to the Pennsylvania side of the river, by the same way they came, with the loss of only three men, who perished by cold in recrossing the river—an event not to be wondered at when it is considered that many of them were half naked and most of them barefooted.*

WASHINGTON'S RECEPTION BY THE PEOPLE OF TRENTON IN 1789.

On the sixth day of April, 1789, after the Revolutionary contest was over and the Colonists had shaken off the yoke of oppression, the American Congress, in session at New York, declared George Washington of Virginia to have been elected first President of the United States.

On the fourteenth of that month the official notice was presented to him, and after only two days of preparation he left

*See "History of Hunterdon and Somerset Counties," (N. J.), by Jas P. Snell.

with unfeigned reluctance his quiet home life at Mount Vernon to journey to New York (which was the national capitol at that time), to be inaugurated as Chief Magistrate and to guide the civil government of the country which his military skill had wrested from the dominion of a foreign power.

It was the intention of General Washington to avoid any display on his passage through the States, but he soon found it was impossible to prevent the demonstrations of affectionate gratitude and respect which the people eagerly bestowed upon him. At the very outset of his journey his neighbors in Alexandria gave him a public dinner. At Baltimore, Chester, Pa., and Philadelphia ovations were extended to him.

He rode in a closed carriage from Philadelphia to Trenton.

At Trenton, which had been the scene of his deep anxieties and of his triumphs, he was welcomed in a manner as new as it was pleasing.

In addition to the usual demonstrations given by the ringing of bells and the discharge of cannon, the gentler sex prepared in their own taste a tribute of applause, indicative of the grateful recollection in which they held their deliverance twelve years before.

Here General Washington was met at Colvin's Ferry by the leading citizens of Trenton; Captain Hanlon's battery fired a salute, and with an escorting column of a troop of cavalry and four companies of infantry the procession moved at three o'clock in the afternoon into the village of Trenton, where General Washington and his suite mounted horses provided for them and proceeded up the ferry road, thence toward the bridge over the Assanpink Creek (in Greene Street), which passed through the town. The following was the order of the procession:

Cavalry Troop
The Light Infantry
His Excellency on horseback, attended by
Mr. Secretary, Charles Thompson and
Lieut. Col. David Humphreys, Aide de Camp,
Cavalry Troop
The Gentlemen of the Town and neighborhood on horseback.

At the bridge over the creek the ladies of Trenton had formed a plan to testify to General Washington something of the deep affection which the whole nation felt for its great deliverer. Here he had captured a body of Hessian mercenaries, who had done all that bad men could do to injure the good people of the Jerseys. On this very spot he had withstood for hours the advance of the British and afterward had performed one of the masterly movements of the war.

During these eventful two weeks he had nearly freed the entire State of an insolent foe. In grateful memory of the successful issue of the Revolutionary struggle, the ladies of Trenton prepared a reception, peculiar in the good taste displayed and which certainly was intensely gratifying to General Washington.

On the north side of the bridge an arch about twenty feet high was raised, supported on one side by seven and on the other by six pillars. The arch was nearly twenty feet wide and about twelve feet in length. Each of the thirteen pillars was entirely covered with masses of evergreens and wreaths of laurel, and the arches above were closely twined about with the same material and festooned inside with long ropes of laurel and the flowers of early spring.

On the south side of the archway, the side which first appeared to the presidential party, an inscription in large gilt letters on a blue ground was fastened and beautifully ornamented with flowers:

In the center of the arch, above the inscription, was a dome or cupola of laurel and evergreens, encircling the dates of two memorable dates of special interest to New Jersey:

"DECEMBER 26, 1776 — JANUARY 2, 1777."

On top of this mass of evergreens was a large sunflower, which was intended to emblemize the American people who turned toward him as the only sun which would give life and warmth to the body politic.

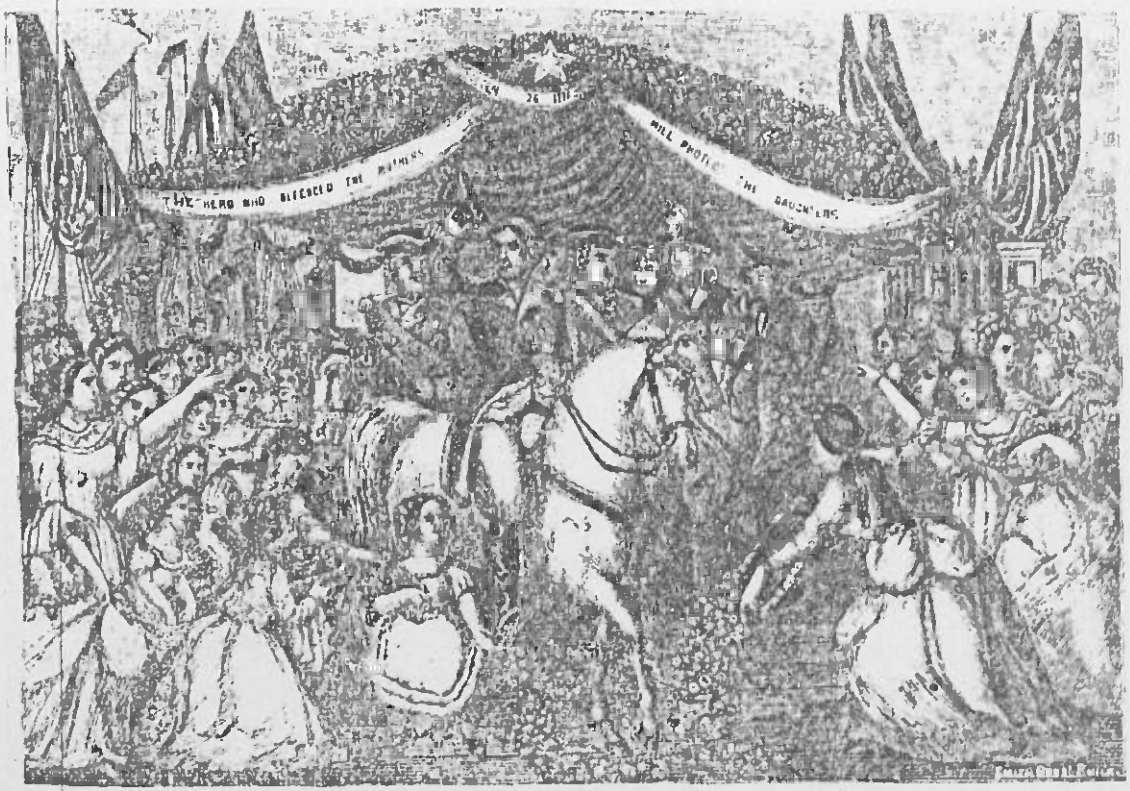
The structure had been erected the day previous by workmen in charge of Benjamin Yard, and the ladies had been busy all the morning putting in position the wreaths and emblems which they had with such taste prepared. Beneath this arch General Washington must pass to enter Trenton. As he came to the high ground on Mill Hill, some two hundred yards below the creek, the beautiful triumphal arch appeared: but, as he passed through the archway with uncovered head a still more lovely sight greeted him.

On the one side of the arch he saw six little girls, dressed in white, carrying baskets of flowers. On the north or Trenton side of the bridge were arranged thirteen young ladies to represent the several States, who were dressed in a similar style, and also had baskets filled with flowers. Behind all these a number of the matrons of the town and neighboring villages; as Washington entered the arch the six little girls began to sing a beautiful ode of two stanzas, which had been written for the occasion by Major Richard Howell, who afterward became Governor of the State, 1793 to 1801, and which, under the instruction of Rev. James F. Armstrong, they performed with exquisite sweetness:

Welcome, mighty chief, once more—
Welcome to this grateful shore;
Now no mercenary foe
Aims again the fatal blow—
Aims at thee the fatal blow.

Virgins fair and matrons grave—
Those thy conquering arms did save;
Build for thee triumphal bowers
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers—
Strew your hero's way with flowers.

The first four lines were sung by both matrons and young ladies, the young ladies sang the fifth line, the matrons the first part and the young ladies the last part of the sixth line, then both sang the next two lines, the matrons the ninth and the young ladies the tenth line. His horse paced slowly through the arch, and as the last two lines of the ode were sung the approaching hero's pathway was strewn with flowers by the young ladies and little girls. General Washington bowed frequently on either side in response to this novel greeting. In passing the arch and as the choir began their song, General Washington turned his horse's head towards them, took off his hat, and listened evidently with the deepest emotion.



PRESIDENT WASHINGTON'S RECEPTION AT TRENTON IN 1789.

"His horse paced slowly through the arch and * * * the approaching hero's pathway was strewn with flowers by the young ladies and little girls."

MARY KEEN OF TRENTON.

Mrs. John Scudder. Born February 3, 1766. From portrait in the possession of her grandson, Dr. Samuel S. Stryker, Philadelphia.

Many times has Grandma Butler (Mary S. Stryker) told her listeners, the writer among them, that her own Grandma Mary Keen was one of the thirteen flower girls on this auspicious occasion, with basket upon her arm, strewing the way with flowers

on the old bridge at Trenton, for the Immortal Father of His Country. Grandma Keen delighted in after years telling the story of that wonderful day to her grandchildren.

There is a thrill and a gripping interest in this story to the one whose imagination can adequately picture the scene, to feel the spirit of that memorable day in Trenton, in its relation to the historic events of the period.

Oh, dainty, fairest Mary Keen,
  Thy radiant face I see,
Across a hundred summers e'en
  Thy garlands bloom for me;
Was ever there a modern maid
  Who wore so sweet an air,
With grace so beautifully portray'd.
  And lovely dark brown hair,
In gown of flowered crepe de chine
  And 'kerchief white and fine,
Oh, dainty, fairest Mary Keen,
  Thy name will Time enshrine.

From all the information which could be obtained from one of the participants in this reception, who was living in the year 1850, from one who died in 1861, and another in 1871, from others who remember to have seen it, and from tradition in the families of Trenton, the following are given as the names of the matrons who assembled at the house of James Ewing, now on the southwest corner of Greene and Washington Streets, Trenton, and who took charge of the beautiful ceremonies on that occasion:

MRS. SUSANNAH ARMSTRONG, wife of the abovementioned minister.

MRS. MARY BORDEN, widow of Capt. Joseph Borden, Jr., of Bordentown, N. J.

MRS. SUSANNAH CALHOUN, wife of Alexander Calhoun.

MRS. ELIZABETH CHAMBERS, wife of Alexander Chambers.

MRS. ESTHER COX, wife of Col. John Cox.

MRS. MARY DICKINSON, wife of Gen. Philemon Dickinson, who commanded the New Jersey Militia during the whole period of the Revolution.

MRS. ELIZABETH EWING, wife of James Ewing.

MRS. SARAH FURMAN, wife of Moore Furman.

MRS. SUSANNAH GORDON, wife of Peter Gordon, who was later State Treasurer.

MRS. MARY HANNA, wife of Rev. John Hanna of Bethlehem, N. J.

MRS. SARAH HOW, wife of Micajah How, Judge of County Court of Common Pleas.

MRS. KEZIAH B. HOWELL, wife of Richard Howell.

MRS. MARY HUNT, wife of Abraham Hunt, for many years Postmaster of Trenton.

MRS. ESTHER LOWREY, wife of Col. Thomas Lowrey of Flemington.

MRS. SARAH MILNOR, wife of Joseph Milnor.

MRS. ANN RICHMOND, wife of Jonathan Richmond.

MRS. MARY SMITH, wife of Isaac Smith, Colonel of First Regiment, Hunterdon County Militia, and Justice of the Supreme Court.

MRS. RACHEL STEVENS, wife of Col. John Stevens, State Treasurer of New Jersey in 1777.

MRS. ANNIS STOCKTON, widow of Richard Stockton, Judge of the Supreme Court and a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

MRS. CATHERINE STOCKTON, wife of Samuel W. Stockton, Secretary of State of New Jersey.

MRS. JANE TATE, wife of Dr. James Tate of Newtown, Pa. She was greatly celebrated for her personal beauty.

MRS. GRACE WOODRUFF, wife of Aaron D. Woodruff, Attorney General of New Jersey from 1793-1817 (one year excepted).

With these matrons were thirteen young ladies, who represented the several States. The following is a correct list:

1. MISS ELEANOR ARMSTRONG, daughter of Rev. James F. Armstrong. She afterwards married Chief Justice Charles Ewing in 1803.
2. MISS ELIZABETH BORDEN, only daughter of Capt. Joseph Borden, Jr., of Bordentown, N. J. She was about thirteen years of age in 1789; afterwards married Azariah Hunt.
3. MISS ELIZABETH CADWALADER, sister of General John Cadwalader, and was visiting her sister, Mrs. General Dickinson, at the time of the reception; she died unmarried Apr. 13, 1799.
4. MISS ESTHER COX, daughter of Col. John Cox of Bloomsbury Farm. She married Matthew Barton.
5. MISS MARY COX, another daughter of Col. John Cox; she was about fourteen years of age in 1789, and in 1796 married James Chestnut of Camden, S. C., and was the mother of Hon. James Chestnut, for many years U. S. Senator from South Carolina. When her father moved to Philadelphia she was accustomed to attend Lady Washington's drawing-room receptions, and she was present at a ball given to President Washington on his birthday in 1796, a few months before her own marriage.
6. MISS CATHERINE CALHOUN, daughter of Alexander Calhoun. She married Daniel Baker.
7. MISS MARY DICKINSON, daughter of Gen. Philemon Dickinson; she was in her twenty-first year in 1789, and in 1803 married George Fox of Philadelphia.
8. MISS MARIA FURMAN, daughter of Moore Furman; she married Peter Hunt of Lamberton, later Adjutant General of New Jersey in 1801 until his death in 1810.

9. MISS MARY C. KEEN, daughter of Jacob Keen of Trenton, a gallant soldier in the Revolutionary War. Her mother, Hannah Keen, was noted for piety and for her zeal in in behalf of the Baptist Church. She was born Feb. 3, 1766, married John Scudder of Scudder's Falls, Mercer County, N. J., Nov. 21st, 1791, and died April 16, 1839.

10. MISS MARY LOWREY, daughter of Col. Thomas Lowrey of Flemington; she was fourteen years of age in 1789, and in 1795 married George Henry.

11. MISS MARIA MEREDITH, daughter of Samuel Meredith of Philadelphia, who was a Major in the Revolutionary War and first Treasurer of the United States: at the time of the reception she was visiting at the residence of General Dickinson. Miss Meredith died unmarried.

12. MISS SARAH MOORE, daughter of Nathaniel Moore of Trenton. She was eleven years old in 1789. In 1795 she married Stewart Wilson, who died in 1798. She afterwards married, in 1802, Jonathan Hand of Cape May. She died April 3, 1871, in her 93rd year.

13. MISS MARGARET TATE, sister of Dr. James Tate of Newtown, Pa.

The six little girls who sang the ode of welcome to General Washington were:

1. Miss Sarah Airy, daughter of Cornelius Airy of Elizabeth Town.

2. Miss Jemima Broadhurst, daughter of Joseph Broadhurst, 7 years of age; she was at school in Trenton in 1789; she afterwards married Joshua S. Anderson of Trenton in 1805. She died in 1839 and is buried in the churchyard of the First Presbyterian Church, Trenton.

3. Miss Sarah Collins, daughter of Isaac Collins. Her father, a printer, removed from Burlington to Trenton in 1778.

4. Miss Sarah How, daughter of Micajah How. She never mar-

ried and is buried in the old graveyard attached to the Methodist Church at Pearsonville, Mercer Co., N. J.

5. Miss Sarah B. Howell, daughter of Major Richard Howell; she was six years of age in 1789. In January, 1806, she married Dr. James Agnew of Princeton, N. J., and died Aug. 3, 1868, nearly 85 years of age.
6. Miss Elizabeth Milnor, daughter of Joseph Milnor. She married Lucius H. Stockton, son of Richard Stockton, who signed the Declaration of Independence. Her husband was at one time District Attorney of New Jersey.

After the ceremonies at the archway were concluded, the escort proceeded to Samuel Henry's City Tavern, on the corner of State and Nassau Streets, where the Mechanics' Bank now stands, where General Washington dined with the principal citizens of the town and held a reception in the parlor of the Inn, which many citizens and visitors from neighboring towns attended.

Late in the afternoon he took a carriage for Princeton, the Rev. Mr. Armstrong accompanying him on the journey as far as the latter place.

During the afternoon a copy of the song with which the little girls had greeted him at the Trenton Bridge had been given him, and he handed Mr. Armstrong that evening the following letter:

> "Gen. Washington cannot leave this place without expressing his acknowledgements to the matrons and young ladies who received him in so novel and grateful a manner at the triumphal arch in Trenton, for the exquisite sensation he experienced in that affecting moment. The astonishing contrast between his former and actual situation at the spot: the elegant taste with which it was adorned for the present occasion and the innocent appearance of the *white robed choir* who met him with

a gratulatory song, have made such impressions upon his remembrance as he assures them will never be effaced.

"Trenton, April 21, 1789."

This letter, gracefully depicting the scene and its impressions, was read to the ladies of Trenton, called together for the purpose at the house of Judge Smith on King Street, now Warren Street; the site is now covered by the American Hotel.

The ladies were all greatly pleased with this elegant response to their patriotic testimonial. It certainly expressed in brief language the feelings which must have filled his breast while passing over such historic ground. The letter was afterward printed and each lady received a copy. The original note was preserved in the family of Judge Smith; at his death it passed into the hands of his daughter, Miss Lydia Imlay, who preserved it with care until shortly before her death, when she gave it as a valued legacy to the late Chief Justice Ewing. By his care it was placed in a handsome frame and is now preserved by his family as a sacred relic. The arch was preserved on the premises of the Misses Barnes on Warren Street, Trenton, until 1824, when it was placed in front of the Capitol to grace the reception to General Lafayette.

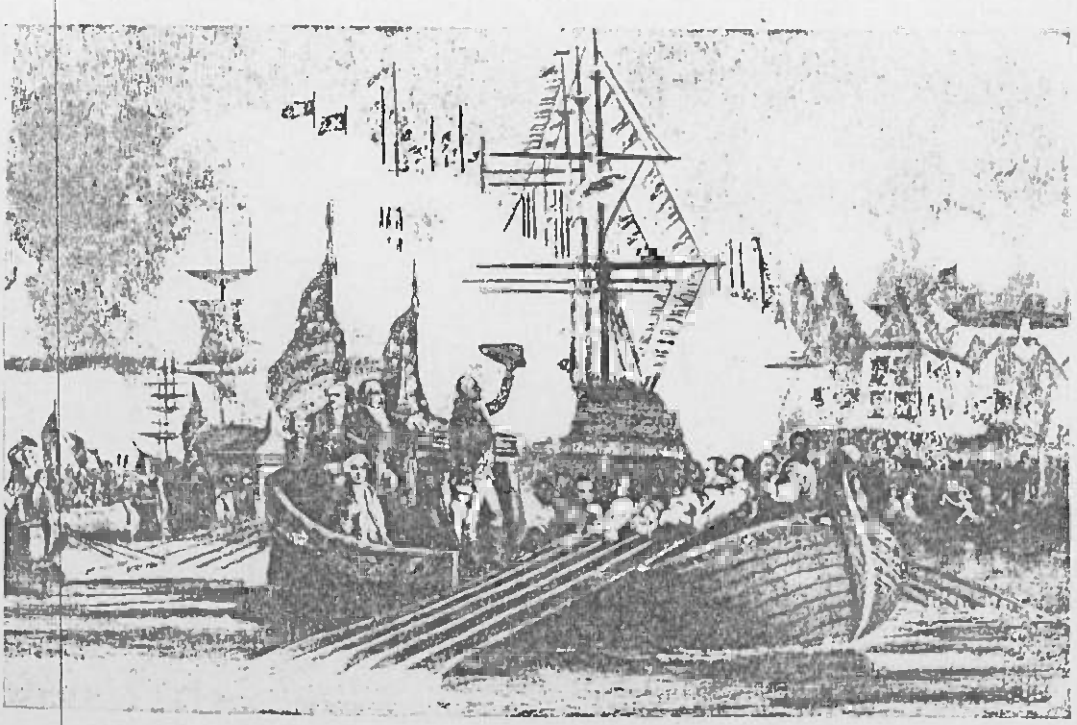
The remnant of this arch was again used on May 10th, 1855, on the occasion of the grand Firemen's Parade. The remains of the arch are now in the possession of the Misses Armstrong of Trenton. A Mr. Disbrow, after the Civil War, made several elegant boxes and other small articles, which are inlaid with a part of the wood of the arch.

Washington Irving, in his "Life of George Washington," says:

"We question whether any of the testimonials of a nation's gratitude affected Washington more sensibly

than those he received at Trenton. Never was ovation more graceful, touching and sincere."

At eleven o'clock on the morning of April 22nd, 1789, General Washington bade farewell to his host, the learned divine, and, leaving Nassau Hall, took the old road to Brunswick, Woodbridge and Bridgetown, where he was met by a body of three companies of infantry and escorted to Elizabeth Town, where he was received by the Committee of Congress from New York, and after holding a reception at the elegant mansion of the Hon. Elias Boudinot, he entered a large boat, elegantly adorned and manned by thirteen skillful pilots of the harbor, arrayed in white sailor costume.



ARRIVAL OF WASHINGTON AT FOOT OF WALL STREET, NEW YORK, APRIL 22, 1789.
Thus ended the long journey from Mount Vernon, Va., to the place of his inauguration as First President of the United States, April 30, 1789.

Accompanied by a large number of smaller boats, handsomely festooned and with flags flying from every vessel in the bay, with vocal and instrumental music, the discharge of artillery and the loud welcome of the people, he reached Murray's Wharf, near Wall Street, in the City of New York, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon.

Here he was received by General Clinton, the Governor of the State, and Richard Varick, Mayor of the city, and on April 30th he was inaugurated the first President of the United States.

JOHN SCUDDER of Scudder's Falls, Mercer County, N. J., was the son of Amos and Phebe Rose Scudder. He was born August 31, 1765.

At the age of twenty-six he married, Nov. 2, 1791, Mary Keen, who was born Feb. 3, 1766, and whose father was an ardent Revolutionary patriot. Further mention of Mary Keen is made on page 307.

John Scudder was for years a Trustee of the First Presbyterian Church at Ewing, N. J. Husband and wife are interred in the churchyard cemetery at Ewing.

The eight children of John and Mary Keen Scudder were:

1. Phebe, who married Gershom Mott. Phebe died Sept. 8, 1831, aged 42; mother of Gen. Gershom Mott, Jr., who served in the Civil War in Hancock's Corps.
2. Amos, married Abigail Phillips, daughter of John Phillips; Amos died one year after his marriage, leaving a son, Amos, Jr., who later graduated from Princeton University and settled in Louisville, Ky., where he died, aged 28.
3. John Holmes, married first Sarah Coryell, daughter of Judge John Coryell of Lambertville, N. J.; second, Alice Morris Butler, a widow, then living in New York; by the latter marriage there were five children, whose names appear on page 95. John Holmes Scudder was a dry goods merchant and lived in New York.

4. Morgan, was a Trustee in the Ewing Church; died May 10, 1868, aged 71. He married first Ellen Smith; second, Sally Ann Hill; third, Sarah Lucinda Cooley, by whom he had children. His fourth wife was Phebe Livensetter of Pennsylvania. Hannah Scudder, a child by the third wife, married J. Wilbur Price, whose children are Alice, Annie and Elizabeth. Alice married Dr. Rufus H. Gilbert.
5. Elizabeth, married first John Chambers; second, Thomas J. Stryker, brother of Samuel S. S. Stryker.
6. Hannah, married Thomas J. Stryker; parents of Adjutant General William Scudder Stryker* (for over 33 years

*General William S. Stryker was born in Trenton, N. J., June 6, 1838; the son of Thomas J. and Hannah S. Stryker. At the age of twenty he was graduated from Princeton College and three years later responded to President Lincoln's first call for troops and enlisted as a private, April 16, 1861. He was appointed Paymaster of U. S. Volunteers February 19, 1863, and participated in the capture of Morris Island in the night attack on Fort Wagner and in the Siege of Charleston. He was transferred north on account of sickness, but continued his duties as a Paymaster until 1865, when he resigned from the army and returned to Trenton.

On January 10, 1867, he was placed on the staff of the Governor of New Jersey as aide de Camp and Lieutenant-Colonel and three months later was appointed the Adjutant General of New Jersey, April 12, 1867, with the rank of Brigadier General, which office he held continuously until his decease (over 33 years), and the duties of which he discharged with signal ability. He was nominated Brevet Major General by Governor Parker for long and meritorious service, February 9, 1874, which nomination was confirmed by the Senate of New Jersey unanimously.

General Stryker married, September 14, 1870, Helen B. Atterbury of New York City; they had two daughters and one son.

He died at his home in Trenton, October 29, 1900.

General Stryker possessed a charm of manner and grace of bearing peculiarly his own: he was an American scholar and gentleman of the best type and with his going, a true nobleman of the earth passed on.

The following extract is from a letter of Mrs. Henry L. Butler (Grandma Butler), dated October 4, 1916, which was written to her grandson H. Langdon Butler:

"I have come across a book recently that Uncle Holmes had of

The Adjutant General of New Jersey), who married Helen B. Atterbury; parents of Helen Bradford Stryker, Kathryn Stryker and Bradford Stryker.

7. William, married Mary Hay, daughter of Col. James Hay of Monmouth, N. J. He was a Trustee of the Ewing Church and represented the county in the Legislature. He died Jan. 8, 1852, aged 45; parents of 11 children, the first two of whom died in infancy;—John M., William, Montgomery (mar. Isabella Gilbert), James, (mar. Mary B. Savidge), Mary M., John Holmes, surrogate of Hunterdon County, N. J. (mar. Martha Hutchinson), Margaret E., (mar. John W. Green), Louise A., (mar. William E. Green), Cornelia, died young, Wilhamna (mar. J. Scudder Hart), Julia.

8. *MARY, who was born at Scudder's Falls, N. J., Nov. 10, 1802, and died Jan. 23, 1866, aged 64.

MARY SCUDDER was the youngest daughter of John and Mary Keen Scudder, of Scudder's Falls, Mercer County, N. J.; the Scudder homestead there was her birthplace, an illustration of which appears on page 295. When a little more than 22 years of age she married Samuel S. S. Stryker, on Feb. 21, 1825. Further mention of her is made on page 289.

It will be seen on page 307 that Mrs. Henry L. Butler's grandmother was Mary Keen, the fourth child of Jacob and Hannah Keen, of Trenton, N. J.

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your Grandpa's, compiled by Adjutant General William S. Stryker and I am going to send it to you and the clippings too.

He and I were double cousins. Our fathers were brothers and our mothers were sisters and a third sister was his step-mother. So you see we were very closely related; Aunt Carrie's father John Holmes Scudder was a brother to those three sisters."

*See page 289.

THE KEEN FAMILY

JÖRAN KYN was one of the earliest European residents upon the Delaware River, and for more than a quarter of a century the chief proprietor of land at Upland, New Sweden, which is now known as Chester, Pa. New Sweden was the name given to all that territory from the southern end of Delaware and Cape May, New Jersey, along the Delaware River, extending northerly as far as the present site of Trenton. A Swedish settlement was established there in 1638, and was called Fort Christina, later becoming Wilmington, the metropolis of Delaware. This and the adjacent portions of New Jersey along the Delaware were colonized largely by the Swedes; in 1655, however, it was taken by the Dutch.

The earliest spelling of the surname found is *Kijn*, and dates from 1663, and the older generations of the West New Jersey branches of the family employed the form *Kijhn*. The name Keen, which is the first English spelling of the surname recorded in 1665, was derived from Dutch and English attempts to reproduce the sound of the Swedish original.

The given or Christian name of Jöran was frequently written after the Dutch style of *Jurian*, the English equivalent of which is George.

Jöran Kyn, or Keen, was born in Sweden about 1620. He came to America in company with Governor John Printz in the ship "*Fama*," which sailed from Stockholm accompanied by another Swedish ship named "*Spanen*," the Swan, on August 16th, 1642. After stopping at Copenhagen and two other ports, the "*Fama*" left at noon, November 1st, for the Spanish Sea, as the Atlantic Ocean was then called. They coasted along Portugal,

Barbary, and passing far to the south of the Canary Islands, "on the 15th of Feb., 1643, by God's grace, came up to Fort Christina, in New Sweden, Virginia," in the words of the historian, at two o'clock in the afternoon. It should be remembered that the name Virginia originally applied to a vast extent of country; prior to the granting of a royal charter to the Massachusetts Bay Company in 1630, it stretched northward from Cape Fear, in what is now the southern part of North Carolina, to the middle of Nova Scotia, a distance of 1,000 miles; westward it reached to the Pacific.

Walter Raleigh, in 1584, receiving from Queen Elizabeth the right to explore and settle the eastern coast of America, sent out two ships. They reached the coast at a point near Cape Fear, and when the explorers returned to England the Queen was so highly pleased with their description of the "Good Land" that she named it Virginia, in honor of her own maiden life, and knighted the fortunate Raleigh, who thereupon became Sir Walter.

At Fort Christina in 1638 the first three Swedish expeditions had established their chief settlement under Peter Minuit and Peter H. Ridder.

The encroachments of the neighboring Dutch determined the Governor to remove to the more commanding post of Tinicum. At this place the principal inhabitants had their dwellings and plantations, and here resided Jöran Kyn.

In an official list dated by Gov. Printz at "Kihrstina, June 20, 1644," preserved in the Royal Archives at Stockholm, Sweden, Jöran Kyn is mentioned as a soldier of the Governor's staff or Life Guard. Beside his name is given the appellation *Snöhuilt*, meaning snow-white, and was applied to him possibly in consequence of some physical peculiarity, such as the lightness of his complexion. Designations of the sort were very frequent in those times.*

*See page 15.

By reason of a desire to obtain greater scope for their fast growing families, the colonists gradually sought other places of abode on the main river shore. The site which proved attractive to the eyes of Jöran Kyn was Upland, and we cannot wonder at his choice of this location. The tract of land which he acquired was unusually large, even for those days of liberal grants, extending along a great part of the eastern bank of Upland Kill, now called Chester Creek, for a mile and a half above its mouth, at the northwestern portion, upon which the Crozer Theological Seminary is now situated, three-quarters of a mile in width and reaching to the east along the Delaware as far as Ridley Creek. The boundaries of this estate may in a measure be discerned, even in the remnants of it still accredited to him in a drawing of Chester made some time after the arrival of the English settlers and inserted in Dr. George Smith's "History of Delaware County, Pa.," and the land in his possession is described in the Abstract of Patents, still preserved in the office of the Secretary of State at Albany, and a copy also is to be seen in the Surveyor General's Office at Harrisburg, Pa.

It was about the period probably of the departure for Sweden in 1653 of his friend and fellow-soldier, Gov. Printz, that he resigned his military functions and devoted himself to the pursuits of agriculture, during the rest of his long life at Upland.

He was noted for singular gentleness of disposition and great excellence of character. In the census of 1680 he was named as one of the "responsible housekeepers" at Upland. On January 1, 1687, according to the records preserved in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions at West Chester, Pa., Joran Kyn conveyed a lot in Chester adjoining his own property to certain persons in trust, "to the use and behoof of the said Chester meeting of the people of God called Quakers and their successors forever." Upon this lot the first meeting house of Friends at Chester was built.

His name does not appear on the records after 1687, and as his name does not appear in Springer's list of Swedes residing on the Delaware in May, 1693, it seems reasonable to infer that he died sometime between these two dates. He was a Swedish Lutheran in religion and was undoubtedly buried either in the cemetery of his fellow-countrymen at Chester or in the older one at Tinicum.

He was married, but his wife's name has not come down to us.

He is the ancestor of eleven generations of descendants born on American soil—a fact probably not surpassed by other European colonists of the United States.

He had at least three children, bearing the following names:

Hans, married Willemka.

Jonas, married ——.

Anna, married first James Sandelands, second, Peter Baynton.

HANS KYN, or Keen, son of Jöran Kyn, born, it may be, in America, was reared by his father at Upland and endowed at least as early as 1668 with 200 acres of land, a part of the original paternal grant.

Here he resided for several years, having his estate confirmed to him as "one of ye six Inhabitants of Upland Towne."

He seemed to have shared the impulse which led so many of the Swedish settlers about this time to move higher up the Delaware to the neighborhood of what is now Wissinoming Creek, on the border of which as well as in the intermediate region, he purchased land; the original deed, although on paper merely, not parchment, is still in good condition, and has been in the possession of his descendants ever since. A copy of the patent is preserved in the office of the Secretary of State, Albany, N. Y. The last of the land passed out of the ownership of the family April 10, 1855.

He was married and his wife's given name was Willemka;

her surname is not known. In May, 1693, she is mentioned as his relict, living with her four younger sons, with whom she continued to reside at least until the close of 1697. She afterwards became the wife of Caspar Fisek of Gloucester County, West New Jersey.

She was buried, it is believed, between January and March, 1722, in the Swedish Lutheran Cemetery on Raccoon Creek (now Trinity Protestant Episcopal Churchyard, Swedesboro, N. J.). By her first husband she had five children, all sons:

Matthias, born 1667; married first Henrieka Claasen; second, Sarah ——.

Erick, married first Catharine Claasen; second Brigitta ——.

Jonas, married Frances Walker.

Peter,

George.

MATTHIAS KEEN, eldest son of Hans Kyn (or Keen), and Willemka, was born at Upland in 1667, and in boyhood removed with his parents up the Delaware towards Wissinoming Creek. He inherited his father's estate before becoming of age, and resided on that property during his life. His dwelling stood on the upper of two tracts, not far from the site, at present, of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Tacony, Philadelphia. He was, like his father and grandfather, occupied chiefly with the pursuits of agriculture, and is named in Springer's list of Swedes residing on the Delaware in May, 1693, his household consisting of three persons—himself, wife and eldest child.

Among the hundred heads of families included in the Swedish congregation of Wicacoa in 1697, he was one of only five possessors of negro servants, probably slaves.

The piety which so distinguished his grandsire, Jöran Kyn, seems to have descended in double portion. His name appears at the early age of seventeen years among those, his seniors, as a contributor to the support of the Lutheran pastor, Jacobus

Fabritius. His donations to the clergy at subsequent periods were conspicuously liberal, and at the erecting in 1700 of the existing structure in Philadelphia, known as the Church of Gloria Dei, he was a subscriber to the largest individual amount. He was chosen a vestryman of the parish and was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Building, in which capacity he recommended the addition to the church edifice of the two wings or porches, still standing, used as a vestibule and sacristy. The first list of pewholders contains his name, with the position of his sitting.

In the spring of 1707 Matthias Keen, with other Swedes, residing on the Delaware, received a present from King Charles XII of Sweden of a parcel of books (Bibles, prayer-books, primers and spiritual meditations), which he, in company with the chief members of the congregation at Wicaeoa, acknowledged by a gift of American fur, the following year, sent out through the Secretary to His Majesty, Mr. Peringer Lilljeblad. In company with his brother Erick and many "of the peaceable and well-affected Inhabitants of the County of Philadelphia," he signed an appeal to Lieut. Governor John Evans and Council, praying them to disallow a wrongful election of Sheriff for the County of Philadelphia, effected by the "Townsparty," as it was called, and identifying himself with the opposite interest of the so-called "Country Party."

The original of this petition still exists and is in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. It is curious because of the lively picture it presents of the method of "stuffing the ballot-box" as practiced in the early colony. It reads:

> "Having spent the whole day in the Election of Representatives, the Sheriffe would and did adjourn till ye next morning, wch not being condescended to, the Election of Sheriffe came on and upon a view a Candidate was chosen, and then two more put up, one whereof was also very fairly and undoubtedly Elected, and so generally cry'd out. Whereupon the Country party (among whom lay the Interests of

the last Elected,) it being very late, withdrew for their several habitations After which the Townsparty began to be eager for the Box, knowing that then they were able to carry on their Clandestine Design (The Sheriffe having long before withdrawn,) and accordingly amongst themselves they hatch'd it, permitting Serv^{ts} and all that went for their Cause to have their Vote and objecting against and denying others ye had Competend Estates to have any; besides, their method of Electing was contrary to the positive Agreem^{t} had, and the Practices used in such cases before on that day (vizt) of nominating only one at a time wch in this particular howev^{r} was rejected, together wth severall more partiall and unfair Proceedings wch can readily be made to appear." The names appended to the paper are forty-two in number, headed by that of "Andreas Sandel, Swedish Minister at Wicaco."

Matthias Keen's signature is written in a clear and legible hand for a period marked by peculiarly illegible chirography.

The petition was presented at a meeting of the provincial Council, October 4th, 1705, by Peter Evans, the candidate of the Country Party, together with several other papers in favor of his election, subscribed to by various residents of the County and City of Philadelphia, but without satisfactory result for the Country Party, since the Governor of the colony ultimately commissioned his opponent, Benjamin Wright.

Again in fellowship with other Swedes, he presented a petition to the General Assembly, June 1st, 1709, for redress of grievances experienced at the hands of "William Penn and his officers, especially the collector, James Logan," charged with fraudulently getting possession of their deeds, abstracting their lands and increasing their quit-rents. The complaints in this case were deemed of sufficient consequence to be sent by the representatives to England to the Proprietor, where the matter was brought to the attention of the Royal Swedish Council, from which an earnest admonition was despatched to the members generally of the Swedish congregations upon the Delaware in America to conduct themselves in obedience to the laws of the country and of the English Court, as well as to Penn the lord

and proprietor of the country, if they expected hereafter from Sweden any services for their spiritual edification.

This was taken very hard by the Swedish settlers, that they should be represented in London as disorderly and still more so with regard to the government in Sweden, as they believed they were only demanding a manifest right. Consequently, in order to publicly establish their innocence, they presented a petition to the Assembly of 1713 demanding their testimony that the Swedes had always, since the country had been under the English government, conducted themselves as quiet and loyal subjects and desired that they be so represented to the Royal Swedish and English Courts.

From the remembrances of these ancient wrongs and grievances inflicted by the Quakers on the early Swedish colonists grew a deep-rooted sentiment of distrust of civil officers which still obtains among some living descendants of the first settlers on the Delaware.

"Not many years ago," says a certain reputable lawyer of Philadelphia, "I found it quite impossible to prevail upon a farmer of Swedish ancestry to record a deed for property which had been in possession of the farmer's family for several generations, and in order to secure the man from future inconvenience I was obliged to have the entry made at my own expense and without informing the suspicious countryman of my act."

Matthias Keen was a member of the Assembly of the Province as a Representative of Philadelphia County from October, 1713, until his death the following year—being the only descendant of an early Swedish settler on the Delaware at that time associated with the government of Pennsylvania. He married Henricka, or Henrietta, daughter of Jan Claassen, who dealt in horses, and appears to have supplied the early colony with these animals. The latter was the original grantee in 1666 of "Leasy

Point," which is the upper projection portion of land at Burlington, N. J., formed by the junction of the Assicunk with the Delaware. For several years previous to his death, Jan Claasen lived on a tract of 300 acres (increased by a grant from William Penn, July 31, 1684, to 520 acres) called Vianna. His daughter Henrietta (Mrs. Matthias Keen) inherited an interest in this large property. She must have died before her husband, since letters of administration on his estate were granted to a widow named Sarah, who therefore seems to have been a second wife of Matthias Keen. The latter's descendants were generally noted for the superiority of their horses and other stock, but especially for the excellence of their steeds.

The horse which carried the news of peace with Great Britain in 1815 from Philadelphia to Baltimore was furnished by John Keen, Jr., of Oxford Township, a great-great-grandson of Matthias and Henrietta Keen. Matthias Keen died in Oxford Township, July 13, 1714, and was buried in Gloria Dei Churchyard, Philadelphia, where his tombstone, the oldest to the memory of an adult in that ancient cemetery, is still to be seen today. The epitaph, which is remarkably legible for its age, is here given:

Here Lyeth ye Body of
MATTHIAS KEEN,
Who Dyed July ye 15th, 1714, Aged 47 years.
He was the Eldest Son and Heir of
Hans and Willemka Keen of Tacony,
and Grandson of
The Pious Jöran Kyn, of Sweden, the Founder of Upland.

Also
HENRICKA,
Daughter of Jan Claassen, of Bucks Co., Pa.,
Wife of Matthias Keen.

On the reverse side—

JOHN KEEN,
Of Oxford Township,
Eldest Son and Heir of Matthias and Henricka Keen,
Died February 21, A. D. 1758, Aged 63 years.

SUSANNA,
Eldest Daughter of James and Susanna Steelman,
Of Great Egg Harbour, N. J.,
Wife of John Keen.
Died November 8, A. D. 1753, Aged 59 years.

He had six children, all born in Oxford Township, Philadelphia County, Pa., the first five by his first wife:

Maria, born 1692; died young, unmarried.
Christina, born 1693.
John, born 1695; married Susannah Steelman.
Anna, born Sept. 7, 1697; died young, unmarried.
Jonas, born Sept. 16, 1698; married Sarah Dahlbo.
Matthias, married first Jan. 12, 1731, Hannah Jackson; second, prior to April 13, 1743, her sister, Susannah Jackson, widow of Jonathan Bourne.

JOHN KEEN, "eldest son and heir-at-law" of Matthias and Henricka (Claassen) Keen, was born in Oxford Township, Philadelphia County, Pa., in 1695, and inherited from his father an estate of about 400 acres of land in Oxford and Lower Dublin Townships, and from his mother a lesser tract lying in Bristol Township, Bucks County, Pa.

At first he resided on the former, in a house built for him on the southeast side of the Township Line Road, between the so-called State Road and Keen's Road (leading to Holmesburg).

This house, rebuilt, altered and enlarged at various times, still stands, surrounded by noble trees and beautiful grounds.

It has been the home of five generations of the family. However, later on and at the time of his death, John Keen lived in a dwelling between the State Road and the river. He married in Nov., 1713, Susannah, born in 1694, eldest daughter and second child of James Steelman, "Gentleman," of Great Egg Harbor, Gloucester County, N. J., by his first wife, Susannah Toy. The latter's father was probably a native of Sweden. Mr. Steelman's last wife was Katharine Ouster, a spinster of Gloucester Co., N. J. The marriage bond being dated June 13, 1730.

James Steelman owned the ground now occupied by Atlantic City, N. J., and bestowed it during his lifetime on his son Andrew, who devised it to his children under the name of "Absecond Beach."

In James Steelman's will, dated August 2, 1731, preserved in the offices of the Secretary of State at Trenton, bequeaths "slaves & servants, lands, cedar swamps & Beaches, houses, Barnes, mills and orchards" situated in the present Atlantic County, N. J.

Like his father, Matthias Keen, John Keen signed a petition to the General Assembly of the Province relating to encroachment on lands held by the Swedes, before the advent of the Quaker Proprietor. Penn's Commissioners continued to question the Swedish titles through the Duke of York,* to clip off pieces from their lands, to put on higher rents and to withhold their old deeds to the land obtained from the English authorities before Penn's time, and further confirmed by the laws of the country at that time, namely, that "seven years undisputed possession of property should become a good title."

The assembly granted the petition and a bill was introduced designed to avoid lawsuits over the land. After some time spent

*History of New Sweden, by Acrelius, p. 128.

in debate, the bill was finally rejected, and thereafter no more was heard of the matter.

John Keen was a member and warden of Gloria Dei Church at Wicacoa, and is mentioned in the parish records as one of the principal contributors to the rebuilding of the minister's house at Passyunk, destroyed by fire in 1717, as well as to the repairing of the church edifice in 1738-39.

He apportioned his land among his sons during his life and bequeathed it to them and their sons at his death, describing the several boundaries with precision in a will dated Jan. 21, 1758. His wife Susannah died in Oxford Township Nov. 9, 1753, and was buried on the 11th in Gloria Dei Churchyard.

John Keen died on his estate Feb. 22, 1758, and was buried on the 25th in the same Swedish Lutheran Cemetery. They had eleven children, all born in Oxford Township:

James, married Mercy Ashton.

Mary, married Toby Leech.

Susannah, married first John Martin; second, Edward Milner.

Rebecca, probably died young.

Matthias, born Dec. 21, 1721; married first Mary Swift; second, Margaret Thomas.

John, born May 22, 1723; married Esther Foster.

Elias, born May 15, 1725; married Hannah Thomas.

Rebecca, married first Benjamin Engle; second Jacob Hall.

Peter, died in Oxford Township unmarried Nov. 11, 1757, and was buried the 13th in Gloria Dei Churchyard.

Jacob, married Hannah Holme.

George, married Margaret Bristol.

JACOB KEEN, son of John and Susannah (Steelman) Keen, was born in Oxford Township, Philadelphia County, Pa. He was one of the executors of his father's will and residuary legatee of John Keen's estate, inheriting three tracts of land and

meadow in Oxford Township, which he sold the following year, living at that time in Philadelphia.

Afterwards he dwelt at intervals in Oxford and Lower Dublin Townships and about 1770 removed to Trenton, N. J.

In "Trenton 100 Years ago," by Gen. Wm. S. Stryker, it is stated that Jacob Keen resided in the upper part of King St., on the easterly side of the street, the fourth house south of the Children's Home.

Mr. Keen was not at home on the day of the Battle of Trenton, being with the Jersey troops at Morristown. Mrs. Keen (Hannah Holme) was a very zealous Baptist, was one of the organizers of that church in Trenton, and was often called "Deacon" Keen. William Patterson was their next-door neighbor.

On the breaking out of the Revolutionary War he espoused the cause of the colonies and enlisted in the First Battalion of the Jersey Continental Troops, organized in December, 1776, commanded by Brigadier General William Maxwell. He took part in the battle of Brandywine, which was opened by the Jersey Line, and in the battle of Germantown, where "the whole command distinguished itself, but especially the First Battalion."

Most of the following winter he passed at Valley Forge. During the summer of 1778 he was with General Lafayette, occupied in harassing General Clinton's forces in New Jersey, and fought at Monmouth.

Under the final establishment for New Jersey Troops, Jacob Keen served in Capt. Samuel Reading's Company, in the Second Regiment. He was present at the siege and surrender of Yorktown, and returned to his home in Trenton at the proclamation of peace.

The records of Trinity Church Register, Oxford, show that Jacob Keen married Hannah Holme, daughter of John and Jane (Morgan) Holme, Feb. 5, 1760. The Holme's lived in Lower Dublin Township, Philadelphia County. Mrs. Holme's father,

the Rev. Abel Morgan, was a native of Allgoch, in the parish of Llanwenog, County Cardigan, Wales, who emigrated to Pennsylvania and from 1711 to 1722 was pastor of the Pennipack Baptist Church.

Mrs. Jacob Keen was of tall and stately figure, and possessed considerable intelligence and force of character, the latter trait being well attested by tales of her courageous bearing towards unruly Hessian soldiers quartered at Trenton, who invaded her domicile. She died July 11, 1823, at the age of 88 years, and was interred in the First Baptist Churchyard at Trenton. Her husband adhered to the Swedish Lutheran faith of his forefathers, and during his residence in Pennsylvania attended the worship either of Gloria Dei Church at Wicacoa, or of Trinity Church at Oxford. He was one of the "Vestrymen of the United Swedish Lutheran Churches of Wicacoa, Kingsessing and Upper Merion," to whom their charter was conceded by Thomas and Richard Penn in 1765. He died in Trenton, letters of administration on his estate being granted to his widow March 26, 1796. He had eight children:

1. Martha, died unmarried in Trenton, N. J., Jan. 20, 1839, aged 79 years, and is buried with her mother.
2. Peter, in his youth he emigrated to Illinois, where he settled in the vicinity of the Wabash River, where he died, aged about 85 years.
3. John, died unmarried, aged about 21 years.
4. *Mary*, born Feb. 3, 1766. Lived in Trenton, N. J., and married Nov. 21, 1791, John Scudder of Scudder's Falls, Mercer Co., N. J. Wife and husband interred in First Presbyterian Churchyard at Ewing, Mercer Co., N. J. They had eight children.

5. Hannah
6. Rebecca*
7. Priscilla
8. Jacob

MARY KEEN, second daughter and fourth child of Jacob and Hannah (Holme) Keen, was born Feb. 3, 1766, and was one of thirteen young women who sang an ode of welcome to General Washington as he passed over Assanpink Bridge at Trenton in 1789 on his way to New York City to be inaugurated first President of the United States. (See page 307.)

Both Mary Keen and her husband, John Scudder, are buried in the First Presbyterian Churchyard at Ewing, N. J. The original oil portrait of Mrs. Mary Keen Scudder was in the possession of her grandson, the late Adjutant General Wm. S. Stryker, of Trenton, N. J. They had eight children:

1. Phoebe, married Gershom Mott. She died Sept. 8, 1831.
2. Amos, married Abigail Phillips, daughter of John Phillips.
3. John Holmes, married first Sarah, daughter of Hon. John Coryell of Lambertville, N. J.; second, Alice (Morris) Butler, a widow, having three children. By the second marriage there were five children, as follows: William, born July 12, —; died Oct. 4, 1837; Mary, born Aug. 21,

*In a letter to her grandson Henry Landgon Butler, dated August 20, 1918, Mrs. Henry L. Butler wrote:

"Rebecca Keen was another sister of my grandmother. She married Robert McNeely and he was the oldest elder in the church where I was brought up (The First Presbyterian Church in Trenton); I can see him now, as he wore every Sunday his dress coat! When my daughter Mary came to Germantown to live, she met his relatives here and one lady was an intimate friend of Mrs. Alburger's (Mary's mother-in-law). I lunched with her years ago, here. Strange, how history does come round and round to us. I have lived so long and have such a good memory, that it makes life pleasant to me to go back, as I can, so far."

1833, in New York City, died March 15, 1831; Alice M., born Mar. 21, 1835, in New York City, died Aug. 14, 1844; Julia Elizabeth, born Dec. 6, 1837, in New York City; the latter married Capt. Charles deCerqueira Lima; parents of four children whose names appear on page 95. Caroline M., born Feb. 15, 1840, in New York City; married Lewis Randolph Smith; parents of six children whose names appear on page 95.

3. Morgan, was a trustee in the Ewing Church; died May 10, 1868, aged 71, having married first Ellen Smith, second, Sally Ann Hill; third, Sarah Lucinda Cooley, by whom he had children. His fourth wife was Phebe Livensetter of Pennsylvania. Hannah Scudder, a child of the third wife, married J. Wilbur Price, whose children are Alice, Annie and Elizabeth. Alice married Dr. Rufus H. Gilbert.

4. Elizabeth, married, first, John Chambers of Trenton; second, Thomas Stryker.

5. Hannah, married Thomas J. Stryker, parents of Adjutant General William Scudder Stryker, for over 33 years Adjutant General of New Jersey, who married Helen B. Atterbury; parents of Helen Bradford Stryker, Kathryn Stryker and Bradford Stryker.

6. William, married Mary Hay, daughter of Col. James Hay of Monmouth, N. J. He was a trustee of the Ewing Church and represented the county in the Legislature. He died Jan. 8, 1852. They were parents of eleven children whose names appear under item 7 on page 317.

7. *Mary*, married Samuel Stanhope Smith Stryker, the parents of five children, including Mary S. (Stryker) Butler.

MARY SCUDDER, fourth daughter and eighth child of John and Mary (Keen) Scudder, was born Nov. 10, 1802, at Scudder's Falls, N. J.; married Feb. 24, 1825, Samuel Stanhope Smith Stryker of Princeton, N. J. They had five children:

1. Elizabeth C., b. Jan. 26, 1826; d. July 23, 1898. She was named for her mother's sister, Elizabeth Chambers, previously mentioned, who married Thomas J. Stryker, after the death of the latter's first wife.

   Elizabeth C. Stryker married Hon. Barker Gummere (b. 1822, in Burlington, N. J., where they were married). They resided in Trenton, N. J. Mrs. Gummere was not baptized until in later years she became a member of the Presbyterian Church in Trenton. Mr. Gummere died April 16, 1895.

   Their nine children were:

Mary Stryker Gummere,	unm.
Samuel R. Gummere,	unm. for many years.
William Scudder Gummere,	Chief Justice of New Jersey.
Elizabeth S. Gummere,	d. July 23, 1898. mar. Hugh Hammill.
Isabella M. Gummere,	unm.
Barker Gummere, Jr.,	b. June, 1856; was President of Trenton Trust & Safe Deposit Co.
Gertrude M. Gummere,	b. Oct., 1862; unm.
Charles Edward Gummere,	was named for two of his father's brothers. He is an Attorney at Law. mar. Miss Searborough, daughter Bishop Searborough of N. J.
Sarah S. Gummere,	b. March, 1865; d. March, 1866.

2. MARY S., b. May 23, 1828. Resided in Trenton, Brooklyn, and on Staten Island for many years after her marriage in 1848 to Henry L. Butler, Sr.

Their nine children were:

1. Henry L. Butler, Jr. b. Apr. 16, 1849; d. Apr. 21, 1887
2. Samuel S. Butler b. Sep. 20, 1850; d. Feb. 26, 1917
3. William Butler b. Sep. 15, 1853; d. July 7, 1854
4. J. Holmes Butler b. Feb. 27, 1855; d. Dec. 11, 1918
5. Edward Morris Butler b. Feb. 19, 1857; d. Sep. 11, 1899
6. Albert Butler b. Jan. 6, 1859;
7. Leonard Atwater Butler b. Aug. 8, 1861; d. Feb. 18, 1864
8. Mary S. Butler b. Nov. 28, 1863; mar. T. Linton Alburger of Germantown, Pa.
9. Alice Morris Butler, b. July 27, 1865; mar. Charles Roome Parmele of New Brighton, Staten Island.

3. William S., b. July 21, 1851; d. in infancy, Oct. 4, 1857.

4. Sarah P., b. July 13, 1838; d. Aug. 7, 1881 in Philadelphia. mar. John Seaman Albert, Dec. 19, 1872. Chief Engineer, U. S. Navy, who died in Phila. July 3, 1880.

Their four children were:

1. Frank Butler Albert, b. Apr. 22, 1874, in Trenton, N. J.
   d. Sept. 2, 1875, Delaware Water Gap, Pa. Named for his father's brother, who died young.
2. Grace Albert, b. Apr. 21, 1875, in Trenton; unm.
3. John Seaman Albert, Jr., b. Nov. 1, 1876, in Phila., Pa.
   m. June 12, 1917, Sara D. Mercur. They reside at Wallingford, Pa. They have one son.
4. Sarah Stryker Albert, b. Jan. 31, 1879.
   m. Apr. 30, 1902, Thomas Beaver Browne.
   d. June 12, 1909, at Wynnewood, Pa. Issue: two children:
   Samuel Stryker Browne.
   Sarah Browne

5. Samuel S.$_5$ b. May 4, 1842; mar. Grace Medora Bartlett, Apr. 11, 1877. He is a physician and has resided for many years at 39th and Walnut Streets, Phila., Pa. Dr. and Mrs. Stryker's four children were:

1. son, b. Sept. 27, 1878; d. Sept. 27, 1878.
2. Samuel S. Stryker, Jr. b. Nov. 9, 1879. Graduate of Princeton University; was studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, was about to graduate therefrom and was making arrangements to enter upon the practice of medicine with his father, when he was taken with an attack of appendicitis, was operated upon, pneumonia set in, which complication resulted in his death in Philadelphia on April 12, 1904.
3. Malcolm Stryker, b. Dec. 4, 1880; d. Sept. 10, 1885.
4. Abner Bartlett Stryker, b. Mar. 20, 1883, unm. Resides with his parents at above mentioned address.

Hon. Barker Gummere,
1822-1895.

Mrs. Barker Gummere,
nee Elizabeth C. Stryker,
1826-1898.

Capt. John S. Albert, U. S. N.
1835-1880.

Mrs. John S. Albert,
nee Sarah P. Stryker,
1838-1881.

MRS. SAMUEL SCUDDER STRYKER.
(Née Grace Medora Bartlett.)

SAMUEL SCUDDER STRYKER, M.D.
For 60 years a notable practising physician in Philadelphia.

Chapter X.

Ninth Generation.

HENRY L. BUTLER, JR.

Henry Langdon Butler, Jr., the eldest son of Henry L. and Mary Stryker Butler, was born in Trenton, N. J., April 16, 1849, at 7 P. M.

Henry L. Butler Jr.

1849-1887.

Cornelia W. Butler

Mrs. Henry L. Butler, Jr.
(Nee Cornelia White.)
1846-1913.

HENRY L. BUTLER, JR., AND HIS BROTHER,
SAMUEL S. BUTLER.
From a dagnerreotype taken April 12, 1855.

Six months later his parents rented a house in Hoyt Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., in which they began housekeeping and resided for two years, removing in 1851 to Hicks and Congress Streets, and in 1854 to 399 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, where they lived for the ensuing twelve years, when the family removed to Staten Island, as related on page 200, after their eldest son Harry, as he was called, had completed his schooling.

During his residence in Pacific Street he attended the school of Dr. Isaac S. Davison on Sydney Place, near Schermerhorn Street; it is a coincidence that the schoolmaster, Dr. Davison, began his business life as a clerk in the employ of Mr. Butler's grandfather, Samuel S. Stryker, in Trenton, N. J.

Upon his graduation from school at the age of 17, Harry was made Valedictorian of his class.

In youthful handwriting, upon a double sheet of foolscap paper, now stained and discolored with the passing of 53 years, his original valedictory address, which he delivered before the school and its assembled friends at the graduating exercises in June, 1866, has been carefully preserved. Several years afterwards his wife inscribed this direction upon it: "For H. Langdon Butler."

It radiates the sincere and earnest effort which a boy of 17 would necessarily put into such an undertaking; it also reflects the sound training of the school and forms an interesting family relic.

The auspicious occasion, with its ambitious graduates, gratified teachers and proudly admiring parents and friends, may almost be pictured in our imagination as we read:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:

How *rapidly* although silently, has another year of study glided away. With hardly here and there a ripple upon it, the swift stream has gone by, to mingle with the great ocean of the past.

So time is ever hurrying us on. No mortal can arrest the current.

"Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis aevum."

If we, who are young, realise this less habitually or deeply than those who have had more experience, it is perhaps attributable to our temperament. We are naturally inclined to take things as they come and do not often pause to consider the flight of existence, until some *great event*, like the present, compels us to review that part of his pathway which already lies behind him and to start the momentous,

though unanswerable inquiry—whether the future shall bring with it *success,* as well as toil. You will pardon me if such thoughts now begin to wear a graver form: for it is difficult to *repress* the emotions which well up unbidden, when reminded that five years of intimate association with teachers and pupils must so soon terminate. When the institution closes today, it will close on some of us forever.

Under its influences our character has been forming. The care bestowed on us here by those who felt the heavy responsibility has been unremmitting and if one lesson has been inculcated with more earnestness than another, it is the absolute necessity of *sound Christian principle* to the proper development of a full-grown manhood. We have been taught that childhood and youth, yea even manly age itself, are but the threshhold of an immortality of being—that up with the angels and redeemed ones walking in white, or down in deep darkness and despair, our conscious experience will have *no end!* The Educator that fails to make this unalterable fact the basis of his programme is wholly unfit for the momentous work which he assumes and any *parent,* who selects a guide for his offspring, by whom the teachings of the Bible are daily ignored, is guilty in God's sight of exercising towards him an *infinite wrong!*

Respected Teachers:

We can not accuse you—you especially, our honored Principal, of having wronged us by withholding any truth, literary, scientific or inspired, belonging to the proper cultivation of our powers. In the name of my class mates and fellow-pupils, I thank you all for your *fidelity* and for myself who can not enjoy your valued instructions hereafter, I thank you personally with a deep sense of obligation. Our intercourse hitherto has been pleasant and I trust not altogether unprofitable. We shall ever cherish the memory of it, among our fondest recollections. May we be permitted to *renew* it, when the varied duties of life are over, in that blissful region, where all alike may sit at the feet of our Infallible Teacher, or roam at will, on terms of equal discipleship, throughout the boundaries of ever-increasing knowledge.

Imploring on your behalf, the richest blessings of Heaven, we bid you, gentlemen, and you Sir, chiefly to whom we are particularly indebted, a heartfelt adieu.

Fellow pupils and Classmates:

The eventful period has come. The day, the hour, the moment, that until lately appeared far remote in anticipation has actually arrived and is even now knocking at our doors.

We would, but may not delay. Willing, or unwilling we must separate from each other and these classic walls. Tomorrow will rise and set, but not upon us in our assembled capacity. These seats will then be unoccupied. The morning worship, the daily duties and recreations we shall sadly miss and at every thought of companions removed—of the ties that once bound us but now are severed, a feeling of utter loneliness will weigh us down. Oh, whither, at such a time and in all the ills that await us, can we look for effectual relief, but to the Great Comforter?

May He guard and guide us all, till we meet again, if not here on earth, in that brighter, purer fellowship never to be marred by one single pang of grief. *There*, will be *no leave-takings*.

"Where the saints of all ages, in harmony meet
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord, is the feast of the soul."

Companions in *study*, say that we shall be companions in *glory* and I bid you farewell.

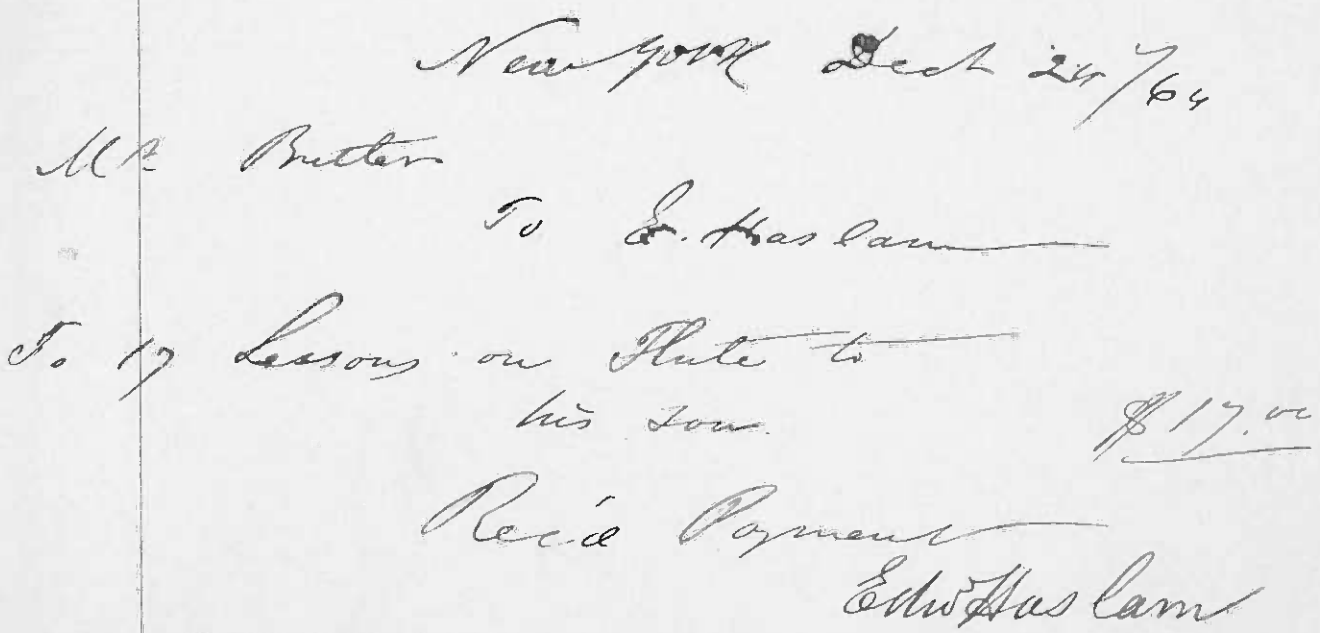
Dear hearers and friends

I will not trespass longer on your patience. The parting word has been spoken. It only remains that I now tender to *you* also in the name of the School, until another anniversary or until we shall be convened in a more august assembly, our *respectful*, our *affectionate adieu*.

H. L. Butler, Jun.,
Valedictorian, June 22, 66.

From his early boyhood Mr. Butler was exceedingly fond of music, and when fifteen years of age his father gratified the son's wish to learn how to play upon a flute.

The following original receipt, written in 1864, is an odd reminder of these flute lessons.



Facsimile of Original Receipt for Lessons on the Flute Given to Henry L. Butler, Jr., in 1864

Mr. Butler began his business career with the hardware firm of J. Clark Wilson & Co., first as a salesman and later as a partner.

This firm failed, due to the serious previous losses which were hidden from the junior partners when they were admitted to the firm. He next went into business with W. H. Goldey, a former salesman of the Wilson firm, who had also been admitted to the partnership of that concern, and they formed the hardware firm of Butler & Goldey, with salesrooms at 95 Chambers Street, New York, and later on Murray Street. They transacted not only a moderately large local trade, but did an extensive wholesale business throughout the Middle West.

One of the hardware price-lists issued by the firm in 1881 is shown on the following page: it is interesting when compared with the present-day prices of the various items listed.

October 15th, 1881.

REVISED NET CASH PRICES TO JOBBING TRADE.

APPLYING TO

BUTLER & GOLDEY'S CATALOGUE

OF

AUGUST 1st, 1881.

OFFICE OF

BUTLER & GOLDEY.

Hardware Manufacturers

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

12 MURRAY STREET and 13 PARK PLACE.

Factory, Clifton, Staten Island.

P. O. Box 1909. *New York, Oct. 15, 1881.*

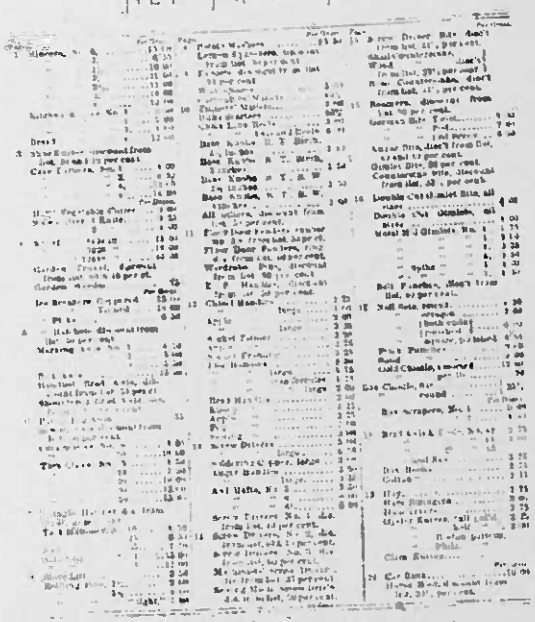
Dear Sir,

In view of the increased cost of materials, caused on the make up of nearly all our productions, brought about not by speculation, but by legitimate and healthy demand, we have been compelled to advance very many of the items in our Catalogue, and enclose you herewith our revised Price Sheet. We shall fill all orders as rapidly as possible, and would say to our friends that we shall do our best to execute their orders in the order received, and they will do well to examine their stocks and replenish them now, in anticipation of still further advances which the outlook seems to indicate may take place at a very early date.

Respectfully,

Butler & Goldey

NET PRICE LIST



All these Prices are subject to change without notice.

Note. Our terms are Net Cash in 30 Days. For immediate cash on receipt of bill, we make a further allowance of 1 per cent. provided only that the funds are received by us WITHIN TEN DAYS FROM DATE OF BILL.

Respectfully,

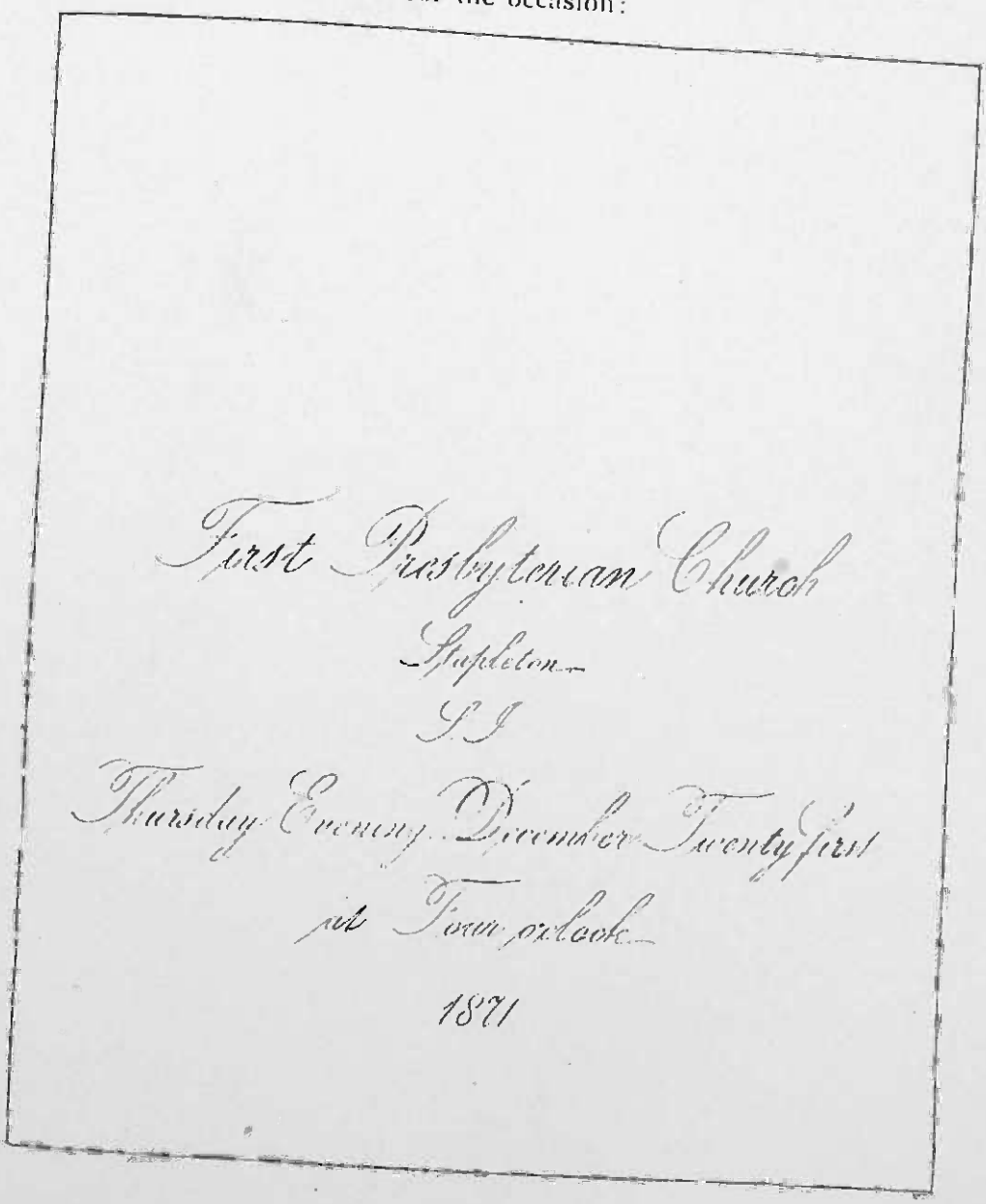
BUTLER & GOLDEY

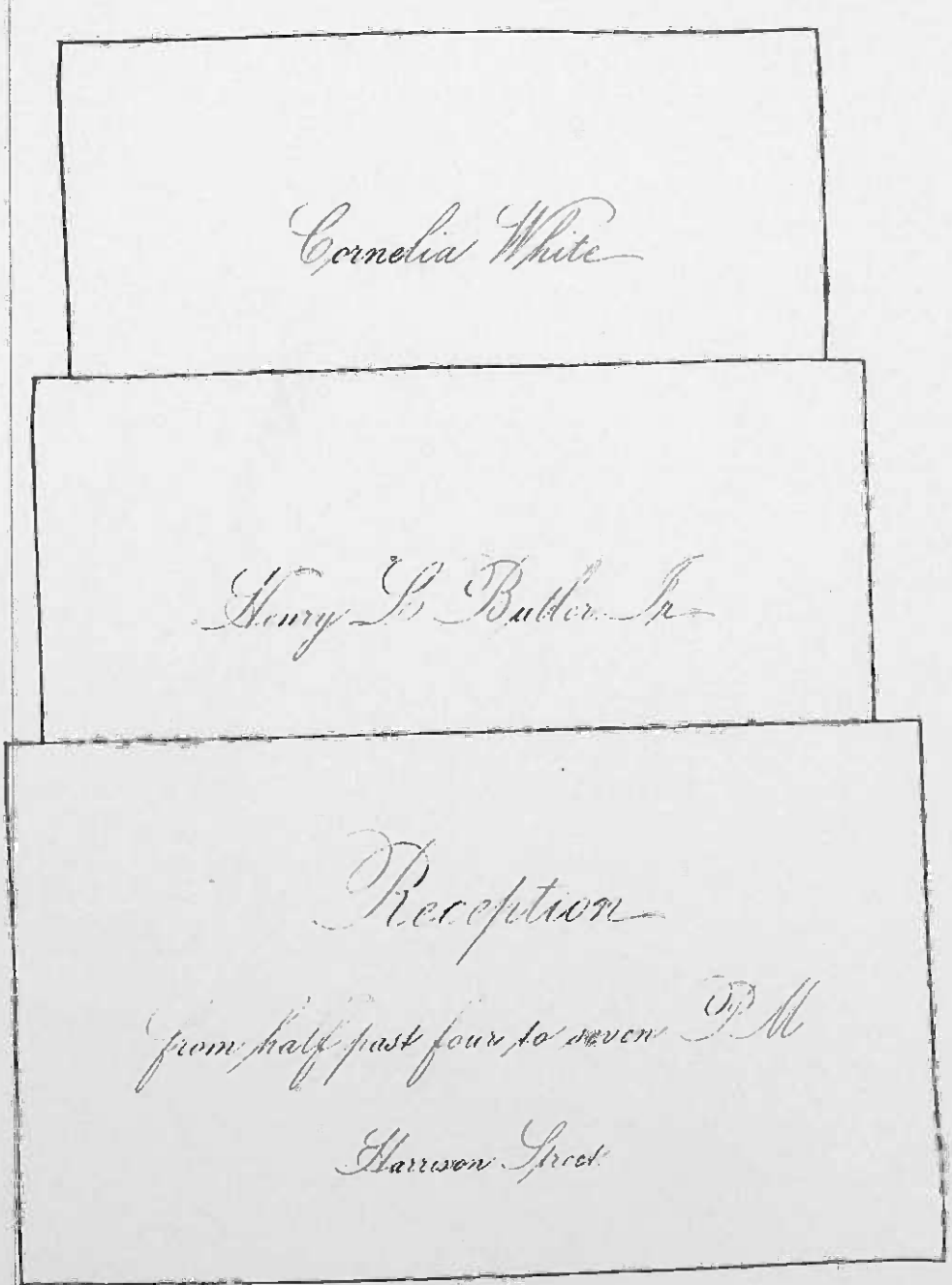
New York, Oct. 15th 1881

PRICE LIST OF HARDWARE ISSUED BY BUTLER & GOLDEY IN 1881.

On Thursday evening, December 21, 1871, he married Miss Cornelia White of New York at the First Presbyterian Church of Edgewater, Staten Island, an illustration of which church appears on page 279. Rev. J. E. Rockwell, pastor of that church, was the officiating clergyman.

The following is an exact reproduction of the original invitation which was issued for the occasion:


First Presbyterian Church
Stapleton
S. I.
Thursday Evening December Twenty first
at Four o'clock
1871



Facsimile of Cards Enclosed with Wedding Invitation of Henry L. Butler, Jr., and Cornelia White, of New York City.

HENRY L. BUTLER, JR.
From photograph taken 1868.

MRS. HENRY L. BUTLER, JR.
(Nee Cornelia White.)
From photograph taken 1865.

Their married life was a very happy and blissful one in the little Swiss chalet which was located within the homestead grounds at Clifton, Staten Island, and which the bride named "The Bird's Nest"; although frequent business trips to the West caused the husband and father to be often absent from the home circle.

After several years Mr. Butler withdrew from the hardware business in 1881 and became a salesman for the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, succeeding in that capacity to such a degree that he was called from the road in 1886 and placed in charge of an important part of the factory in Bridgeport, Conn.

He mingled well with men, made friends easily and held them. He possessed a charm of manner, a rare quality of gentleness and dignity, combined with what we call the sunny disposition. A gentleman by birth and instinct, he commanded the respect, confidence and esteem of his fellow-men.

He had a genius for making friends.

It need hardly be said that association and daily contact with a man of his character knit the ties of endearment which endure. In the large circle of his friends he was respected, admired, trusted, but, above all, loved.

The Swiss Cottage.

Called "The Birdsnest." Situated on the homestead grounds at "Oaklands," two hundred yards southeast of the main residence. For thirteen years this was the cottage home of Henry L. Butler, Jr., and his family. In the foreground, seated on the grass, is H. Langdon Butler, 3rd.

Those everywhere who knew him prized his friendship and will hold his memory among their treasured possessions.

One of these was Arthur Gillender, a man of pleasing appearance, intelligent and well educated, whom Mr. Butler successfully

Henry L. Butler Jr

1849-1887. From picture taken December 14, 1870.

converted from a path of evil habits to a life of upright Christian principles, thereby winning the everlasting gratitude of the man he had rescued from a life of utter uselessness and sin. In commemoration of this man's memory, Mr. Butler's third son was named for Arthur Gillender, who became the former's loyal and devoted friend.

With his quiet, strong and winning personality, with a cheerful and pleasant manner, he won easily many admirers.

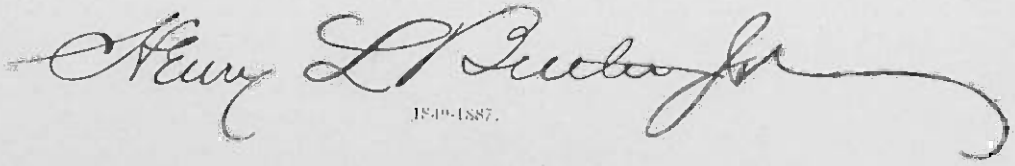
In person, he was a little above ordinary height, with light auburn hair and side whiskers, worn in the style of his time. His facial features were clear-cut; a strong chin, a well-shaped nose and broad forehead, and an expression in his eyes of kind benevolence; he carried with him a manner of sincerity and earnestness that left its impression.

He was extremely active in Free Masonry, being a Knight Templar of Montjoie Commandery No. 53, Chicago, and reaching the thirty-second degree.

He was an elder in and Treasurer of the First Presbyterian Church of Edgewater, Staten Island, for many years.

Overtaxing his strength one day in March, 1887, while running to catch a train in Des Moines, Iowa, while carrying at the same time a heavy satchel containing his commercial wares, he suffered a sudden attack of meningitis and was brought home an invalid. He was on the road to a splendid success when he was cut down in the prime of life.

The following letter from a business friend was sent to Mr. Butler, addressed to his residence, 73 Maple Street, Bridgeport, Conn., and was forwarded from there to his father at 365 Broadway, New York City:



1849-1887.

From a photograph taken about 1885.

OTIS & BROWN
Hardware and Nails
154 Lake Street.

Chicago, Ill., March 27, 1887.

Mr. H. L. Butler, Jr.,
Bridgeport, Conn.

My dear Friend:

I have just learned from Mr. Dyer, the facts concerning the sad accident that befell you at Des Moines. When I received your letter from Omaha, I thought I was going to have a nice visit from you when you got to Chicago, but you never called. I am sorry you did not send me word when you were in Chicago, for though you were in good hands at Mr. Pate's, still my wife and I would have been glad to have done anything for you we possibly could, to have added to your comfort.

I have been asked by several buyers and boys on the road if I knew what had happened to you, but was unable to tell them anything, until I saw Mr. Dyer.

I hope, and we all hope that you will soon be with us again and that you will soon regain your health and strength: these Western trips will not be complete without you once in a while, and old fellow, if you have to give them up, I must tell you that from every one I have talked to about it, there comes only words of regret, kindness and sympathy for you. You do not know how many friends you have all over this Western country.

I sincerely hope this will find you on the road to an early and complete recovery.

Please write me from time to time, if it is only a line and I hope I can be of some service to you, some way or other.

With best wishes and kind regards, I am as ever,

Your friend,
W. C. Brown.

He was taken to the residence of his wife's sister, Mrs. Marcellus Hartley, whose family occupied the house at the northwest corner of 37th Street and Madison Avenue, together with the house next adjoining it on 37th Street. The number of the adjoining house being 17.

Here, in the second story rear room, on April 21, 1887, at 5:19 P. M., Mr. Butler passed away; his faithful wife and their four young sons were at the bedside.

As he lay there conscious, but helpless, he turned to his devoted wife and helpmate, whom he called "Nellie," and, pointing to their son Robert, the eldest of the four children, then nearing his 13th birthday, he said: "Nellie, there is your mainstay and comfort when I am gone."

A few days later the funeral services were held from the house in which he died, attended by a host of sorrowing relatives and friends. A number of his Masonic brethren attended in a body, and the impressive rites of the Masonic burial service were performed.

He was buried in a new plot at Woodlawn Cemetery, which has become the burial plot of his immediate family. A large granite monument marks the site where he, his wife and two of their children are now interred.*

At a meeting held in Masonic Hall, 23rd St., northeast corner of Sixth Avenue, on May 17, 1887, the following resolution was adopted by Kane Lodge, 154, F. & A. M.:

> *Whereas,* it has pleased the Great Architect of the Universe to take from earth the spirit of our late Brother Henry L. Butler, Jr., we desire to record our appreciation of his many manly and generous characteristics and to extend the hand of sympathy to his family in our common affliction.
>
> While bowing to the will of Him who doeth all things well, we will ever cherish the memory of our Brother's upright life and will ourselves endeavor to follow his good example.
>
> C. F. Stewart,
> Master.
>
> H. W. Penoyar,
> Secretary.

At the conclave held May 10, 1887, of Montjoie Commandery, Chicago, the following resolution was adopted and ordered spread on the commandery records; the commandery recorder sent a copy to his widow:

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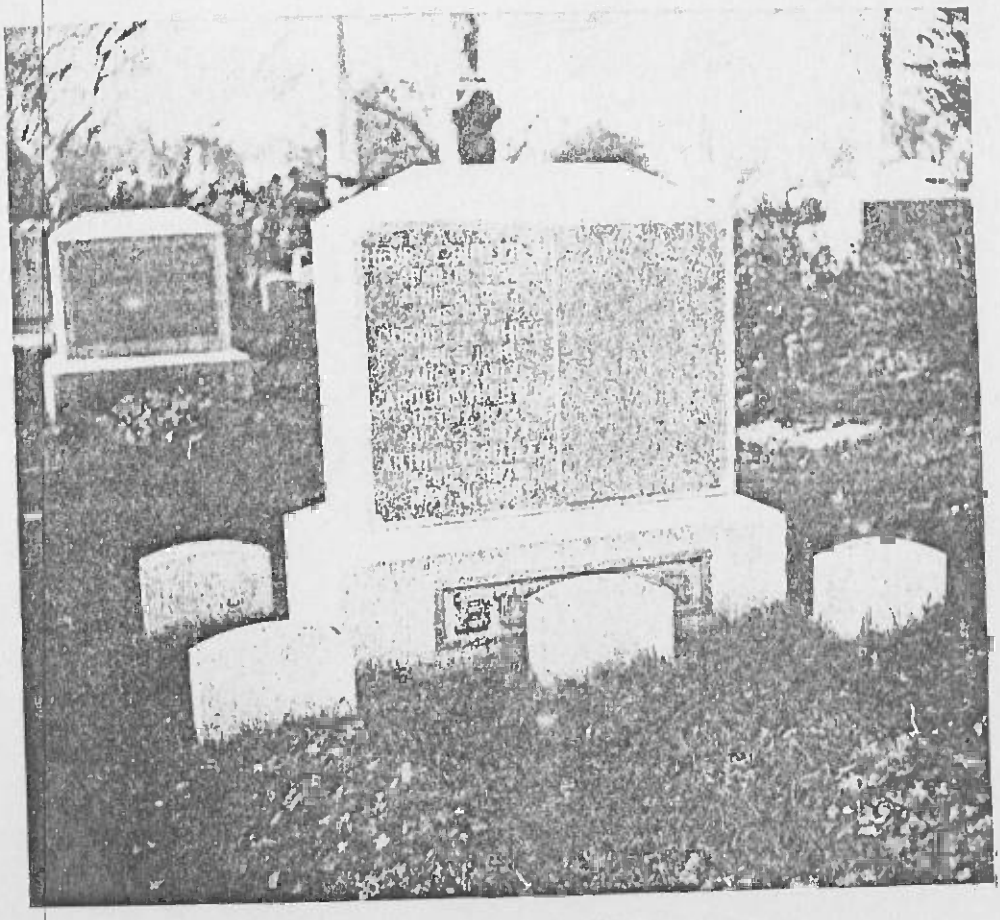
*See following page.



Burial Place of Henry L. Butler, Jr., His Wife and Children.
Woodlawn Cemetery, Bronx, New York City.

Chicago, May 15, 1887.

The Power who giveth life, having recalled unto himself, the life of our frater,

Sir HENRY LANGDON BUTLER, Jr.,

We the Knights Templar of Montjoie Commandery do confess our hearts to be in sorest affliction; yea beside the widow and the fatherless, we bend beneath the stroke.

With them however, are we exalted in remembering so good a man gone, so loyal a Templar, advanced beyond our order.

So kind a heart removed from home, so wise a head retired from business, so true a gentleman lifted from social walks, so fast a friend cut off in the midsummer of life and the harvest of many friendships.

He was true, he was peaceful, he was just, he was generous; he enjoyed life, yet feared not death.

Thus do we hold the passing moment and inscribe thereon for all time and kindred these brief chapter headings from out our full volume of pleasant experiences with him.

It falls to the lot of few men to leave behind them a more spotless record than his. A thoughtful consideration of others, a readiness of friendly counsel, of the encouraging word.

His manner was amiable, his morals spotless. He was extremely happy in his domestic relations and in every walk of life honorable and useful. He was a tender husband, a fond parent and faithful in his example of steadfast devotion to his church. He devoutly believed in the doctrines and practiced the precepts of the Christian religion; whatever seemed true and right he earnestly sought, and when his star set a good and righteous man was lost to this world, but his example remains as an inspiration and hope. "None knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise."

The issue of Henry L. Butler, Jr., and Cornelia White Butler were:

1. Caroline Hamilton, b. Thurs., Oct. 17, 1872, at 7.25 A.M., Clifton, Staten Island.
   d. July 25, 1873, at Yonkers, N. Y., aged 9 mos. 8 ds.
2. Robert White, b. Saturday, May 23, 1874, 10:30 A.M., at Clifton, S. I.
   m. 1st. Louise Van Zandt St. John, of New York, at St. Matthew's Church, West 84th St., N. Y. City, Oct. 4, 1899.
   Issue:
   Blanche Louise Butler, b. June 26, 1900, at 139 West 93rd St., N. Y. C.

2nd. Ernani Bell (b. May 6, 1874), of Hillsdale, N. Y., at Orange, N. J., Feb. 12, 1904.

Issue:

Robert W. Butler, Jr., b. Nov. 26, 1904, 12:30 noon, at 287 West 111th St., N. Y.

Arthur Bell Butler, b. July 27, 27, 1907, at 2:10 P.M., at 121 Ludlow St., Yonkers, N. Y.

3. Henry Langdon,[3] b. Thursday, July 6, 1876, 6:15 P.M., at 61 Townsend Ave., Clifton, S. I. m. April 26, 1905 to Grace De W. Pinney (b. Oct. 23, 1882), of Brooklyn, N. Y., at St. Luke's Church, Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, by Rev. E. J. Burlingham.

Issue:

Beatrice Pinney Butler, b. March 9, 1906, at 196 Leffert's Place, Brooklyn. d. Apr. 5, 1918, Albany, N. Y.

Harold Pinney Butler, b. May 6, 1915, at 196 Leffert's Place, Brooklyn. d. May 6, 1915.

4. Arthur Gillender, b. Sunday, April 7, 1878, at 12 noon, at Clifton, S. I.
d. May 31, 1896, at 139 West 93rd Street, N. Y. C.

5. Edward Morris, b. Sunday, April 30, 1882, at 1:30 P.M., at the Cottage, Clifton, S. I.
m. June 2, 1906, to Margery Allen Hegeman (b. Aug. 3, 1882), at St. Stephen's Church, West 69th Street, N. Y. City, by Rev. Nathan E. Seagle.

Issue:

Edward Morris Butler, Jr., b. May 10, 1907, at 139 West 93rd St., N. Y. City.

Margery Wallace, b. May 30, 1910, at 130 Wadsworth Ave., N. Y. City.

When Henry L. Butler, Jr., was a boy, the principal means of transportation in New York were stages; in the winter season there were four and six horse sleighs, after a good snow fall, then the stages slid on runners, and there was more snow, just as there was more time then. In the city the superfluous snow was piled in the middle of the street, leaving packed runways on each side of a long ridge down the center.

The old stage lines ran down Broadway to the different ferries, some to South Ferry, some to Cortlandt Street, others to Fulton Ferry and Wall Street Ferry, long before the days of underground trolleys and subways.

It was no uncommon sight to see a block of stages or omnibuses for hours from Canal Street to Bowling Green. There were several stage companies, each one operating about thirty coaches, among which were the old Broadway line, from 42nd Street to South Ferry; the Madison Avenue line, to Wall Street Ferry from 32nd Street; the Fourth Avenue line from 32nd Street to South Ferry; the Sixth Avenue line, from 42nd Street, through 8th and 9th Streets, and also the 23rd Street line to 26th Street and 9th Avenue, both of which went to South Ferry.

The Bleecker Street line, which was known as the "Yellow Bird," from 8th Avenue and 23rd Street to South Ferry; the Grand Street line, from the foot of 10th Street to South Ferry; the Bowery line, from Bull's Head, 24th Street, to South Ferry, while the Bloomingdale stages ran from 33rd Street and Broadway (where Gimbel's store now stands) to Bloomingdale and Stryker's Bay.

Stages remained a picturesque and curious feature of Broadway as late as 1884. They marked the first attempts to afford transportation to the citizens of New York and performed a wonderful service in their day.

Meanwhile, the ever-increasing demand for better facilities directed the attention of inquiring minds to the problem. As a result New York gave to the world the idea of horse-cars on rails.

Thirty years afterward they had been successfully operated in this country they were introduced into Europe by George Francis Train; so that no matter where you roam, in Europe, Asia or Africa—wherever you see a horse-car—you can always feel proud to know that little old New York invented the system and inaugurated the first successful street car line in the world, which commenced running about 1832. The line extended from Prince Street, then the northernmost limits of the city, to Harlem Bridge. The cars were built by John Stephenson, and were balanced on leather springs. These bus cars, as they were called, ran on Second Ave. and other avenues also. The old bus cars and stages found various uses after service in New York. A number of them were taken to Jamaica, L. I., and used on the line which ran from there to East New York.

These were the forerunners of horse-cars which were used for so many years in New York, the last line to disappear being the Chambers Street cross-town cars, which in order to keep its franchise valid, operated one or two cars a day until about 1915.

The old horse-car days were happy times for the thrifty conductors, who at that time knew nothing of any fare-registering dials, and but very little of spotters. Their left hands were encumbered with 5-cent, 10-cent, 25-cent and 50-cent fractional currency, and as many of them were said to be property owners, it is to be presumed that frequently one hand didn't know what the other was doing with the company's fares. At least, the fact remains that with the introduction later on of registering apparatus, there came a great change among the conductors, and the prosperous looking individuals retired and were seen no more. The carfare was then 6 cents for grown people and 3 cents for children. As the conductors usually judged the age of the youngsters by their size, it became a habit among them to make one's self appear as small as possible, in order to pass on a 3-cent fare. Many a culprit being caught at that game was yanked up and

told by the conductor: "Here, stand up straight and pay your full fare."

In winter time, in extreme cold weather, they would place a bedding of straw on the floors of the horse-cars and stages to keep the passengers' feet warm.

The winter season seemed to set in earlier than nowadays, and certainly it was very much colder then. Within the writer's memory, on Thanksgiving Day at the Swiss Cottage, at Oaklands, Staten Island, the ground was frequently white with a heavy fall of snow.

Occasionally the cold was sufficient for the East River to be frozen over solidly from Long Island Sound to the Battery, and most of the upper bay was a solid field of ice extending almost to Staten Island.

Henry L. Butler, Jr., often told his children how he and his brother Sam more than once walked across from Brooklyn to New York on the ice, in the vicinity of about where the Brooklyn Bridge now crosses that river.

Letter carriers charged 1 cent for delivery and often letters were refused. Those were the days of large copper cents, about one inch in diameter, and soiled postage stamps. To get a telegram was an event, and usually meant sad news. No telephone, no electric light, no trolleys or subways, no heat in cars or buses, no running hot or cold water in houses, no furnace heat, yet those were good days, and a dollar went considerably farther than it does today.

There was a time when droves of cattle and sheep were driven through the streets of the city to the slaughter-houses. Sometimes a single animal would break away from the herd, and, mounting the sidewalk, it would rush along, scaring the pedestrians. All traffic ceased on the Avenue to let them pass. The lads of the city used the street gutters for skating ponds. They skated generally on one foot.

Washington Square, North, the oldest row of fashionable

Few of the present generation will credit the fact that crossing the East River on the ice was an occasional occurrence. This photograph was taken in 1871. Delays from field ice on both rivers or from dense fogs or thaws were frequent in ferry-boat days.

houses that have survived the startling changes which since their erection in 1834, have made New York a cosmopolitan city.

With their simple but dignified architecture these houses have given to Washington Square that charm so peculiarly its own, suggestive of the long ago aristocratic days. Houses were built to live in then, and when the families were forced out by the steady pressure of trade, it was with a sigh of regret that the old home was left for the new.

Philip Hone, that delightful chronicler of early New York, tells us with what sorrow he had to leave his comfortable home opposite City Hall Park and move uptown to Broadway and Great Jones Street.

Conditions are different today. Apartment house life in return for its household conveniences sacrifices much of the family sentiment that forms so large a part of the real home, and the most serious thought often is that of next year's apartment in the newest multi-family house.

Hundreds of ancestral homes, with associations clinging around them have within the last half-dozen years given way to mammoth apartment houses, and coupled with the ruthless invasion of trade into once restricted areas, the genuine home atmosphere has been well-nigh eliminated from Manhattan Island. To preserve at least a portion of their privacy, the Murray Hill residents had to fight for their homes in the courts, and thus far they have protected their little region, although literally surrounded by tall business structures.

What interesting stories might be told of the residents of Washington Square, North—Mayor Stephen Allen, Mayor Edward Cooper, in addition to the Rhinelanders, Schieffelins, Van Zandts, Schuylers, Hamiltons and Delanos, the old pump in the park which supplied water of such soft quality that the housewives would use no other for their weekly wash; the military parades and other events unknown to the busy Manhattan dweller in these days of tremendous activity and responsibility devolving upon the business interests of the nation.

Sarah B Butler

(nee Sarah Blair Douglas)

Samuel S. Butler

1850-1917.

SAMUEL STRYKER BUTLER.

Samuel Stryker Butler, second son of Henry L. and Mary S. Butler, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., September 20, 1850.

His parents at this time were living on Hoyt Street, as previously related on page 195.

He was educated at the school of Dr. Isaac S. Davison in

Brooklyn, and as a boy was particularly fond of skating and all out-door sports.

His boyhood days were spent entirely in Brooklyn, and although when 19 years of age his parents removed to Staten Island to live, Sam, as he was called by the family, never outgrew a fondness for the city of his birthplace, and after twelve years on Staten Island, he returned to Brooklyn, where he resided permanently thereafter.

Together with his two brothers, Harry and Holmes, all of whom were booklovers, they conceived the idea of creating a circulating Home Library for the use and benefit of their schoolmates and companions who lived in their neighborhood on Pacific Street, where his parents lived for several years.

They set their hands diligently to work upon the project; scores of well selected books were acquired, stories of travel and adventure which always appeal strongly to the youthful mind, as well as complete sets of the standard novelists. These were all suitably labeled, indexed and catalogued and were loaned upon payment of two cents per week for each book taken out. The plan was carefully carried out; it worked successfully and their amateur library thrived for about four years, ending only with the removal of the family to Staten Island. Many of these books are still in the possession of various members of the family.

After graduating from school he held a position for a time with the wholesale dry-goods firm of Curran, Fay & Co., then with Hazen, Whitney & Co. in the same line of business, and later with his father's firm, Butler, Broome & Clapp, having charge of the silk department of that establishment, in which special class of merchandise he became an expert.

Upon the dissolution of that partnership, Mr. Butler became a member of the firm of Butler, Clapp, Wentz & Co., wholesale dry-goods merchants.

He was well-known on Staten Island, having lived at Oaklands from the age of 19 to 31 years.

On December 7, 1876, Samuel S. Butler married Sarah Blair Douglas, of New York, daughter of David Douglas, a prominent linen importer of that period. The wedding ceremony which took place at the Douglas home, 247 West 31th St., was performed by Rev. J. E. Rockwell.*

They had two daughters and a son, whose names appear on page 367.

In 1882 Mr. Butler removed from Staten Island to Brooklyn with his family, then consisting of his wife and two daughters, where he purchased a home at 558 Washington Avenue, which from that time on became the family residence for twenty-six years.

Here his son Douglas was born and in this house the three children grew to adult age, forming many delightful associations and lifelong friends. The two daughters were educated at Adelphi Academy at Lafayette Avenue and St. James Place.

For several years the family attended and became members of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church and the younger members attended the Sunday School there.

Their former home on Washington Avenue is still standing and in good condition, just as it was when they occupied the house.

Meanwhile, Mr. Butler had become engaged in the wholesale silk business. Like his father, he was always identified with the dry-goods interests in New York, and at the time of his death he was actively engaged in the silk manufacturing business with Messrs. Iselin & Co. at 25th Street and Madison Avenue.

In 1908, after the marriage of his two daughters, the care of a large city house became too great for the diminished home circle and it was decided to remove to an apartment at 378 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, where Mr. and Mrs. Butler, with their son Douglas, resided for nine years, until Mr. Butler's death in 1917, aged 66 years.

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*See pages 106 and 278.

He was always jovial and happy of disposition, with a marked appreciation of good humor. His daughters were a source of great joy and pride to him and he greatly encouraged the cultivation of their musical talents. Mr. Butler himself was a great lover of music and for twenty years was an active member of and sang tenor in the Apollo Club of Brooklyn.

A few days before his death his sister Alice telephoned to inquire whether he could accompany their mother to church in New York the following Sunday. Mr. Butler was then suffering from excessive shortness of breath, due to heart trouble, and was therefore not physically able to make the trip.

His mother, then aged 89, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Parmele, went over to Brooklyn and were distressed at the sudden affliction which had come upon him in the absence of his wife, who happened to be visiting their daughter in Pittsburgh, and was not aware of her husband's serious condition, although a physician was summoned and stated that there was no occasion for alarm.

Mrs. Butler immediately returned home.

Feeling that he still must go to his place of business, Mr. Butler, on Monday, Feb. 26, 1917, accompanied by his son, who had returned from the West a week before, went to New York for the day. At his place of business Mr. Butler's brother, Holmes, dropped in to see him, as was his custom occasionally.

Returning home with his son at four o'clock that day, Mr. Butler partook of a light supper at six and was seized with an attack of heart failure while at the table. A doctor was summoned from across the street and another arrived shortly afterward, and although everything possible was done to give him relief, the end came quickly at eight o'clock that evening, Feb. 26, 1917.

The funeral services were held at the residence of his elder daughter, Mrs. Bayard L. Peck, 267 Henry Street, Brooklyn, at two o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, March 1, 1917.

The Rev. William Pierson Merrill, pastor of Brick Presbyterian Church, New York, officiated.

Mr. Butler was buried at Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, the city in which he was born and to which he always felt the greatest attachment.

The children of Samuel S. and Sarah Douglas Butler are:

1. Elizabeth Stuart,* born Dec. 13, 1877, N. Y. City; married Nov. 2, 1907, Bayard L. Peck.
2. Mary Scudder,† born Oct. 8, 1880, N. Y. City; married Winfield S. Potter, of Brooklyn.
3. David Douglas,§ born July 19, 1882, Brooklyn, N. Y.; married Miss Adelyn Kalb, of Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 30, 1919.

WILLIAM BUTLER.

William Butler, third son born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Butler, while residing at the Hicks and Congress Streets house, mentioned on page 195. Born Sept. 15, 1853, and named for his grandfather. He lived but nine months and twenty-two days departing this life on July 7, 1854, and was buried in the Butler plot in Greenwood Cemetery.

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*See page 421.
†See page 424.
§See page 427.

Helen Livingston Butler

(nee Helen L. Parmele)

John Holmes Butler.

1855-1918.

JOHN HOLMES BUTLER.

John Holmes Butler, fourth son of Henry L. and Mary S. Butler, was born Feb. 27, 1855, at 399 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, to which residence the family had removed the previous year from the house at Hicks and Congress Streets. The Pacific Street home, in which his parents resided for twelve years, is shown on

page 197. He was the first of their children to be born in the Pacific Street house.

His parents named him in honor of and out of regard for John Holmes Scudder,* who was his grandmother's second husband and his mother's uncle; a man of noble traits and lovable personality and a universal favorite in the family. Throughout his lifetime his namesake was addressed by the name of "Holmes."

As has been previously related, he attended, with his brothers, Dr. Isaac S. Davison's School on Sydney Place, Brooklyn.

From early boyhood he possessed an aversion to eating of meat or beef and was a strict vegetarian; the only form of meat of which he partook was fried or broiled ham and smoked beef, at supper.

The story is told that in his youth certain of his brothers considered Holmes' dislike of meat only a passing whim, so they contrived to break him of it by a novel experiment.

The centre of a single lima bean was hollowed out and a small piece of cooked beefsteak was substituted therein; this bean was then included in a portion of lima beans served to Holmes.

The result was, that he immediately became ill and left the table.

The experiment was never repeated.

Upon leaving school, about 1871, he entered the clothing firm of Anderson, Starr & Co., a few years later becoming salesman with the firm of Henry & John Paret, one of the leading clothing firms of that period, with which establishment he remained for several years.

With certain other successful salesmen of that concern he was taken into the partnership and the firm name was changed to John Paret & Co. The latter firm met with reverses due to the questionable activities of its senior member.

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*See page 87.

On January 22, 1880, J. Holmes Butler married Helen Livingston Parmele (b. Oct. 23, 1857), daughter of Col. Theodore W. Parmele and Emilie F. Roome.

The wedding ceremony took place at St. Thomas' Church on Fifth Avenue, New York, in the old edifice which occupied the same site of the present beautiful church of that name at 53d Street and Fifth Avenue.

The Rev. W. F. Morgan, D.D., was the officiating clergyman.

At this point it is interesting to note that J. Holmes Butler's sister Alice married Charles R. Parmele, the brother of the young lady Holmes had selected for his life partner; in other words, these two young ladies respectively exchanged their brothers in marriage.

Mr. Butler thereafter became associated with *The Dry Goods Chronicle*, the foremost trade journal of the dry goods business in New York.

Later he became the New York representative of several large manufacturers of ladies' wear, continuing as such until ill health compelled his retirement.

Coming to New York to live, first in Feb., 1890, the family moved into "The Lyonhurst," an apartment house, which still stands at the northwest corner of Broadway and 76th Street.

When the old homestead at Clifton was closed, Mr. Butler's parents came to live in New York. In October, 1891, he leased the dwelling at 136 West 94th Street and his parents lived with him at that address, bringing with them enough of the furnishings from the Clifton home to complete the outfitting of the house. The following year his father departed this life, after an illness lasting but five days; subsequently his mother returned to Staten Island to make her home with Mrs. Parmele, the youngest daughter and her husband, who were then living in Lenox Place, New Brighton.

For more than thirty years Mr. Butler was a member of the

Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York, and this organization furnished one of his greatest and most lasting enjoyments.

His fondness for music was intense; he played many hymns himself and possessed what may be called a distinct "organ touch," for many years he sang tenor in the Church of the Ascension, 11th Street and 5th Avenue, and in several other New York churches.

He possessed a keen appreciation of humor and a rare ability to produce it. He was truly a born humorist, and all through his life he was a fun-maker. He saw the ludicrous side of everything and always had on hand an abundant store of jokes and merry repartee, which made him ever welcome among his fellow men as well as in the family circle.

Evidence of his practical humor is to be found in the following narrative which is told of Mr. Butler as he was walking homeward bound along Chambers Street one wintry day. The snow had begun to fall heavily in the growing darkness of early evening, and as he walked with his collar turned up and his hands thrust down into his overcoat pockets, he was accosted by a shabbily dressed individual who begged the price of a meal.

Looking intently at the man, Mr. Butler, feigning to be irritated, exclaimed, "Say, partner, try the other side, will you? I'm working this side of the street."

The astonished mendicant slipped away quickly into the darkness with mumbled apologies.

Always brimful of fun, his ready wit was the life of a party or family gathering wherever he went. With a crisp comical word or two which exactly fitted a situation, he would frequently throw an assemblage into convulsions of laughter. The children were always amused and delighted when he would consent to frolic and cavort about with them, and his antics reminded them of those goblins in the world of fun known as the "Brownies," so they nicknamed him "The King of the Brownies."

His popularity was more than local; he counted his friends by

scores and his personal acquaintanceship was very wide. Wherever he went he was sure to meet someone he knew, and the number of friends was not more remarkable than the warmth of their affection for him.

It was a regular occurrence at the annual election in the Mendelssohn Glee Club that Joseph Mosenthal, the man responsible for the high position in the musical world which that club enjoyed, and who was its conductor from the beginning of its organization until his death, of always casting his vote for Mr. Butler as conductor, not wishing to vote for himself.

He was a great lover of books; he read extensively and was especially fond of the works of Charles Dickens.

His supply of personal experiences and reminiscences seemed inexhaustible, and this ability enabled him to render valuable aid in the preparation of manuscript for this volume.

In appearance, Mr. Butler was of medium height, well proportioned, fair complexion and hazel brown eyes. His auburn hair was well mixed with grey and he wore a closely trimmed mustache. The absolute neatness of his personal appearance was a marked characteristic.

Though stricken with a fatal illness and extremely weak, he nevertheless, on Election Day, Nov. 5, 1918, went to the polls assisted by his devoted wife, who voted for the first time on this occasion, and although the voting place was but a few doors from their residence on Nelson Avenue in the Bronx, it was with great difficulty that he was able to return to his home. Yet his patience in suffering was infinite.

On Wednesday, Dec. 11, 1918, at ten minutes past one o'clock in the morning, he was taken to his reward, from his family and from the side of a noble wife who had consecrated her life to the promotion of his happiness and to the task especially of making his latter days more comfortable.

The romance of his life was his marriage. They were married when he was 24 and she was 22 years old; they were always

sweethearts, until he died and their wedded career of more than 38 years had been ideal and without a discordant note. His life was truly made happier and fairer by her touch and presence. Both their lives are full of good deeds, and those are the things that matter in the long run. Those are the incorruptible riches.

In the passing of J. Holmes Butler the family lost one of its most popular and worthy members and the world a sterling character.

He infused those about him with the contagion of bright optimism and his fun-making, jovial spirit can never be replaced. Whoever came into his company went out of it brighter and happier.

It is remarkable that even in the latter days of his life he remained cheerful and happy, almost to the end.

The funeral services, held at the old Brick Presbyterian Church, 37th Street and Fifth Avenue, New York, were attended by relatives and many friends on Friday afternoon, Dec. 15, 1918, at two o'clock.*

The pastor of that church, Rev. William Pierson Merrill, conducted the services.

Thirty members of the Mendelssohn Glee Club attended the funeral in a body and rendered in a most exquisitely beautiful manner, the singing of "Lead Kindly Light," "Peace, Perfect Peace," and "The Long Day Closes," the last named having been especially mentioned by Mr. Butler during his last fatal illness.

He was buried in the Parmele plot in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, and as the sorrowing relatives turned from the scene, the ground was literally covered with floral tributes, presenting a most beautiful sight.

His son and only child, who bears his father's name, was born at "Oaklands," Clifton, Staten Island, on Jan. 8, 1881, further mention of whom is made on page 429.

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*The Rev. George M. McCampbell, of Sewickley, Pa., formerly minis-

ter at the First Presbyterian Church of Edgewater, Staten Island, for seven years, from 1882 to 1889, when the Butler family were members of that congregation, had come East to rest awhile from his recent church work in Pittsburgh and by a strange coincedence happened to be in New York for a few days at the time of Mr. Butler's death. The clergyman attended the funeral service at Brick Church, and upon leaving the church, he walked to 38th Street and Sixth Avenue, where he was accidently struck by a passing automobile truck of the American Express Company.

He was knocked to the ground, dragged beneath the wheels and sustained injuries which resulted fatally at Bellevue Hospital, whither he had been hurried, the following Sunday morning. His funeral was held in New York on Dec. 18, 1918.

With what uncertainty we tread the paths of life!

Hilda Barry Butler.

(nee Hilda R. S. Barry)

Edward M. Butler.

1857-1899.

EDWARD MORRIS BUTLER.

Edward Morris Butler, fifth son of Henry L. and Mary S. Butler, was born at 399 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday, Feb. 12, 1857.

With his three elder brothers, he attended the school of Dr. Isaac S. Davison in Brooklyn, and upon the removal of his parents to Staten Island in 1868, he completed his education with Prof. Methfessel, who conducted a private school at Stapleton, Staten Island.

His early life is closely associated and interwoven with the happenings at "Oaklands" and he participated heartily in all the interests of the family at the old homestead in Clifton.

Although he could play but two hymns on the piano, he was passionately fond of music and he enjoyed a most unusually keen appreciation of humor; he was a veritable wag and was always in the fun wherever merriment and sport were found.

On June 5, 1890, he married Hilda Rhedin Seldener Barry, daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Barry, of Germantown, Pa. The wedding ceremony, which took place at St. Michael's Church, Germantown, was performed by Rev. Dr. Murphy.

Mr. Butler began his business life with the firm of Low, Harriman & Co., in New York, which establishment was succeeded by Joseph T. Low & Co.

Upon their liquidation he joined the firm of Smith, Hogg & Gardner.

Removing to New York City from Staten Island, they lived for a time at 104 West 92d Street, adjoining the beautiful grounds of St. Agnes' Chapel and almost on the very site of the old Apthorp mansion.

His special line of training was in white cotton goods and he was recognized as being most proficient in that line; he was climbing to a really fine position with the latter firm when he was taken with a fatal illness and died in Germantown, Pa., Sept. 11, 1899.

After Mr. Butler's death his widow and their daughter remained in Germantown, Pa., where they have resided for many years.

Their only daughter, Elizabeth Barry Butler,* was born Sept. 7, 1891, at New Brighton, Staten Island, and married, on Nov. 15, 1913, Arthur W. LaRoche, of Germantown, Pa., at St. Michael's Church, Germantown. They have one son, Barry A. LaRoche, also a daughter, Elizabeth B. LaRoche, and reside at Mt. Airy, Pa.

*See page 434.

ALBERT BUTLER.

Albert Butler, sixth son of Henry L. and Mary S. Butler, was born at 399 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Jan. 6, 1859.

He first attended Dr. Davison's School in Brooklyn and when nine years of age his parents removed from the farm at Castle-

ton, Staten Island—which they had occupied for but a few years—to the beautiful estate in Clifton, which his mother named "Oaklands."

On Staten Island, together with his brother Ed, he attended the private school of Professor Melhfessel, in Stapleton.

"Bert," as he was called by the family, shared with his brother Ed the tower bedroom in the residence at "Oaklands," which is shown in the illustration on page 268. This room was reached by a narrow, winding staircase which skirted a large dome ceiling in the interior of the house. Like most growing boys, Bert was not easily aroused from sleep in the mornings. It was his father's custom, daily, to call the younger generation of the family from their slumbers.

Sometimes a second, and even a third call was required to rouse Bert. One morning, after repeated warnings from his father on the subject of his tardiness at the breakfast table, Bert had not arisen from his bed, when he heard his father's footsteps hurrying up the staircase around the dome. With a presentiment of approaching chastisement and with rare presence of mind, he quickly donned three pairs of trousers, one over the other, in rapid succession, which offset to a considerable extent the effect of the parental discipline which was thereupon visited on him.

Bert had unfortunately acquired the habit, also, of coming late to church service on Sunday mornings. On one occasion this led to embarrassing consequences. One of the youngsters, Morris Butler, was brought to church in May, 1882, for the ceremony of baptism.

At the Presbyterian Church in Stapleton it was customary for parents to wait with their infants at the rear of the church until the proper place was reached in the order of service for baptisms.

The clergyman, Rev. George McCampbell, had read the baptismal announcement from the pulpit and the congregation

awaited with the usual interest and curiosity the appearance of a babe in arms, wondering how it would comport itself amidst such strange surroundings.

The attention of all was fixed on the center aisle as the minister said, "The child will now be brought forward for baptism."

Whereupon at that very moment Bert entered, and unconscious of the preceding remark, walked straight up the aisle, to the positive amusement of many devout parishioners.

It has been said that Holmes Butler was the humorist of the family. Albert Butler, in his younger days, aspired to become the family linguist. In his opinion, the best way for one to learn how to speak French was to regularly read a French newspaper.

Accordingly he became a subscriber to a struggling French daily published in New York, known as the *Courier Des Etats Unis*.

With a pocket dictionary in one hand and a French newspaper in the other, he worked very diligently to master that language as he traveled to and fro on the Staten Island ferryboats to his place of business.

He was successful to a surprising degree in this, finally becoming proficient enough to carry on a sustained conversation.

The handicaps and obstacles with which he had to contend, surrounded by a group of bantering brothers, who were not particularly in sympathy with his aspiration, may be imagined; they made great sport of his earnest efforts and determination to learn French.

At the family table there would occur spirited discussions as to the correct pronunciation of certain words; the younger generation joined heartily into this. The French word for sugar was the cause of special hilarity in this respect.

Bert, in all seriousness, would give the correct enunciation. Immediately there would come from all around the table various attempts to pronounce the word; these attempts were often exaggerated or deliberately mispronounced, until Bert would lose

his patience and give up in disgust when the others couldn't or wouldn't utter the word *sucre* as he had pronounced it for them.

Finally, in desperation, Grandfather Butler, in a stern voice would exclaim, "That's enough! We'll have no more *sucre*."

This was greeted with shouts of laughter at Grandfather's pronunciation which was little, if any, better than any of the others; but the discussion ceased forthwith.

One day Grandmother Butler, with her two sons, Holmes and Bert, were riding uptown in a Sixth Avenue elevated train. Without a word of previous warning, Holmes turned toward his mother suddenly and in a voice feigning great astonishment, said, as he grasped her arm, "Look, mother, quickly! There in the other end of the car is the *other* subscriber to the *Courier*."

The man was reading the same French newspaper.

Like his brothers and sisters, Bert is extremely fond of music and enjoys playing such selections as "The Swedish Wedding March," "Sweet and Low," and other harmonious melodies, sometimes with original variations.

He began business with Halstead, Haines & Co., subsequently entering the employ of his father's firm, Butler, Broome & Clapp.

Becoming afflicted in middle age with an incurable ailment, he was compelled to relinquish completely all commercial activity.

He has been a faithful son, generous, kind-hearted, religious and devotedly attached to his own family, and has never been known to do or say an unkind thing in his life.

LEONARD ATWATER BUTLER.

Leonard Atwater Butler was the seventh son of Henry L. and Mary S. Butler. He was born at the time his parents were residing at 399 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., on August 8, 1861. They named him for a greatly esteemed friend of Henry L. Butler's by the name of Leonard Atwater. The little fellow was very bright and soon earned a welcome place in the hearts of the whole family with his winning ways.

After a brief illness he was taken to the great eternal home on Feb. 18, 1864, aged two years and six months; his going was a great cross to his sorrowing parents.

Beginning with William in 1854, his mother has lived to see six of her sons laid at rest, and many devoted pilgrimages has she made to their graves and to that of her husband in the plot at Greenwood Cemetery.*

*See page 144.

Mary S. Albarger. T. Linton Albarger

MARY STRYKER BUTLER.

(Mrs. T. Linton Albarger.)

Mary Stryker Butler, first daughter and eighth child of Henry L. and Mary S. Butler, was born Nov. 28, 1863, at the Butler residence on Pacific Street;* at that time the house was No. 399, but the number was changed later to 411 and then to 435.

*See page 197.

Before Mary was three years of age her parents leased a farm at Castleton Four Corners, Staten Island, on the Manor Road about six miles from the ferry landing at Factoryville, now called West Brighton. At the outset this was used as a summer residence, but in June, 1868, the family removed from Brooklyn permanently and remained at the Castleton farm until the fall of 1869, at which time the beautiful place which was destined to become the family homestead at Clifton was purchased and in which the family lived for twenty-two eventful years.

Mary was sent to school first at Miss Errington's on Townsend Avenue, Clifton, and later to Miss Little's School, which was known as Thornhill Seminary, on Vanderbilt Avenue, Clifton. In the latter seventies of the last century Mary could be seen almost any morning school books in hand, walking up New York Avenue to school with her sister Alice.

When a young girl of 14 or 15 years of age while attending school, Mary played the piano at school entertainments, thus acquiring a certain confidence in herself which stood her in good stead throughout the remainder of her life.

A finishing course at Miss Roberts' School on Madison Avenue, New York, completed her school days and she was graduated from the latter in 1882.

About this time her parents were in the habit of spending a part of the summer vacations at mountain or lake resorts in New York.

They went one summer to the Catskill Mountains, where they met a Mrs. Alburger, of Germantown, Pa., who was stopping at the same hotel. The two families soon found themselves on friendly terms and at the close of that summer Mrs. Alburger extended a cordial invitation to the two young Butler sisters, Mary and Alice, to make her a visit that winter in Germantown. Mrs. Alburger had counted upon her two sons to assist in entertaining her young guests from New York; one of the sons in particular, T. Linton Alburger, was a very unwilling and disin-

terested party to the entertainment proposition, but was finally induced by his mother to stay at home and remain an active member of the reception committee when the two young ladies arrived.

They reached Germantown all furbished with frills and furbelows and were graciously welcomed by the hospitable mother at 130 School Lane, and the long anticipated visit became a delightful reality.

In those days it was the fashion for young ladies to wear bustles, an astonishing contrivance which gave expansive contours to the sides and backs of their skirts. These young ladies were, of course, bedecked in the very latest of feminine finery. It appears, however, that the elder brother "Lin," took a violent dislike to bustles at first sight and was conspicuously absent from the scene when wanted on more than one occasion.

It has been said that one thing leads to another and so it was in this case; at all events, this visit eventually led to the engagement of Mary Butler and T. Linton Alburger.

It was an auspicious day at "Oaklands" when, in the presence of their invited friends and relatives, they were married in the large parlor on April 14, 1887, the Rev. George M. McCampbell* officiating at the ceremony.

After a honeymoon of ten days, the bride and groom went to Germantown to live. Their first home was located at 269 Rittenhouse Street, where they resided for seventeen years, removing in 1901 to 5911 Wayne Avenue, that city, where they have since lived and now reside. Her mother makes her home with them at the present time.

They have two daughters and one son, whose names appear on page 388. The ties of family relationship have ever held a deep significance for Mrs. Alburger, by whom the principle of love for each other in the home is placed above all else.

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*See page 373 (footnote).

From early childhood she has possessed rare ability as a pianiste, further mention of which is made on page 246.

In the range of her musical talent were three remarkable features:

A positive ability to memorize the music which she played, notwithstanding the fact that in the days of her early training pupils were not permitted to lay aside their notes and play from memory. It is not unusual for Mrs. Alburger to play twenty-five selections at a time without notes, many of which are pieces she played thirty years ago. With unusual facility she remembers and plays them at will and with the utmost ease to this day.

A person may strike a single note on the piano and from another room Mrs. Alburger can tell exactly what note was struck, so accurately is her ear trained to the tone of each key.

Perhaps the most remarkable of all, however, is her power to transpose music at sight from one key to another and in accompaniments, for example, of a quartette, should one of the singers be uncertain about a note, Mrs. Alburger can instantly (while singing an alto part herself) bring out prominently the desired note on the piano and emphasizing that particular note with her own voice, give the correct note to the singer and then revert quickly to her own part, irrespective of whether the singer's part be tenor, bass or soprano, a most difficult feat to perform and yet she has the ability to do this quite unnoticed by others present who are listening to the singing.

Her piano selections have not been of the most difficult, but always music of the best composers, such as Rubenstein, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Liszt, Grieg and many of the compositions of the late Edward McDowell, which she has frequently rendered with delightful effect at concerts in Philadelphia and Germantown. At the same time she has not specialized on classical music to the exclusion of lighter music, and plays all the modern dances and popular airs of the day which have given so much pleasure

to many people and which she occasionally plays nowadays as duets with her son.

In lighter vein also she will sometimes amuse and entertain the assembled members of the Butler family with imitations of the various styles of playing, characteristic of the different ones at home. Mary would commence with an imitation of her own father, whose musical education was somewhat limited, and he knew it; he used bass chords which he forgot to change as he sang and played the "Sweet Potato Vine" or "Old Jimmie Lapstone," putting a great deal of feeling into his song, he would often forget to play the accompaniment and hold the bass keys down.

Then her mother would be imitated so well that it was difficult for a person standing in the next room to believe that Mrs. Alburger's mother was not actually at the piano.

Her brother Sam had a brilliant, loud style of playing, limited to one or two selections which Mrs. Alburger could reproduce very accurately, as well as the hymns of her brother Holmes and the only two hymns which her brother Ed knew how to play on the piano. She also imitated from memory a piece which her sister Alice learned to play as a very young girl and the "Swedish Wedding March" which her brother Bert played, sometimes getting off the key and getting on again; all of which the family enjoyed mightily, as the different numbers were called for by request.

In accompaniments she possesses the art of following rather than of leading the singer.

Her playing is brilliant, full of temperament, depth of feeling and originality of expression which has never failed to delight the many enthusiastic lovers of her music, both out of and within the family circle.

With a comparatively large family of her own and manifold household duties, Mrs. Alburger's life has been a busy one. Hard practising has been out of the question, but she has kept up her

music always, playing for her children and with them; accompanying her brother Holmes and his wife during the many years of their delightful vocal accomplishments, and more recently her son-in-law, Paul Hesser, who sings in a Presbyterian church in Germantown.

Mr. and Mrs. Alburger and their family are members of St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church of Germantown, where for twelve years Mrs. Alburger has fulfilled the duties of choir mother, having charge of supplying and keeping in good order the choir vestments. She has also been a member for several years of the Woman's Emergency, a permanent organization in Germantown for practical work in all great emergencies.

During the recent war with Germany much sewing was accomplished by this society for the Belgian orphans and French refugees.

By reason of her musical talent Mrs. Alburger played the accompaniments for singing at many of the local flag-raisings and other patriotic gatherings during the war; she has been active in hospital work; is librarian of the Germantown Hospital, having supervision of the distribution of books to patients, and is also a member of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Visitors, Germantown Hospital. She has been a devoted wife and mother and is a general favorite with the family, who, whenever passing through or near Germantown, always stop for a brief visit to enjoy the genial hospitality which they know always awaits them at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. Linton Alburger, at 5914 Wayne Avenue, where many lively good times occur when they all get together.

Mr. Alburger was graduated from Germantown Academy in 1882, and went at once into business, remaining up to the present time with the same firm, now Alburger, Stoer & Co., Inc.

He commenced as an office boy and is now their merchandise manager. Their marriage has been a very happy one.

Their two daughters, Alice and May, are married and their

son, T. Linton Alburger, Jr., as this book is being published, is engaged to marry a charming and accomplished young lady residing near Norristown, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Alburger's three children are:

1. Alice B., born Sept. 7, 1888; married Leeman R. Browne, Nov. 1, 1911. Issue: Catherine Mary Browne, born April 6, 1914.
2. Thomas Linton, Jr., born July 28, 1890.
3. Mary Price, born May 9, 1895; married Paul M. Hesser, Jr., Dec. 8, 1917. Issue: Paul M. Hesser 3rd, born Dec. 28, 1918.

Alice M. Parmele

Chas Roome Parmele

ALICE MORRIS BUTLER.

(Mrs. Charles Roome Parmele)

Alice Morris Butler, second daughter and youngest child of Henry L. and Mary S. Butler, was born at the Pacific Street residence of her parents in Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 27, 1865; her

birthplace is shown on page 197. She was named for her grandmother, Alice Morris Scudder.*

As a child her health was quite delicate; her father, on this account and believing that a suburban home would be better suited to the needs of his growing family, decided, in 1868, to move to Staten Island, their first home there being located at Castleton Four Corners on the old Manor Road, about six miles south of West Brighton.

This is the house shown on page 199.

Life at this farm was quite too lonesome for Alice's mother; the winters there were very severe and it was thought desirable by her father to be located nearer to the ferry landings on the east shore of the island. Accordingly, on October 16, 1869, when Alice was but four years of age, her father purchased the beautiful estate at Clifton which became known as "Oaklands," and for 17 years, until her marriage in 1886 and for a time thereafter, her life is closely interwoven with the history and occurrences at the old homestead.

Alice has lived on Staten Island practically all of her lifetime, first at the old farm, then at Clifton in her girlhood days, and during her married life at New Brighton, where she now resides at 102 Hamilton Avenue, at which address the family has lived for the past eight years.

As a young girl, Alice attended Thornhill Seminary at Clifton, taking a finishing course later at Mrs. Roberts' School, 148 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Among the neighbors and good friends of the Butler family at "Oaklands" were the Parmele's, who lived on New York Avenue nearby. Here a young nephew named Charles Roome Parmele often visited, and in fact lived for some time at his uncle's home.

In this manner it came to pass that Alice Butler first met her future husband, and when her brother, Holmes Butler, married young Mr. Parmele's sister Nellie, it naturally brought the two

*See page 87.

families into a still closer relationship. Soon after the latter marriage the couple came to "Oaklands" to live, and Nellie's brother Charlie easily acquired the habit of coming over to "Oaklands" regularly on Monday evenings, ostensibly to "visit his sister."

But if the truth must be known, there was an additional attraction in the person of the youngest member of the house of Butler, and the friendship rapidly developed into something deeper, until in 1883 an engagement was arranged between them.

Three years later, on March 25, 1886, the West Presbyterian Church on West 42d Street, New York, opposite Bryant Park, was the scene of a pretty wedding when the Rev. George M. McCampbell* united in marriage Charles Roome Parmele and Alice Morris Butler.

They returned to the old homestead and resided there for about four years, until the Swiss Cottage was vacated in 1890, when they moved into it. In 1892 it was decided to move to New Brighton, where Mr. Parmele leased a very attractive and cosy home at 14 Lenox Place, in which they resided for eleven years.

Not long after the death of Mrs. Parmele's father the old Clifton mansion was permanently relinquished as a place of residence and reunion by the family and the property was ultimately disposed of.

Mrs. Parmele's widowed mother, after visiting among her children and relatives for some time, was invited by her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Parmele, to make their residence her home. In the meantime they had moved from Lenox Place to a larger and more roomy house at 141 St. Mark's Place, New Brighton.

During the summer, when the Parmele home was closed, it had long been Mrs. Butler's custom to visit her other married daughter, Mrs. Alburger, in Germantown, Pa.

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*See page 373 (footnote).

141 St. Mark's Place, New Brighton, States Island.
The Parmele residence for 13 years; 1898-1911.

For thirteen years the St. Mark's Place residence was a charming home in every sense of the word; a haven of rest from business cares; a realm of harmonious music; a shrine of countless associations and hallowed memories and being as well the place of abode of the eldest living member of the family, it naturally became the new gathering place.

Here, for several years, on all holidays and at Christmas and New Year festivities, the Butler clan was very much in evidence, both to pay homage to the head of the family and to enjoy the generous hospitality of their Parmele hosts, always so freely and lavishly given.

To mention the Parmele's of New Brighton is to bring to mind the ideal home life of a family of seven, every one contributing his or her share in making the home atmosphere and

all guided by the parental influence of moulding five young characters for a safe journey through life.

On the 23d of May, 1908, when Mrs. Butler, mother, grandmother and great grandmother, passed her eightieth milestone, most of the family assembled at Mr. Parmele's residence, 141 St. Mark's Place, New Brighton, to offer congratulations and gifts. A grandson, Robert White Butler, and a great-granddaughter, Helen Livingston Butler, having the same natal day, celebrated with her.

Grouped photographs of those present were taken by flashlight; music and dancing were enjoyed and a bountiful supper was served during the evening.*

It is such occasions which have always not only brought the family together, but held them together.

The marriages of the two eldest sons, Charlie, Jr., in 1916, and Harry Parmele the previous year, narrowed the family circle down to five and it was deemed advisable to occupy a smaller house; accordingly, in 1911, the family moved to the house in which they now live, as above mentioned, where the same spirit of genial hospitality prevails and where friends and relatives are made to feel at home and always acquire a wish to return.

Like many another member of her family, Mrs. Parmele loves good music and it has had a large place in her life and in that of her interesting family. Her own voice, while not that of a soloist, is always welcomed for alto parts in the home choral work. The St. Cecelia Club, a woman's musical society on Staten Island, of which Mrs. Parmele has been a member for several years, has afforded her an opportunity to indulge her fondness for music; the club meets once a month for chorus work, under the direction of a New York leader.

Mrs. Parmele, since 1889, has been a member of Brick Church, 37th Street and Fifth Avenue, New York, and although reared in the Presbyterian faith, she attends the Episcopal Church regu-

*See page 229.

larly on Staten Island and shares an earnest participation in its activities; particularly in the Woman's Guild of Christ Church, New Brighton, her husband's church; their five children were christened and confirmed in the Episcopal faith.

As a member of Brick Church, Mrs. Parmele attends the services there as often as possible, and for many years has been a member of the Church Employment Society and its secretary since 1913. She is also a member of the King's Daughter's Society, and was one of the managers for many years of an excellent Day Nursery on Staten Island, relinquishing this post only when war work became necessary.

Being a member of the Woman's Guild of the Staten Island Hospital, an indispensable local institution, she has long kept their linen closet stocked.

Mrs. Parmele, with other women patriots of her time, regardless of any other consideration and without counting the value of the service rendered when our nation became involved in the great war against Germany, the need for the care of our wounded soldiers returning from France set hearts and hands earnestly at work and many completely equipped hospitals were established all over the country and many new plants were constructed under government supervision.

United States Army Debarkation Hospital No. 2* was located at Fox Hills, Staten Island, overlooking New York harbor. A maze of low, gray painted buildings constituted the hospital which could accommodate a maximum of 4,936 persons, including some 3,000 patients.

Here many of the wounded were taken in immediately on their arrival from France, but were not retained for any considerable length of time unless unavoidable, as it was intended as a clearing hospital only, from which the sick and wounded were

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*Name changed March 18, 1919, to U. S. Army General Hospital 4.

sent to different hospitals throughout the United States for special treatment.

Mrs. Parmele devoted an afternoon each week to canteen work at this hospital and served good things to eat to the disabled soldiers, as well as to their families who came from distant points to visit a convalescing son, brother or father.

On other days, whenever the time would permit, she would go to the Red Cross rooms and turn her attention to that work with all the organization details and accomplishments which that name implies.

On Christmas Day, 1918, Mr. and Mrs. Parmele spent a large part of the day at Hospital No. 2, where Mr. Parmele helped to carve innumerable turkeys which had been provided for the occasion, while Mrs. Parmele, with other devoted women, assisted in serving Christmas dinners to the many wounded soldiers.

As men of all classes and conditions fought shoulder to shoulder, so men and women of all classes and conditions worked side by side to back them up at home. Those were busy days, indeed, for the women of America as well as for the men, all of whom united in a single purpose against the common foe of humanity.

Every Monday, Mrs. Parmele had charge of a workroom filled with patriotic women busily engaged in making surgical dressings; the next day it was Canteen work at St. George from 3 to 9 P. M., where coffee and sandwiches were served to Navy men passing that way. On Fridays, after returning from the meeting of the Employment Society at Brick Church, New York, Mrs. Parmele would go back to the Red Cross headquarters to assist in making surgical dressings, and there was not a more earnest or indefatigable worker in the chapter. When the Liberty Loan drive came on, Staten Island's quota was $2,173,000. It is a matter of record that the people of Richmond County subscribed for over $4,000,000 worth of these bonds.

The women of Staten Island helped splendidly in this; taking turns in attendance at the booths which were established for the sale of Liberty Bonds. At the booth in which Mrs. Parmele and some of her friends were in attendance, bonds to the amount of $17,250 were sold in a few days' time.

Coincident with all this was the lingering and fatal malady of her brother Holmes, at whose residence in New York Mrs. Parmele found the time to visit frequently and give comfort and succor to that stricken home during the last days of her brother's illness.

In appearance Mrs. Parmele is of medium height, with blue grey eyes; with a cheery nature, jolly and full of fun and yet possessing an unusual aptitude for practical work. She also has the happy faculty of a remarkable adaptability to her surroundings, with a natural poise and unaffected manner. In generous measure she possesses the proverbial Butler love of music and a deep fondness for her own kinsfolk, with most of whom she makes a point of keeping in touch, thus acquiring a store of information which has proved of great assistance in the making of this book and rendered possible a record of many incidents in the lives of her contemporaries.

For many years Mrs. Parmele's home has been a positive factor in maintaining the ties of relationship and perpetuating family traditions.

She delights in entertaining, is an accomplished hostess, a social favorite and a leading figure in the set which makes up the best circle of Staten Island society and activity.

One never forgets the charming hospitality dispensed in her home, which has ever been of the open house sort with the latch-string on the outside.

Away up in the wilds of Canada about one hundred miles northwest of Montreal lies "Camp Aquehonga," owned by Mr. Parmele, which has long been another rendezvous for the family, especially the younger members.

The camp is beautifully situated on an island, clothed in the wilderness of nature—Mr. Parmele would not have it otherwise—on Lake Commando, sometimes known as North Lake, and is within the preserves of the North Lake Fish and Game Club, of which Mr. Parmele is a member.

Here for many years the family and their friends have been the guests of the Parmele's, sometimes as many as twenty to twenty-five sitting down at meal time. They come and go at will, according to the length of time the business men can be spared from their duties, but always arrive with pleasurable anticipation and leave with looks of longing, until the motor boat carries them beyond the camp vision.

Charles Roome Parmele was born August 23, 1859, at 47 West 33d Street, New York City. He was named for his maternal grandfather, General Charles Roome, who was Past Grand Master of the State of New York; Past Grand High Priest and Past Grand Commander and subsequently Grand Master of Knights Templar of the United States.

All his maternal relatives and most of his paternal ancestors for generations were born in New York City, and through them he descended from the first white woman born on Manhattan Island. He is also a descendant of Chancellor Kent, Chancellor Livingston, who administered the oath of office to George Washington as first President of the United States,* and of Judge Jonas Platt, who was his great-great grandfather, and for whom Plattsburg, N. Y., was named.

His father Col. Theodore W. Parmele served in the Civil War; first as Colonel of the 174th New York Volunteer Infantry. He was also twice Colonel of the 71st Regiment, National Guard of New York. Mr. Parmele's father, in 1876, being then superintendent of the South Carolina Penitentiary, brought the convicted prisoners of the Ku Klux Clan North, where they were

*See page 315.

lodged in the prison at Auburn, N. Y., his father having been appointed special U. S. Deputy Marshal by General Grant.

Mr. Parmele was for five years cashier for Vernon H. Brown, agent of the Cunard Line of steamships in New York. He was later associated with Johnson & Johnson, the largest surgical dressing establishment in the world.

He then formed his own firm to manufacture pharmaceutical chemicals.

By inheritance, training and natural instinct, Mr. Parmele is emphatically a patriotic American.

He possesses an intense salient personality and one of strong moral purpose—the kind which leaves an ineffaceable impression upon those he meets. He is an outdoor man in every sense—quick, active, and possessing great vital energy and endurance. He has hunted from Yucatan to the Arctic Circle, and in these hunting trips which he is accustomed to take he frequently outwalks the guides. He has traveled considerably and has been as far East as Berlin and as far West as Behring Straits. He is a trustee of the Staten Island Hospital and of the Staten Island Academy; he was treasurer of the old Staten Island Athletic Club, which had 1,200 members; was vice-president of the Staten Island Boat Club, a member of the Richmond Country Club, a life member of Kane Lodge, Jerusalem Chapter, and Coeur de Lion Commandery; a 32d degree Mason and a member of the Union League Club of New York.

In 1887, doing some private detective work for Police Inspector Thomas Byrnes, who was perhaps the most celebrated detective New York ever had, Mr. Parmele apprehended a noted criminal called "Foster the Banker," who had swindled the Tiffany and Gorham firms, Acker Merrall & Condit, and others out of sums aggregating hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The Police Department of New York City had taxed its resources heavily to catch this malefactor. Mr. Parmele disguised himself first as a barkeeper, then as a summer hotel proprietor,

and finally succeeded in catching "Foster," who was convicted and sent to Sing Sing Prison for a long term.

Mr. Parmele, acting as chairman of a special committee, delivered the presentation address and unveiled, in the Borough Hall at St. George, S. I., on the evening of March 22, 1919, a beautiful tablet containing a list of the names of 118 heroes, all Staten Island boys, who died in the service of their country in the war against Germany.

The tablet was accepted by the Borough President on behalf of the people of Staten Island.

He has always been active in the community in which he has resided for so long a time and may be counted upon to figure prominently in any movement which is designed for the benefit, progress or general good of Staten Island.

In the very recent agitation for a Staten Island subway, Mr. Parmele has been a prime mover. As a result of a conference which he had in April, 1919, with Borough President Riegelman, of Brooklyn, two subway routes were determined upon; one direct route to Manhattan, the other to Bay Ridge, Brooklyn.

The first mentioned direct route was the project which best met the unanimous demand of Staten Islanders for subway facilities.

This route is to extend under the East River along the west side of Governor's Island, under the channel to Robbin's Reef, where the lighthouse has stood in the upper bay for years, and thence to and through Staten Island, with a "Y" connection with Brooklyn at Robbin's Reef.

As a further step toward a direct subway from Staten Island to Manhattan there comes at this time the announcement that the long fight undertaken by the Staten Island Chamber of Commerce for the development of better shipping facilities for the Port of New York has been won. The Sinking Fund Commission, at the request of the New York Dock Commissioner has agreed to appropriate the necessary money to begin the con-

struction of eleven large steamship piers, costing $15,000,000, between Clifton and Tompkinsville, Staten Island, which together with the resulting development will, it is estimated, amount to nearly $100,000,000.

Big pier construction programs have already been started by private concerns at Clifton and Tompkinsville.

Men employed on these piers and on ships will want speedy transportation from Manhattan to Staten Island and return.

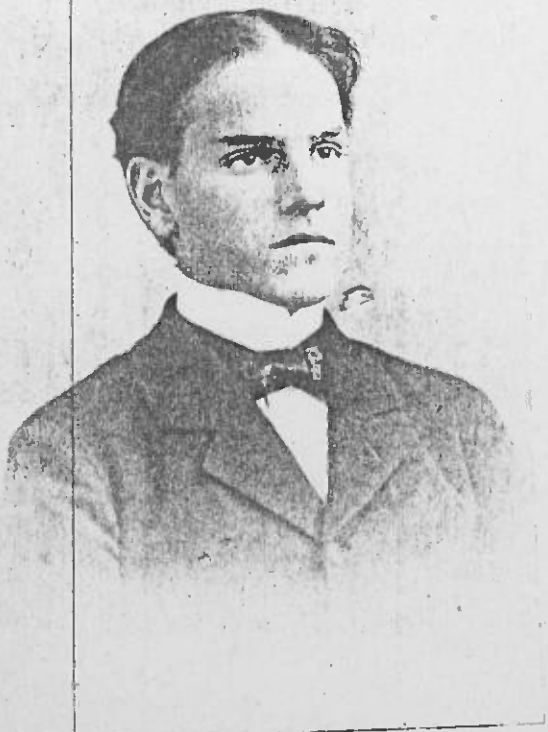
Fear that lack of Port facilities to meet the fast increasing demands of our shipping interests would divert shipping to Philadelphia or other ports in great volume caused the officials to decide that the City of New York must share in the burden of Staten Island improvement.

The five children of Charles Roome Parmele and Alice Morris Parmele are:

1. Charles Roome Parmele, Jr., born Feb. 6, 1887, at "Oaklands," Clifton, S. I.; married April 6, 1916, Grace M. McClelland, of Pittsburgh, Pa. Issue: Grace Marie Parmele, born Aug. 29, 1917.
2. Henry Butler Parmele, born June 16, 1888, at "Oaklands," Clifton, S. I.; married April 20, 1915, Evelyn M. Kettles, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Issue: Henry Butler Parmele, Jr., born April 17, 1916.
3. Emilie Francis Parmele, born August 16, 1892, at 14 Lenox Place, New Brighton, S. I. mar. Nov. 11, 1920. Frank T. Kettles of Brooklyn, N.Y.
4. Livingston Parmele, born Dec. 5, 1895, at 14 Lenox Place, New Brighton, S. I.; died Aug. 21, 1916, at Camp Aquehonga, Lake Commando, Canada.
5. Henry Gilbert Woodruff Parmele, born Dec. 4, 1896, at 14 Lenox Place, New Brighton, S. I.

Robert W. Butler.
Major of Infantry in the U. S. Army.
Photograph made in December, 1917.

H. Langdon Butler, 3rd,
Major, Adjutant General's Dept. of the U. S. Army. Photograph made while in National Guard of New York, December, 1917.



Arthur G. Butler,
1878-1896.

L. Morris Butler,
Captain in the Quartermaster Corps of the U. S. Army. Photograph made April, 1918.

This seems to be the military branch of the family. Three of these brothers, the sons of Henry L. Butler, Jr., and Cornelia White Butler, have a combined military service of forty-four years; of which 38 years were in the National Guard and six years in the U. S. Army. It is likely that the fourth brother, Arthur G. Butler, had he lived to attain adult age, would also have followed a similar bent.

Chapter XI.

Tenth Generation.

CAROLINE HAMILTON BUTLER.

Caroline Hamilton Butler, eldest daughter and first child of Cornelia White and Henry L. Butler, Jr., was born at the Swiss Cottage, Clifton, Staten Island, on Thursday, October 17, 1872, at 7.25 A. M.

She was named for her mother's sister, Caroline White Hamilton.

There was much rejoicing at "Oaklands" with the coming of the little new arrival, who was the first to be born at the homestead estate during her grandfather's ownership and for a few months she was the center of joy and admiration at the little cottage; but the great angel laid a beckoning hand upon the cottage window one day and little Caroline was taken away.

It seems that one day while strolling about the grounds with baby Caroline in her carriage a kindly disposed but sadly inexperienced nursemaid saw and picked an unripe wild strawberry, giving it to the baby to eat. This gave rise to peritonitis and cholera infantum and resulted in Caroline's death a few days afterward.

She was hurried to Yonkers, where skillful doctors were summoned, but all efforts to save the little life were unavailing.

Caroline died at Mrs. White's home on Warburton Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y., on Friday morning, July 25, 1873, aged nine months and eight days.

The funeral was held from the residence of her grandfather Butler, at "Oaklands," Staten Island, on Sunday the 27th at two o'clock P. M.

Carriages were sent to the Clifton Landing to meet the one o'clock boat from New York.

She was buried first in Greenwood Cemetery in the Butler-Salmon plot, but in 1914 was reinterred in Woodlawn Cemetery beside the remains of her parents and her brother Arthur.

Her name appears upon the monument shown on page 355.

The gentle Shepherd came to me,
  And asked me for my lamb to hold;
I gave it and he took it up
  To feed forever in His fold.

And as he bore her out of sight,
  I heard him in an undertone
Say sweetly, "Mourner, trust in me;
  In Heaven I'll give thee back thine own."

Emma Bell Butler — Robert W. Butler

ROBERT WHITE BUTLER.

Robert White Butler, eldest son of Henry L. Butler, Jr., and Cornelia White Butler, was born at the Swiss Cottage, Clifton, Staten Island, N. Y., on Saturday, May 23, 1874. He was named for his mother's eldest brother, Robert White.

The first 11 years of his life were spent at "Oaklands"; he was sent to school at the Staten Island Academy, which was first opened September 15, 1881, and for the ensuing 12 years was

located in Stapleton, on the Richmond Road, opposite the old German Lyceum and Club rooms. Frederick E. Partington, A.M., was the principal at this time.

In 1885 his parents removed to Bridgeport, Conn., and after his father's death, in 1887, as related on page 353, the family removed to New York City, taking an apartment at 317 West 58th Street.

In New York, Robert completed his education, attending for four years Columbia Institute, 42d Street corner 6th Avenue, from which school he was graduated in 1891 and entered the employ, in the fall of that year, of Messrs. Hartley & Graham, manufacturers of arms and ammunition, with offices at 315 Broadway, New York. This establishment was the parent organization of the great Remington-Union Metallic Cartridge Corporation of today. A few years later Robert secured an excellent position with the New York office of the Hartford Steam Boiler Insurance Company, and in 1899 married Miss Louise Van Zandt St. John.

They had one daughter, Blanche L. Butler, who was born June 26, 1900, at 139 West 93d Street, to which address the family had removed in 1896.

His first marriage was, unfortunately, not a happy one and on February 12, 1902, he was again married at Orange, N. J., to Miss Ernani Bell, of Hillsdale, N. Y. They have two sons, whose names appear below.

Robert commenced his military career in the spring of 1895, when he enlisted as a private in the 7th Regiment of New York, National Guard.

His military record* is an enviable one. He was a non-commissioned officer in Company F of that regiment when the President issued his call in 1916 for the mobilization of the entire National Guard force for service on the Mexican border.

Robert completed over five months' duty with his regiment on

*See page 407.

the arid plains of Texas, returning to New York late in November of 1916.

Five months afterward, following the declaration of war by Congress against Germany, President Wilson, by an executive proclamation, called out the entire National Guard of the United States once more, this time for foreign service, and the regiments were sent into training camps for a limited period of intensive training in modern fighting methods before being sent to the battlefields of France.

Robert was among many in the 7th Regiment at that time who left that famous organization and entered the Federal camp at Plattsburg, N. Y., to take a qualifying course of intensive training for a commission in the army. Making a creditable showing throughout the duration of this course, he was commissioned Captain of Infantry in the National Army on Nov. 8, 1917, and ordered to active duty at Camp Meade, Md., at which place he reported for duty and served for six months in charge of a Depot Brigade Company. The following June he was assigned as Commanding Officer of the Student's Army Training Camp at Prairie View, Texas, where he remained for the next eight months, engaged in the business of instructing new soldiers in the use of the standard infantry weapon, the rifle.

Although, to his keen disappointment, he was not ordered to France, like many other officers whose knowledge of military affairs was more useful to the country at home just at that time rather than abroad, he nevertheless contributed a valuable factor toward winning the war in having personally trained more than 3,000 men who were sent overseas. He is now a Major in the Army, serving again on the Mexican border with the 19th U. S. Infantry, which is on duty at Douglas, Arizona, and El Paso, Texas.

In appearance Robert is six feet two inches in height, of blond complexion, with auburn hair, typical of so many of the Butler's; he has a soldierly bearing, an affable manner, and is the pos-

sessor of a very excellent baritone voice, which he has improved by several years of practical experience in solo and quartette work in church and choral singing.

By his second marriage to Ernani Bell, his two sons are:

1. Robert White Butler, Jr., born Nov. 26, 1904, at 12.30 noon, 237 West 111th Street, New York City.
2. Arthur Bell Butler, born July 27, 1907, at 2.40 P. M., 121 Ludlow Street, Yonkers, N. Y.

The official military record of Major Robert W. Butler is as follows:
Enlisted Private Co. H, 7th Reg't Inf., N. G. N. Y., May 15, 1895.
Promoted Lance Corporal, Sept. 12, 1898.
Promoted Corporal (R. O. 177), Co. H, 7th Reg't, Sept. 22, 1899.
Service in aid of Civil Authorities, Croton Strike Duty, April 16–25, 1900.
Full and Honorable Discharge, Sept. 7, 1900, as of May 30, 1900, to accept commission.
Commissioned 2d Lieut. 12th Inf., N. G. N. Y., May 31, 1900.
Commissioned 1st Lieut. 12th Inf., N. G. N. Y., Sept. 13, 1900.
Resigned as 1st Lieut. 12th Inf., N. G. N. Y., Jan. 15, 1902.
Re-enlisted, Private Co. H, 7th Reg't Inf., N. G. N. Y., Jan. 13, 1913.
Full and Honorable Discharge, Jan. 12, 1915. Expiration of term of service.
Re-enlisted, Private Co. F, 7th Reg't Inf., N. G. N. Y., Feb. 23, 1915.
Reported for Mexican Border Service, June 19, 1916.
Subscribed to Federal Oath (Act of Congress, June 3, 1916), June 25, 1916.
Promoted Corporal (R. O. 231), Co. F, 7th Reg't, N. G. N. Y., June 25, 1916.
Promoted Sergeant (R. O. 255), Co. F, 7th Reg't, N. G. N. Y., June 26, 1916.
Mustered into U. S. Service, June 26, 1916, for Mexican Border Service and left New York with Regiment, June 27, 1916.
Promoted 1st Sergeant (O. 12, Co. F), Co. F, 7th Reg't, N. G. U. S., Aug. 1, 1916.
Placed on Reserve List of Officers, N. G. N. Y., as 1st Lieut., June 22, 1916.
Served on Border at McAllen and Hidalgo, Texas, with 7th N. Y. Inf., 27th Div., until Nov. 23, 1916.
Returned to Armory with Regiment Nov. 28, 1916; no record of sickness nor absence without leave, and no absence from duty reported during this period under G. O. 45, W. D. 1914.

Mustered Out of U. S. service at New York, Dec. 2, 1916. Character reported "Excellent" and service "Honest and Faithful."

Reported at Armory, New York, July 16, 1917, in answer to the President's call for the entire National Guard for service against Germany.

Returned to the grade of Private from 1st Sergeant at his own request, in order to attend Second Reserve Officer's Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y. (R. O. 34), Aug. 18, 1917. Admitted as Officer Candidate and reported at Plattsburg (R. O. 37B), 7th Inf., N. G. N. Y., Aug. 21, 1917, and assigned to 18th Provisional Regiment.

Completed Plattsburg Course and Graduated, Nov. 26, 1917. (Meanwhile transferred in N. G. N. Y. to 71st Reg't Inf., G. O. 9, Div. N. Y., 1917, and R. O. 108, 7th Reg't Inf., Oct. 5, 1917, as of Oct. 9, 1917.)

Commissioned Captain of Infantry, Officer's Reserve Corps, National Army, U. S., Nov. 8, 1917.

Accepted Nov. 27, 1917. Date of Rank, Nov. 27, 1917.

Subscribed to Officer's Oath Nov. 25, 1917.

Assigned to active duty and ordered to proceed to Camp Meade, near Annapolis, Md. (W. D. letter A. G. O., Nov. 15, 1917; S. O. 292. Headquarters 2d Plattsburg Training Camp, Nov. 27, 1917.)

Reported, Camp Meade, Md., Dec. 15, 1917, and assigned to command of 8th Company, 2d Battalion, 154th Depot Brigade, 79th Div., N. A. U. S.

Attached to 1st Battalion, same (S. O. 79 Hdq. 154 D. B.), Dec. 16, 1917.

Assigned as Commanding Officer, U. S. A. Training Detachment, Prairie View, Texas (S. O. 106 Hdq. Camp Meade, Md., June 17, 1918). Reported at Prairie View, Texas, June 23, 1918.

In Command of Student's Army Training Camp at Prairie View, Texas, Oct. 1, 1918.

Commissioned Major of Infantry, U. S. Army (Telegram A. G. O., Oct. 31, 1918).

Accepted as Major, Inf. U. S. A., Oct. 31, 1918.

Relieved from duty at Prairie View, Texas, and ordered to report to the Commanding Officer at Camp Travis, Fort Sam Houston, Texas, for duty (S. O. 28–O. W. D. Par. 37), Feb. 3, 1919.

Reported at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, Feb. 19, 1919.

Assigned to 19th U. S. Inf., with station at Douglas, Ariz., March 28, 1919.

Marksmanship Qualification in New York National Guard.

Marksman: 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902.

Sharpshooter: 1896, 1897, 1899, 1900, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916.

Expert Rifleman: 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1914, 1915, 1916.

Elected a member of the Sons of the Revolution at Fraunce's Tavern, New York City, Oct. 28, 1918 (see page 104).

Member Old Guard, New York. Member Veteran Association, 7th Regt., N. G. N. Y.

Honorably discharged from the Army at Ft. Slocum, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1919.

H. Langdon Butler

(From photograph taken in 1905)

Grace Pinney Butler

(Nee Grace DeWitt Pinney)

HENRY LANGDON BUTLER 3rd.

Henry Langdon Butler, second son and third child of Henry L. Butler, Jr., and Cornelia White Butler, was born at Clifton, Staten Island, N. Y., on July 6, 1876.

He was named in honor of his grandfather and is the third in lineal succession to bear this family name, being called by his

middle name in order to make the distinction clear between the three persons bearing the same name.

With his elder brother Robert, he attended the Staten Island Academy in Stapleton.

In 1885 it seemed advisable for his father to accept a splendid business opportunity in Bridgeport, Conn., accordingly the family removed to that city, taking with them also a faithful colored manservant named Thomas Dunn, who was in the employ of the family for more than 16 years.

In April, 1887, Langdon's father suffered an attack of meningitis and died on the 16th of that month and year, which sad event caused the immediate removal of the family to New York, which for the ensuing 20 years became the place of their abode.

Langdon entered Columbia Institute in 1889 and was graduated from that school in 1891. At the age of 18 he went into business, making his start with a large concern engaged in the manufacture of rubber goods, but made a change the following year, securing employment with the Manhattan Life Insurance Company, 66 Broadway, where he remained for four years.

At the close of the Spanish American War his thoughts turned toward military matters and he won a competitive appointment as a cadet at the Military Academy and entered West Point on June 19, 1900.

Resigning his cadetship in the winter of 1901, he returned to New York, taking a position as salesman with the Fred Macey Co., an office furniture house at 343 Broadway, where he remained for six years.

He rejoined the Seventh Regiment of New York National Guard, in which he had enlisted two months prior to entering West Point and finished 15 years of consecutive service with that regiment in November, 1915.

His business experience has been confined principally to that of furniture and interior decoration.

On April 26, 1905, he married in Brooklyn, N. Y., at St. Luke's

HENRY LANGDON BUTLER, 3RD.
When a Cadet at West Point.
From photograph made in 1900.

Church, Miss Grace D. Pinney of that city, whom he had met at Peekskill, N. Y., during the 1903 summer encampment of the 7th Regiment.

He has been actively interested in training work among boys for many years, having been military instructor to several cadet organizations and for five years in charge of the Boy Scout training of Troop 25, Brooklyn.

In November, 1915, he was promoted to the grade of Captain in the National Guard of New York and offered an assignment in the Adjutant General's Department at Albany, which he

accepted and removed to that city with his family in December of that year. He had advanced to the grade of Major when the great war against Germany was declared, and under the existing law Langdon entered federal service on March 2, 1918, under his National Guard commission, and was immediately assigned to duty at the Militia Bureau in the War Department, Washington, where he remained for 14 months. While on duty in Washington his 12-year-old daughter Beatrice suffered an acute attack of appendicitis and was removed to the Albany Hospital for an immediate operation. Complications set in which resulted in the little girl's death within two weeks, on April 5, 1918.

Following this sad event their home in Albany was closed for a year and a half and his wife joined Major Butler in Washington, where they remained until May 2, 1919. A change of station then occurred and he was ordered to Hoboken, N. J., for duty as Assistant Adjutant at the Port of Embarkation for troops, at the time when vast numbers of soldiers were being returned from France for demobilization of the American Army; as many as 300,000 in a single month passing through the Embarkation offices at Hoboken. After the cessation of hostilities and the Army had been brought home, the great military organization at the Port of Embarkation was dismantled and terminated.

After eighteen months of continuous service, Major Butler then applied for and received an honorable discharge from the Army on September 17, 1919.

The children of Henry Langdon Butler 3d and Grace Pinney Butler were:

1. Beatrice Pinney Butler, born Friday, March 9, 1906, at 5 P. M., 196 Lefferts Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.; died Friday, April 5, 1918, at Albany, N. Y.
2. Harold P. Butler, born May 6, 1915, at 196 Lefferts Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.; died May 6, 1915, at 196 Lefferts Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The official military record of Major Henry Langdon Butler is as follows:

Enlisted Private, Co. H, 7th Reg't Inf., N. G. N. Y., April 16, 1900.

Service in aid of Civil Authorities, Croton Strike Duty, April 16–25, 1900.

Cadet, U. S. Military Academy, June 19, 1900.

Corporal, Co. H, 7th Reg't, N. G. N. Y., March 20, 1902.

Sergeant, Co. H, 7th Reg't, N. G. N. Y., Dec. 18, 1905.

First Sergeant, 7th Reg't, N. G. N. Y., July 1, 1915.

Commissioned Captain, Adjutant General's Department, N. G. N. Y., Dec. 1, 1915.

Commissioned Major, Adjutant General's Department, N. G. N. Y., March 31, 1917.

Assistant to the Adjutant General of New York, July 1, 1917.

Assigned as Brigade Adjutant, 3d Brigade, Jan. 17, 1918.

Reported for Federal service in war against Germany and inducted with National Guard grade as Major, U. S. A., March 2, 1918 (S. O. 51, Par. 248 WD, 1918).

Assigned to duty at Militia Bureau, War Department, Washington, D. C. (S. O. 57, Par. 21, WD, 1918), March 9, 1918.

Transferred to Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, N. J., and assigned as Asst. Port Adjutant, May 3, 1919.

(S. O. 101–O Par. 108, WD, May 3, 1919. S. O. 125, Par. 23, Hdq. Port of Embark'n, Hoboken, May 5, 1919.)

Honorably discharged from the Army Sept. 17, 1919 (S. O. 260, Par. 26, Hdqrs. Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, N. J.).

Placed on Officers' Reserve List, State of New York, Oct. 2, 1919 (S. O. 234, A. G. O. N. Y., Par. VII, Oct. 2, 1919).

Marksman Qualification in National Guard;

Marksman: 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915.

Sharpshooter: 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912 (Army Course), 1913.

Expert Rifleman: 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1913, 1915, 1917 (Organized Militia Course).

Distinguished Expert: 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911.

Member Wall Scaling Team, Co. H, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, also Team 7th Reg't vs. 23d Reg't, Brooklyn, Dec. 16, 1905.

Member Relay Team Company H, 7th Reg't, N. G. N. Y., Heavy Marching Order Race, 1904.

Member Veteran Association, 7th Reg't, N. G. N. Y.

Arthur Gillender Butler
1878-1896.

ARTHUR G. BUTLER

Arthur Gillender Butler, third son of Henry L. Butler, Jr., and Cornelia White Butler, was born at the Swiss Cottage, Clifton, N. Y., on Sunday, April 7, 1878. His parents named him out of regard for a greatly esteemed friend of his father, Arthur Gillender, whom Mr. Butler had succeeded in persuading to renounce a life of dissipation and sinfulness and to accept the Christian faith, thus effecting his complete regeneration.

Arthur was seven years of age when his parents removed to Bridgeport, where he was first sent to school with his two elder

brothers and later, when the family had removed to New York City, he attended Columbia Institute. The latter school removed in 1893 from 42d Street and 6th Avenue to 72d Street and West End Avenue, where Arthur became absorbed in the outdoor sports of the school.

A large plot of ground, fronting on Broadway between 73d and 74th Streets—the site which is now occupied by the Ansonia Hotel—had been leased by the school as a playground for baseball, football and other forms of recreation. In football, Arthur was an enthusiast and played right-guard on the school team. Following a practice game one day in 1894 he contracted a cold in his back, which resulted in an affection of the kidneys from which he never recovered. He was taken out of school the following year, as his health failed steadily.

His father's uncle, Dr. Stryker, of Philadelphia, became very much interested in Arthur's case and invited him to make a visit to the doctor's home, where he could be under close observation and treatment, with a view, if possible, of discovering some method which would benefit his condition. Thus, Arthur came into close touch with and became very much attached to Dr. Stryker's family, especially with the eldest son, Sam Stryker, Jr., whose young and promising life, strangely enough, also came to an untimely termination.

The best of medical treatment and skilful care failed to improve Arthur's condition, and a few days after his mother had moved with her family of four boys into a new home on West 93d Street, Arthur passed away on May 31, 1896.

His mother had loved and idolized him with a very deep devotion and had looked forward with greatest expectation to his attaining manhood's estate, and his early demise was a grievous blow which to the very end of his mother's days, time itself could not heal.

Arthur was tall and handsome; strong and athletic, with dark hair and dark eyes and a rosy complexion and blessed with a surpassingly kind and affectionate disposition.

Marjorie H. Butler

(nee Marjorie Allen Hegeman)

E. Morris Butler

From photograph taken in 1907.

EDWARD MORRIS BUTLER

Edward Morris Butler, fourth and youngest son of Henry L. Butler, Jr., and Cornelia White Butler, was born at the Swiss Cottage, Clifton, N. Y., on Sunday, April 30, 1882.

For more than a fortnight a name for him could not be found.

Finally his parents announced that the child's name would be decided upon at breakfast on a certain Sunday morning at "Oaklands."

On the appointed day, when the family was assembled at their accustomed places at the breakfast table in the old homestead, his parents appeared upon the scene. His mother, carrying the child in her arms, exclaimed that the baby would be named for a person then present at the table. This announcement quite naturally resulted in an atmosphere of curiosity and expectancy. The infant was to bestow a kiss upon the person whose name he was to bear henceforth.

Three times around the table his mother walked, while all present looked on in amazement, wondering which one of them it would be.

Pausing at length behind the chair of her husband's brother Ed, the child's mother held the babe down for the naming kiss.

It was decided to call the new arrival by his middle name as a distinguishing appellation from that of his uncle.

Accordingly, at the morning service that day at the First Presbyterian Church of Edgewater* the child was christened.

Before Morris was four years old his parents moved to Bridgeport and here he first went to school in the fall of 1886.

In 1891, Morris was sent to Columbia Institute, his father having died in 1887, and his mother having in the meantime removed with her four sons to New York City. He remained for nine years at the latter school, leaving one year before he would have been graduated, and went into business, finding employment with Bloodgood & Hayes, a real estate firm at 512 5th Avenue, New York.

He changed soon to another real estate concern and was able to advance his interests in that line until he branched out for himself in the fall of 1906, opening an office at 76 William Street, New York.

In May, 1908, a wave of extraordinary activity in real estate opened on Washington Heights, due to the steady trend of New

*See pages 278 and 279.

York's population northward. Morris removed to that vicinity on May 28, 1910, establishing a real estate office at 1244 Broadway, under the firm name of Butler & Hill.

In the meantime he had met and married, on June 2, 1906, Miss Marjorie A. Hegeman, of New York. In 1901, Morris joined Co. H, 7th Regiment, National Guard of New York, making all the required drills, camps, target practice and joint manoeuvers with the Regular Army for 10 consecutive years, receiving promotion in his company from Private to Sergeant through the successive steps. He took an active part in the regimental athletics, participating in roller-skating and relay races arrayed in full marching or field equipment.

In 1913 he accepted a proposition to go to Sarasota, Florida, for the purpose of developing certain grape fruit lands and a fascinating bungalow colony known as McClellan Park, fronting on Sarasota Bay.

Here he energetically undertook the conversion and reclamation of a wild waste of virgin soil, overgrown with scrub oak, marsh pines, palmettos and pine trees—a region naturally infested with poisonous reptiles and insects—and turned it into a veritable garden spot.

The land was fenced off, several miles of hard surface roads and pathways were built, an attractive club house built and the Park highly developed for the purpose of attracting Northern investors and encouraging them to build bungalow homes at Sarasota and spend the bleak months of the Northern winter there.

Upon completion of his contract Morris returned North with his family in the winter of 1914, taking up his residence in Ridgewood, N. J., where he became very active in local militia affairs.

He entered the wholesale coal business in New York and was engaged in that line of business in the spring of 1917, when the United States declared war against Germany and her allies.

The following spring Morris decided to enter the Army, going to Washington in April, 1918, with letters of introduction, which were ultimately the means of securing for him a commission as 1st Lieutenant in the Quartermaster Corps, National Army.

Because of his knowledge of coal, Morris was assigned to duty in the so-called Fuel and Forage Division with the Fuel Administrator for the State of New Jersey, with headquarters in Newark, and here he assumed charge of the coal distribution and shipments for that district.

Six months later, on Oct. 17, 1918, he was promoted to the grade of Captain, Q. M. C., and continued as such until the close of hostilities. About a month after the armistice was signed by the German official representatives Morris was transferred to the office of the Zone Supply Officer, 161–163 8th Avenue, New York City, and was placed in charge of the fuel branch, where he served until his discharge from the Army on Sept. 25, 1919. In this capacity his services to the Government proved very successful in the procurement and distribution of bituminous coal for transports, camps, forts and all military posts of the Army located within the three States of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut.

His efforts during the first four months of 1919 alone effected a net saving to the Government of $19,503.00 in the purchase of 93,680 tons of coal.

At the present time, Captain and Mrs. Butler reside at 346 Mt. Prospect Avenue, Forest Hill, Newark, N. J.

They have two children, whose names are:

1. Edward Morris Butler, Jr., born May 10, 1907, at 139 West 93d Street, New York City.
2. Margery Wallace Butler, born May 30, 1910, at 130 Wadsworth Avenue, New York City.

The official military record of Captain E. Morris Butler is as follows:

Enlisted Private, Company H, 7th Reg't, Inf. N. G. N. Y., March 7, 1901.

Promoted Lance Corporal, Co. H, 7th Reg't, N. G. N. Y., Oct. 16, 1908.

Promoted Corporal, Co. H, 7th Reg't, N. G. N. Y., April 1, 1910.

Promoted Sergeant, Co. H, 7th Reg't, N. G. N. Y., May 13, 1912.

Full and Honorable Discharge, expiration of term of service, Sept. 12, 1912.

Commissioned 1st Lieut. Quartermaster Corps, National Army, April 29, 1918, and stationed at Newark, N. J., in charge of Fuel and Forage Division, Q. M. C., for district within boundaries of State of New Jersey (S. O. 100, Par. 311, WD, 1918).

Commissioned Captain, Q. M. C., Oct. 17, 1918. With rank from Oct. 11, 1918 (S. O. 243, Par. 560. WD. 1918).

Transferred from Newark to office of the Zone Supply Officer, New York City, on Dec. 9, 1918, and assigned to duty with the Raw Materials Division, Q. M. C., and placed in charge of the Fuel Branch (S. O. 287, Par. 167, WD, 1918).

Honorably discharged from the Army Sept. 25, 1919 (S. O. 230, Par. 1, Hdqrs. Eastern Dept., 1919).

Marksmanship Qualification in National Guard of New York.

Marksman: 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911.

Sharpshooter: 1903, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1911.

Expert: 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1911.

Distinguished Expert: 1909.

Member Relay Team, Co. H, 7th Reg't. Heavy Marching Order Race, 1904.

Member Veteran Association of the 7th Reg't, N. G. N. Y.

Bayard L. Peek

Elizabeth S. Peek

ELIZABETH S. BUTLER.

(Mrs. Bayard L. Peek)

Elizabeth Stuart Butler, eldest daughter of Samuel S. and Sarah Douglas Butler, was born at 217 West 34th Street, New York City, on Dec. 13, 1877.

When Bessie, as she has always been called in the family, was a small child her parents removed from "Oaklands," Staten Island, to the large and comfortable three-story brownstone house at 558 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, where they resided for more than 25 years.

This was the scene of her girlhood's happiest days, and in fact the only home Bessie ever knew until the time of her marriage in 1907.

It was the scene of many a festive little gathering of her friends and those of her sister Maie, with whom she had many friends and interests in common.

Bessie attended regularly the Sunday School and church services of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, for many years the church home of the family; later, however, after the death of the pastor emeritus, Rev. Theodore Cuyler, they changed to the old Plymouth Church down town, during the pastorate of the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.

Bessie received her early education at Adelphi Academy, Clifton Place, Brooklyn, taking a finishing course in elocution and singing at the American School of Elocution, being graduated from the latter in 1896.

Possessing a well-cultivated soprano voice of remarkably sweet tone and rich quality, she has sung both in solo and quartettes in various churches of Brooklyn.

During the war Bessie participated actively in local Red Cross work for the Army.

On November 2, 1907, at a very pretty house wedding, Bessie was united in marriage at the family home on Washington Avenue, to Bayard Livingston Peck. Her sister Maie was matron of honor and was the bride's only attendant. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. John McClelland Holmes.

Mr. Peck is a New York attorney-at-law and member of the firm of Peck & Hancock, having offices at 26 Liberty Street.

He is a graduate and trustee of Hamilton College, Clinton, New York.

They reside at 267 Henry Street, Brooklyn, and have two children:

1. Elizabeth Stuart Peck (called "Betty"), born Oct. 22, 1910.
2. Barbara Livingston Peck, born Sept. 9, 1918.

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MARY S. BUTLER.

(Mrs. Winfield S. Potter.)

Mary Scudder Butler, or more familiarly known in the family as "Maie," is the second daughter of Samuel S. and Sarah Douglas Butler.

Maie was born on Oct. 8, 1880, at the Douglas residence in New York, 247 West 34th Street, and was named for her father's mother.

Like her sister Bessie, Maie was educated at the Adelphi Academy in Brooklyn, one of the best known and time-honored educational institutions in that great metropolis. Maie was graduated in 1898.

As debutantes, Maie and her sister, between whom there was less than three years' difference in their ages, enjoyed great popularity in the smart social set in Brooklyn; being both accomplished and graceful in the art of dancing, they had many a good time during the winter seasons at the cotillion clubs composed of the younger people in the so-called Heights Section of Brooklyn.

On June 8, 1907, Mary S. Butler and Winfield S. Potter were married by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Sanderson, D.D., at the residence of the bride's parents, 558 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, in which house her father's family had lived for 26 years.

Mr. Potter was an inventor, chemist, metallurgist and an expert in the heat treatment of steel; the son of Capt. Mark L. Potter, a retired sea captain. He was graduated in 1890 from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y. While superintendent and chief chemist in the New Jersey shops of the American Brake Shoe & Foundry Co. he discovered the secret of rolling manganese steel, thus rendering it available for commercial use. He succeeded in making a tougher grade of steel than that made by any other steel manufacturer in the United States. His products were sold to the Interborough Rapid Transit Company for

rails laid on curves which were subject to tremendous strain; rails which for durability would outlast seven ordinary carbon steel rails.

The steel made under the process which Mr. Potter invented was used exclusively for the war helmets worn by American soldiers in the great European war. The first helmet tested for the Government of this material received two dents in the crown, caused by two bullets fired from a 38 calibre Colt, at a distance of 10 feet. The metal was not perforated and neither bullet would have caused the death of the wearer.

Before adopting the Potter process for its helmets, the Government examined the metals used by Great Britain and France, but after many tests decided on the manganese steel. Every helmet worn by soldiers of the United States in the recent fighting was made of manganese steel. When the armistice was signed the Government was considering the use of this steel for the manufacture of body armor for the men and for certain parts of airplanes.

A field of unlimited possibility thus opened before him, when death suddenly ended his career on January 3, 1919.

Mr. Potter had come to New York to spend New Year's Day, 1919, with his wife, who had previously brought their infant son, Winfield, Jr., to New York for medical care and treatment by a specialist. Mr. Potter had returned to Pittsburgh the following day with their nine-year-old daughter Mary. Upon arriving there he was taken suddenly ill and was hurried to the Western Pennsylvania Hospital in Pittsburgh, where he passed away before his wife could reach the bedside. The funeral services were held in New York at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Bush.

He was buried in the same plot in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, where rest the remains of his wife's father, Samuel S. Butler.

At the time of his death Mr. Potter was a director in the

Manganese Steel Rail Company of New York and President of the Alloy Steel Forging Co. of Carnegie, Pa.

Both Mr. Potter and his wife were actively interested in Red Cross work during the war.

Mr. and Mrs. Potter resided at 5427 Forbes Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. After Mr. Potter's death as just related, his widow, with their two children, came to New York City to live. They reside at present at "The Apthorp," 79th Street and Broadway. Her mother, Mrs. Samuel S. Butler, makes her home with Mrs. Potter, in New York.

The two children of Mr. and Mrs. Winfield S. Potter are:

1. Mary Douglas Potter, born Dec. 4, 1909, at New York City.
2. Winfield S. Potter, Jr., born Feb. 4, 1918, at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Adelyn Tall Butler D Douglas Butler

D. DOUGLAS BUTLER.

David Douglas Butler, the only son and third child of Samuel S. and Sarah Douglas Butler, was born at the residence of his parents, 558 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 19, 1882; where he lived for the first 25 years of his life, removing in 1907 with his parents, to 378 Grand Avenue that city, where they subsequently resided for 12 years after the marriage of his two sisters.

He attended the Adelphi Academy in Brooklyn.

The greater part of his business career has been in stock brokerage houses in the financial district of New York City.

Douglas inherited to a very remarkable degree the musical talent of his father's family. On the piano he is an accomplished player. Although untrained in the art, he possesses a remarkable natural talent in this respect and without looking at a note or sheet of music he can play for hours, improvising and passing from one selection to another as he plays. His style is delightfully pleasing, versatile and rich in tone, as the subtle harmonies blend to his touch or ripple along with a swinging rhythm in an almost endless repertoire.

Wherever people dance, sing, or enjoy themselves and fellowship and good cheer abound, Douglas is always welcomed, for he adds to the pleasure and enjoyment of those present with this gift of music.

In 1917 his father passed away and by reason of the death on Jan. 3, 1919, of his sister Maie's husband, Winfield S. Potter, it was decided to break up the home in Brooklyn at 378 Grand Avenue, Mrs. Butler, his mother, deciding to make her home with her daughter, Mrs. Potter.

Having a liking for the Middle West, Douglas then settled down in Columbus, Ohio, in which city he now resides, and is engaged in the piano business.

On August 30, 1919, Douglas was married by the Rev. Mr. Ross, to Miss Adelyn Kalb, of Columbus, Ohio.

Ella Bennet Butler

(Nee Ella M. Bennet.)

J. Holmes Butler Jr.

(From photograph taken in 1907.)

J. HOLMES BUTLER, Jr.

John Holmes Butler, Jr., the only son and heir of J. Holmes and Helen L. Butler, was born at "Oaklands," Clifton, Staten Island, on Jan. 8, 1881. He was christened at the First Presbyterian Church of Edgewater, Staten Island, and bears his father's

name, the latter in turn being named in honor of John Holmes Scudder, the much respected and universally admired husband of "Grandma Scudder," to whom further reference is made elsewhere in this work.

The first 10 years of his life were spent within the hospitable realm of "Oaklands'" happy portals and closely attended by the ever watchful care of Rosie King, a faithful nursemaid, for many years in the employ of Holmes' parents and whose loyalty and devotion of service remained steadfast, even after her subsequent marriage and removal to Greenpoint and unto the end of her days.

In 1891 his parents removed from Clifton to New York City. Apartment houses were then a novel idea in New York and a very attractive one had been built in the West End section at the northwest corner of 76th Street and Broadway, called "The Lyonhurst."

Here they decided to establish their residence and lived there for several years.

Holmes, Junior, as he was more frequently called, first attended private schools uptown in New York, later on, in the fall of 1892, entering Columbia Institute, a local military school, where he remained for four years and finishing with one year at Trinity School on West 91st Street, between Columbus and Amsterdam Avenues; the latter school stands upon the site of the old Apthorpe estate, known in Civil War days as Elm Park.

The cadets of Columbia Institute wore a neat and attractive looking uniform of dark blue with brass buttons, and when Holmes entered the school he was, of course, fitted out with the required regalia. His new military suit was becoming to him; it fitted well and was considered a popular enough attire, until one fateful evening when Holmes elected to accompany his parents to a concert garbed in his new uniform. During an intermission he was sauntering through one of the corridors alone, adjacent to a tier of boxes, when a near-sighted old lady sud-

denly confronted him and mistaking Holmes for one of the pages or employees of the place, exclaimed, "Oh, see here boy, get me a glass of water." Holmes instantly vanished. He rejoined his parents silent and disgusted and it was only with much effort and persuasion that he could ever afterward be induced to put on, even for drill purposes, the pretty suit of blue, which he had come to look upon with scorn and disdain. For him, its charm and attractiveness had faded forever.

During his boyhood days the pneumatic tire bicycle had attained the zenith of its popularity and Holmes became a great devotee of that sport. Almost any afternoon after school hours he could be seen riding his "Bayeycle," as it was called, on upper Broadway anywhere between 59th and 125th Streets or on Riverside Drive.

The New York *Evening Telegram* planned and conducted a monster bicycle parade on the evening of June 5, 1897, in New York.

Thousands of riders participated. The parade was divided into groups or divisions with respect to costumes of the participants, the decorations of their machines, or their fancy riding.

Holmes and his cousin Langdon took part in this affair, riding a tandem bicycle together in fancy costume; Holmes on the forward seat masquerading in feminine attire, dressed as a belle of New York and carrying a white parasol, while his cousin occupied the rear seat dressed in livery with tall silk hat, white buckskin breeches and boots. Those who were adjudged the best in each division of the parade were given a prize and also a complimentary theatre ticket to witness a gala performance at the Casino, 39th Street and Broadway, a few nights after the parade.

Holmes and Langdon won the first prize in their division.

After leaving Trinity School, Holmes entered, on November 24, 1897, the establishment of Townsend & Yale, 315 Broadway,

wholesale dealers in hosiery and underwear. In 1901 the style of the firm name was changed to E. M. Townsend & Co., and has so remained for the past 18 years. Holmes has continued with that house for the past 22 years, having steadily progressed step by step to a position of importance and responsibility.

On the afternoon of February 12, 1903, he married Ella Matilda Benner, at St. Paul's Church, Flatbush, N. Y.

The day was one to be long remembered by all who were present as one of those rare days which happen occasionally in the month of February; balmy and mild as a spring day in May. The cosy little church was comfortably filled with relatives and friends of the bride and bridegroom; a flood of bright sunlight poured in through the vari-colored west windows of the church as the bridal party entered and were grouped about the altar, the whole forming a charming picture, as the Rev. T. G. Jackson pronounced the eternal words, joining them in holy matrimony.

It will be remembered from page 370, that Holmes, Jr's mother and his aunt Alice "exchanged brothers" in marriage, consequently Holmes, Jr., and the children of his aunt Alice (Mrs. Charles R. Parmele) became double first cousins. This brought these cousins into an unusually close and devoted relationship, continuing from early childhood and has fostered an attachment deep and sincere.

Holmes, like his several cousins, has inherited a great love of good music, and although he is unable to read music or to distinguish one note from another, he plays the piano with remarkable facility and ability.

He possesses a well-developed appreciation of humor and (like his father) is quick to discern a joke. He may always be counted upon to originate merriment at gatherings of the family.

For several years after his marriage Holmes and his family lived at Castleton Park, New Brighton, Staten Island.

On Oct. 1, 1916, they removed to 43 Rich Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., where they resided for three years, removing in September, 1919, to Hazelhurst Park, New Rochelle, where they now live.

His attractive wife is popular, sings very well and is a general favorite in the family.

The names of their three children are:

1. Helen Livingston Butler, born May 23, 1904.
2. Marjorie Beatrice Butler, born Feb. 2, 1915.
3. Barbara Benner Butler, born July 16, 1918.

Elizabeth Butler LaRoche. Arthur W. LaRoche.

ELIZABETH B. BUTLER.

(Mrs. Arthur W. LaRoche.)

Elizabeth Barry Butler, only daughter of Edward M. and Hilda Barry Butler, was born at 13 Lenox Place, New Brighton, Staten Island, on Sept. 7, 1891.

When Elizabeth was eight years of age her father died, whereupon her mother decided to live in Germantown, Pa., the place of her former home. Their daughter received her education at Steven's School, in Germantown, a school of wide reputation and high standing in the community. Her mother's family for many years have attended St. Michael's Church, on High Street,

Germantown, and in this edifice Elizabeth was married on Saturday evening, Nov. 15, 1913, to Arthur William LaRoche.

Mr. LaRoche is a dealer in automobiles, his place of business being located on North Broad Street, Philadelphia.

They reside on East Gorgas Street, Mt. Airy, Pa., and have two children.

As a practical demonstration of the theory of inheritance, Elizabeth is a living example of musical talent unmistakably inherited from both sides of her family.

The accomplishments on her mother's side in the theory and science of music are well known, while a deep fondness of good music and a certain natural ability to produce it has long been a characteristic trait of her father's family.

Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that Elizabeth possesses a most wonderful natural gift of music, which she has improved with several years of study. With an accurate ear and the ability to transpose piano music from key to key, almost at sight, she reads and plays almost anything upon the piano in any key, with remarkable facility and in a manner always delightful to hear.

In the family Elizabeth is known as Betty; she is a member of the Philadelphia Cricket Club and the Stenton Country Club.

Their two children are:

1. Barry Anderson LaRoche, born Aug. 28, 1914.
2. Elizabeth Barry Butler LaRoche, born June 2, 1919.

L. R. Browne Alice A. Browne

ALICE BUTLER ALBURGER.

(Mrs. Leeman R. Browne)

Alice B. Alburger, the eldest daughter of T. Linton and Mary Butler Alburger, was born at 269 Rittenhouse Street, Germantown, Pa., on Sept. 7, 1888, being named for her aunt, Alice Butler Parmele, her mother's only sister; between the latter two there having always existed a deep and lifelong attachment.

The house in which Alice was born was the residence of her

parents for 17 years. In 1904 the family removed thence to 5914 Wayne Avenue, Germantown, where they now reside.

Alice attended the Walnut Lane School in that city, having resided for 16 of the 17 years in the Rittenhouse Street residence and seven years at the Wayne Avenue house, until the date of her marriage on Nov. 1, 1911, to Leeman R. Browne, at St. Peter's Church, Germantown.

It was a very pretty church wedding, followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents; the Rev. S. P. Keeling being the officiating clergyman. Twenty-eight members of the Butler family and their relatives from New York and vicinity journeyed to Germantown to attend the wedding, not to mention the many relatives and friends of the bride and groom living in Pennsylvania and New Jersey who were present on this auspicious occasion.

Alice inherits her mother's vivacity and energy and is always ready for a jollification. As a hostess she very successfully emulates the example of her mother and Aunt Alice. "Open House" is the prevailing order and the passing friend or relative may always be sure of a cordial and hospitable welcome within their attractive home.

Mr. Browne holds a position of responsibility in the credit department of the Western Electric Company, one of the two largest corporations in the United States, manufacturing electricial appliances of every description. His versatility along musical lines deserves special mention and he has written several lyrics for some of the better class of popular songs.

They reside at 16 Burchfield Avenue, Cranford, N. J., and have one daughter:

1. Catherine Mary Browne, born April 6, 1914.

T. LINTON ALBURGER, Jr.

Thomas Linton Alburger, Jr., only son of T. Linton and Mary B. Alburger, was born at 269 Rittenhouse Street, Germantown, Pa., on July 28, 1890.

As a schoolboy he attended Germantown Academy, taking a prominent part in many of the school activities. Upon completing his education he entered the brokerage and investment

field in Philadelphia, in which line of business he has been engaged for the past ten years, commencing with Thomas A. Biddle & Co., where he was employed for two years, then going with J. S. & W. S. Kuhn, Inc., as cashier for three years, then two more years with E. McLain Watters & Co., and finally as bond salesman for the past three years with Messrs. Frazier & Co., the well-known Philadelphia investment banking house.

Lin, as he has always been called, is something of a sportsman, something of a musician. He can play, dance, swim or drive an automobile, as occasion requires.

Love and war have ever gone together, and true to tradition he essayed them both simultaneously.

On August 14, 1918, his engagement was announced to Miss Margaret Seiple, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Seiple, of Norristown, Pa.

When the United States entered the European War, on April 6, 1917, Lin was of eligible military age and under the Selective Service Law of May 18, 1917, he was drafted into the Army on Aug. 31, 1918, and was sent to Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., for service in the Personnel Adjutant's Office at that camp, where he rose to the grade of Sergeant.

As an indication of the number of men which the United States mobilized to grapple with the German forces, it may be noted that Lin's serial number in the Army was 1776788.

Two months and 11 days after he was drafted an armistice brought hostilities to cessation and the armies then in course of preparation and training throughout the country were speedily demobilized.

Lin was honorably discharged from the Army in January, 1919, after four months' service, and returned to his former occupation with Frazier & Co. in Philadelphia.

He is an energetic young man, generally getting what he strives for in life. His pleasant disposition, manliness and *savoir faire* will be his passport through life wherever he goes.

Paul M. Hesser Jr. May Alburger Hesser

MARY P. ALBURGER.

(Mrs. Paul M. Hesser, Jr.)

Mary Price Alburger, more familiarly known in the family as May, is the second and youngest daughter of T. Linton and Mary S. Alburger, of Germantown, Pa.

May was born May 9, 1895, at 269 Rittenhouse Street, Ger-

mantown, and like her brother Lin, has inherited a musical temperament.

Finishing school at an early age, she taught a kindergarten class for two years at the Stevens School, the same school which she herself had attended.

On Dec. 8, 1917, at St. Peter's Church, Germantown, her wedding to Paul Millman Hesser, Jr., also of Germantown, was solemnized.

Mr. Hesser completed a five years' course in architecture and was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in the senior class June, 1915, finishing a post graduate course in June, 1916, since which time he has been engaged in the practice of his chosen profession.

May is blessed with a sweet and gentle nature and a very happy disposition.

They reside at 169 West Durham Street, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, and have one son:

1. Paul M. Hesser 3d, born December 28, 1918.

Grace M. Parmele

(Grace Gaffee M. McClelland.)

Charles R. Parmele Jr

(From photograph taken in Dec., 1914.)

CHARLES ROOME PARMELE, Jr.

Charles Roome Parmele, Jr., eldest son of Alice M. and Charles Roome Parmele, was born at "Oaklands," Clifton, Staten Island, on February 6, 1887. Later on his parents moved into the Swiss cottage* upon its becoming vacated in 1890.

*See page 210.

When "Charlie" was five years of age his parents removed from Clifton to New Brighton, Staten Island, making their residence for 11 years at 14 Lenox Place.

He attended Staten Island Academy at St. George, which had removed thence in 1896 from Stapleton. He took an active part in the school athletics, holding his class record for 100-yard dash.

In 1900 he entered Betts Academy, Stamford, Conn., where he became captain of both the baseball and football teams. Later, in 1909, the principal school building was burned to the ground, which misfortune terminated the school's existence.

Upon being graduated from Betts Academy in 1905 he entered business with his father, who for many years has been engaged in the manufacture and sale of pharmaceutical specialties; their place of business is located at 17 West Street, New York.

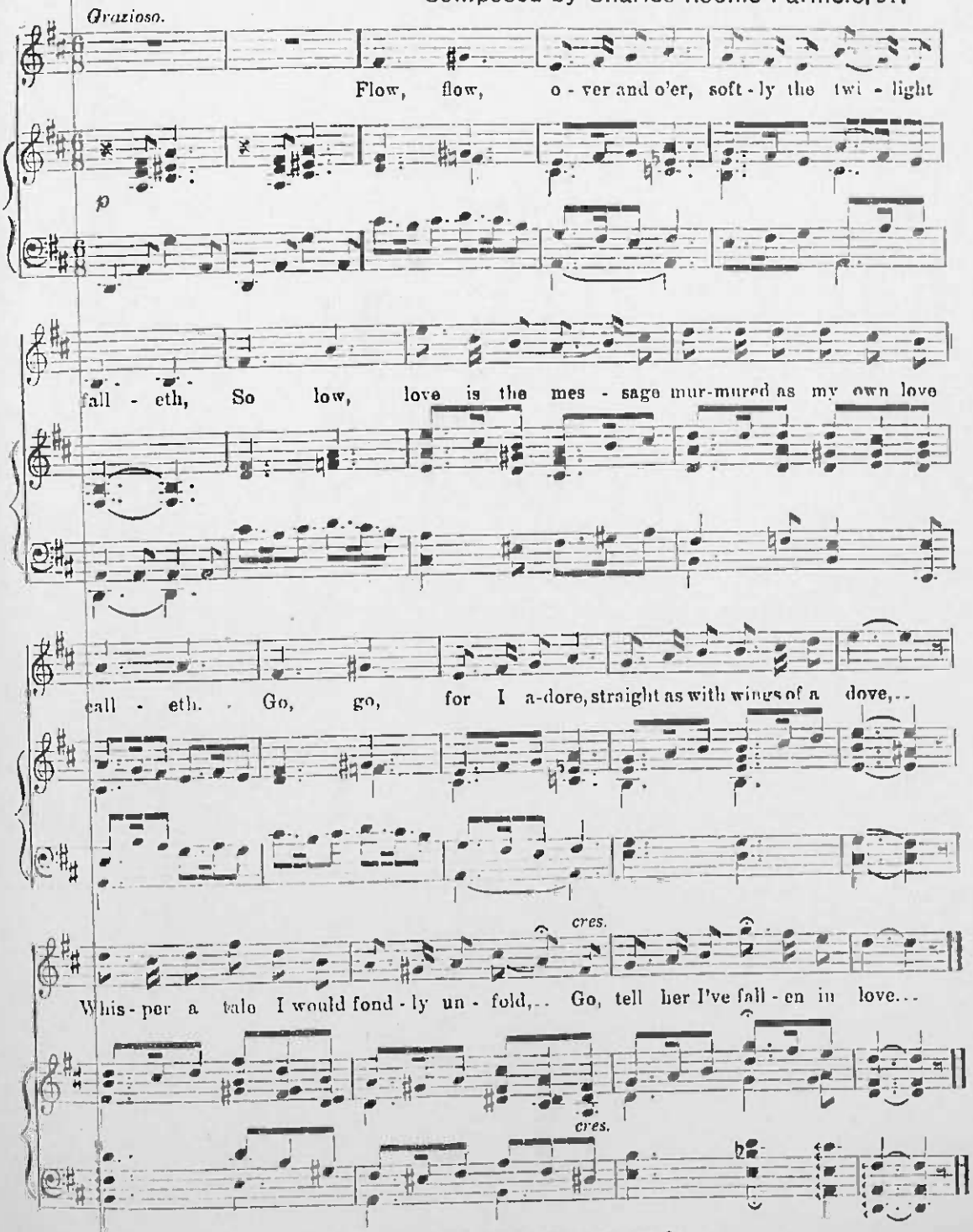
Charlie has a keen appreciation of humor and is exceedingly fond of music, which tendency comes to him from both his paternal and maternal ancestors. His parents aver that before he could talk he could sing and keep time to music wherever he heard it.

Possessing an unusually accurate ear for music, he can hear an operetta and return home to play quite correctly most of the melodies he has heard; he has also composed a number of beautiful musical items, one of which a barcarole, "To a Brook," is reproduced on the following page. Charlie also possesses the rare gift of being an excellent accompanist, and although scarcely able to read music, he can play in almost any desired key and transpose a selection from major to minor key or the reverse, oftentimes with beautiful improvisation. He plays with a touch of rare expression, enriched with a great variety of harmonies. His playing in a general way resembles the style and scope of that of his cousin, Elizabeth B. LaRoche. Their musical talents correspond to such a degree that they will occasionally

TO A BROOK.

BARCAROLE.

Composed by Charles Roome Parmele, Jr.


Grazioso.
Flow, flow, o - ver and o'er, soft - ly the twi - light
p
fall - eth, So low, love is the mes - sage mur-mured as my own love
call - eth. Go, go, for I a-dore, straight as with wings of a dove,..
cres.
Whis - per a tale I would fond - ly un - fold,.. Go, tell her I've fall - en in love...
cres.

Copyright, 1914, by Charles Roome Parmele, Jr.

play for hours together in perfect mutual comprehension and accord.

On April 6, 1916, Charles Boome Parmele, Jr., was married to Grace Marie McClelland, of Pittsburgh, Pa., by the Rev. Wm. Pierson Merrill, pastor for many years of Brick Presbyterian Church, New York.

The wedding took place at Sherry's, 43d Street and 5th Avenue, New York, a wedding supper being served after the ceremony. By reason of a recent death in the family of the bride, the invitations to the wedding were very few and were confined to the immediate members of both families.

They reside at The St. Mark's Apartments, Castleton Park, New Brighton, Staten Island, and have one daughter.

1. Grace Marie Parmele, born August 29, 1917.

Henry Butler Parmele

(From photograph made in Dec., 1918.)

Evelyn Mary Parmele

(Nee Evelyn M. Kettles)

HENRY BUTLER PARMELE.

Henry Butler Parmele, second son of Charles Roome and Alice M. Parmele, was born at "Oaklands," Clifton, Staten Island, N. Y., on June 16, 1888.

"Harry," as he is invariably known to the family, was named for his uncle, Henry L. Butler, Jr., who was an especial favorite with the former's parents.

Like his brothers and sister, Harry inherits a great love of music; he also possesses a baritone voice of excellent quality and plays the piano entirely by ear, with an ability which is truly remarkable.

At school he was a good athlete and especially proficient in gymnastics, always leading his class both at the Staten Island Academy and at Betts Academy, Stamford, Conn.

Upon leaving Betts Academy, in 1905, he entered his father's office, then located at 54 South Street, New York, and was subsequently engaged by E. M. Townsend & Co., wholesale dealers in hosiery and underwear, at 345 Broadway, with which concern he is a salesman at the present time.

Harry is blessed with a sunny disposition, a keen appreciation of the humorous side of life, and always fond of a good joke.

He married Evelyn Mary Kettles, of Flatbush, N. Y., on April 20, 1915, at Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, the Rev. T. G. Jackson officiating at the ceremony, the latter having also officiated at the marriage of Harry's cousin, J. Holmes Butler, Jr., 12 years before.

They reside on Palatina Avenue, Hollis, L. I., and have a son:

1. Henry Butler Parmele, Jr., born April 17, 1916.

Emilie F. Parmele

EMILIE F. PARMELE.

Emilie Francis Parmele, third child and only daughter of Charles Roome and Alice M. Parmele, was born at 11 Lenox Place, New Brighton, Staten Island, on August 16, 1892, and was named for her father's mother.

It is interesting to note that her resemblance to her paternal grandmother as well as to her father's sister, Helen L. Butler,* is a remarkable fact.

*See page 368.

As a member of a truly musical family, Emilie possesses a genuine love for music, and having a soprano voice of sweet quality, has studied vocal culture for some time under a professional instructor.

When a tiny tot she was the star pupil in the dancing class, her sense of rythm and time being perfect.

Emilie is of the sensible, practical sort, not much inclined to frivolity, but companionable and loyal; in fact, her strong feeling of family loyalty is a characteristic trait.

Having been reared in a family with four brothers, it is not surprising that she takes as keen delight in witnessing a good game of baseball or other form of outdoor sports as the average man.

Throughout the great war with Germany, Emilie was an indefatigable worker at the Red Cross Headquarters and for the Debarkation Hospital on Staten Island.

Shortly after the United States had entered the great European war, Emilie was placed in charge of the "Information Desk" at Red Cross Headquarters, New Brighton; a post which required ability to render quick and accurate decisions and to promptly answer hundreds of questions with tact, patience and good sense. For such a position she was eminently well fitted, by reason of her wide acquaintance with Staten Island people, her familiarity with the geography of the island and her knowledge of its institutions.

Two instances, taken from a very creditable record of duty with the Richmond County Chapter of the American Red Cross, will suffice to give an idea of the quality of action and services which Emilie and other patriotic and self-sacrificing women in that locality rendered during the war.

One was the occasion of the great explosion in the fall of 1918 at the munition plant at Morgan, near Perth Amboy, N. J., where hundreds of people were injured, thousands made homeless by the fearful effects of the explosion and by the flames

which swept the devastated district and wrecked buildings for miles around. The refugees fleeing from the scene of the disaster, poured across Kill von Kull from New Jersey to Staten Island. The Red Cross never gave better evidence of its value and usefulness than upon this unfortunate occasion. The homeless were sheltered and cared for; clothing was furnished; the hungry fed and wounded were given medical attention. On the part of those in charge at Red Cross Headquarters it required an unerring knowledge of what to do and how to do it.

The Richmond County Motor Corps was immediately dispatched to Toftenville and performed splendid work; the canteens and all of the other vitally necessary Red Cross activities got into action at once and acquitted themselves nobly and, out of chaos, order was restored as rapidly as possible, while the young woman at the "Information Desk" stuck to her post and did her part faithfully and well through it all.

Another occasion was the unheralded arrival off Tompkinsville after dark on Wednesday night, May 1, 1918, of the French ship of war *La Gloire*, which in a dense fog at night had collided with and sunk the coastwise passenger ship "City of Athens," off the North Carolina coast.

Although a number of passengers were drowned, the officers and men of the battleship had with great difficulty rescued many passengers and had proceeded with them to New York. Among these were many women and children saved from watery graves, who arrived at Tompkinsville without any clothing and who had been placed upon mattresses and covered with sheets in the officers' quarters on board the war ship.

Upon reaching Staten Island, a French officer came ashore quickly and was at once directed to the Red Cross Headquarters at St. George. The matron on duty immediately called Miss Parmele on the telephone and soon Emilie, together with her mother, were hurrying to the headquarters building, where Emilie promptly notified the Chairman of the local Red Cross,

summoned the Ambulance Corps, assembled clothing for the destitute women and babes and at midnight personally went out in the ship's launch to *La Gloire*, boarded the ship and ministered to the shipwrecked passengers, learned their names, the addresses of their families, communicating with the latter by telegraph, telephone or messenger, and sending reassuring information to their anxious relatives.

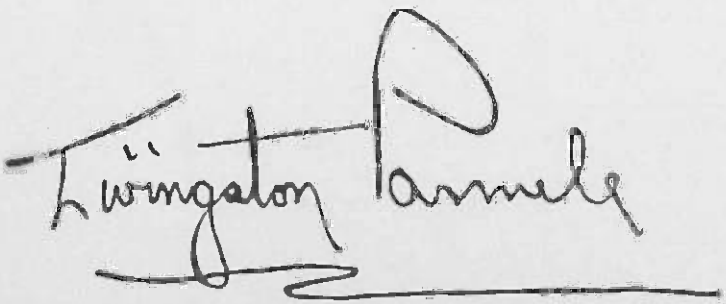
The following day the rescued were either taken to their homes in Brooklyn and Manhattan or to hospitals.

These are but two of the countless cases for which no credit is asked or expected and which merely pass on into the many bright pages which glorify the records of that splendid organization. Emilie is still serving with the Red Cross and expects to remain so long as activity continues there requiring her presence.

She resides with her parents at 102 Hamilton Avenue, New Brighton, S. I., and at this time is unmarried, however, as the nature of this book partakes of past history rather than of prophecy, the writer refrains from making any predictions.

Emilie F. Parmele married Frank T. Kettles of Flatbush, Brooklyn, N. Y. on the evening of Nov. 11, 1920 at Christ Church, New Brighton, Staten Island, the Rev. Duncan H. Browne rector of that church officiating.

Mr. Kettles is a brother of Evelyn M. Kettles who married Henry B. Parmele in 1915, mentioned on page 400.



1895-1916.

LIVINGSTON PARMELE.

Livingston Parmele, third son and fourth child of Charles Roome and Alice M. Parmele, was born at 14 Lenox Place, New Brighton, S. I., on Dec. 5, 1895. The name Livingston was given

to him because of its euphony and because of the fact that one of his paternal ancestors was a Livingston, being a first cousin of Chancellor Livingston, the eminent New York jurist of Washington's and Jefferson's time.

Livingston attended Staten Island Academy, but left before graduation, securing employment with the firm of E. M. Townsend & Co., with which concern he was located at the time of his death, from pneumonia, in the summer of 1916, at his parent's camp in Canada.

The funeral procession incident to his untimely end is beautifully described in the following narration written by his uncle, J. Holmes Butler.*

"The death of Livingston Parmele, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roome Parmele, on Monday the 21st instant, at their summer camp in the Canadian wilds, was a heartbreaking shock to those of his family and friends who were at his bedside when the end came; and being located so far from civilization, made it doubly trying for those near and dear to him while awaiting the arrival of his parents, who, unfortunately, were unable to reach the camp until 24 hours after he had passed away. But the members of the North Lake Fish and Game Club, of which Mr. Parmele is a member and within whose limits his island camp is situated, came forward in their great sympathy for their fellow member and his family and under the leadership of their president, Mr. Arno Bittues, took entire charge of the funeral arrangements so far as North Lake and the confines of the club extended.

"Mr. Bittues immediately ordered the flags at the Club House at half staff and the cottage members in the neighborhood also lowered their flags. At midnight Tuesday the 22d, one hour after Mr. and Mrs. Parmele had reached there, Mr. Bittues appeared at the camp, bringing a funeral barge on which had been placed a raised platform covered by a large Canadian flag and on which rested the casket. The entire barge was decorated with evergreens.

"As an early start was imperative the following morning in order to make train connection for Montreal, the indefatigable and great hearted president was on hand promptly at half-past five, and at six A. M. after the casket, covered by American and Canadian flags, had been placed upon the barge, the funeral procession started on its six-mile run down the lake to the landing stage.

"Less than a mile from the camp, around a bend in the lake, three additional motor boats with club members and their families joined

*See page 368.

the mournful procession, so that when the turn into the main lake was made there were seven boats in line, a most impressive and awe-inspiring sight.

"Arrived at 'the landing,' where conveyances awaited the family to take them to the railway station some ten miles distant, Mr. Parmele, with broken voice, made a few beautiful and well chosen remarks expressing the great appreciation of himself and his family for 'this exquisite tribute to our boy.'

"It was an occasion never to be forgotten by anyone who was present, this funeral train down the beautiful lake in the crisp air of early morn with the sun just peeping over the mountain tops and with nature in her wildest form surrounding all."

August 23, 1916. J. H. B.

A more appropriate setting for the last rites to the memory of this splendid youth could not be imagined. Livingston was an out-of-doors boy in every sense of the term; he was especially active in Boy Scout work, being Assistant Scoutmaster of a troop at New Brighton, a great lover of nature, he was always known among his friends as the "live wire." He did not know the meaning of the word fear and was loved by children, by the boys of his own age, by those of the older generation, and even by the old people.

His love of music was insatiable; it was a part of his nature, and he would sit by the hour listening intently to it whenever the opportunity was afforded.

The date of his death was August 21, 1916, and he was buried in his father's plot in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AWAY.

James Whitcomb Riley.

I can not say, and I will not say that he is dead. He is just away!
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand, he has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming; how very fair, it needs must be, since he lingers there.
And you—oh, you, who the wildest yearn for the old time step, and the glad return—
Think of him faring on, as dear in the love of There, as the love of Here.
Think of him still as the same, I say, he is not dead—he is just away.

(From photograph made in 1918.)

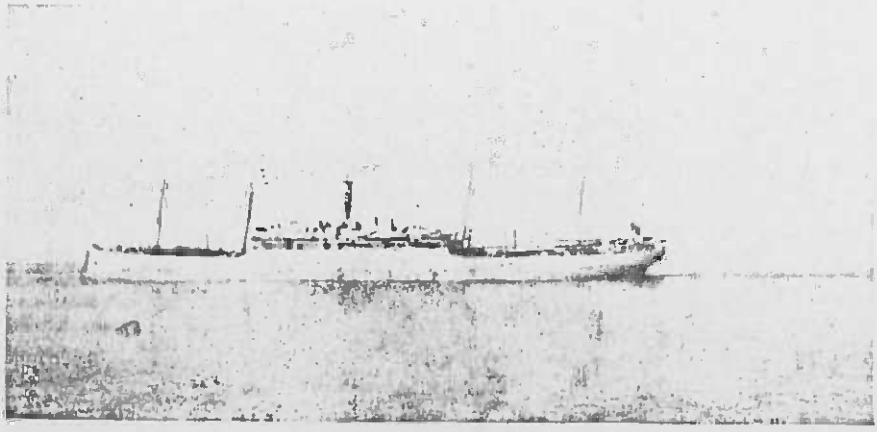
GILBERT PARMELE.

Henry Gilbert Woodruff Parmele, youngest son of Charles Roome and Alice M. Parmele, was born at New Brighton, S. I., on December 4, 1896. He was named for a highly esteemed and devoted friend of his parents, Mr. Henry G. Woodruff, of New Brighton.

When a boy he was the soprano soloist in the choir of Christ Church, New Brighton, later becoming the alto soloist.

He attended and was graduated, in 1914, from Staten Island Academy, subsequently entering the Class of 1919 at Princeton University, where he became captain of the Varsity basketball team and pitcher of the freshman baseball nine, which for the first time in six years defeated the Yale freshman team in 1916. Gilbert had also been selected as one of the pitchers on the Varsity baseball team and was mentioned in Spalding's Official Manual of Sports for 1917 as a member of the second All American basketball five.

Two days after the declaration of war against Germany he entered the Naval Reserve, enlisting as an able seaman, 1st Class; he was called into active service May 10, 1917, reporting on that date at the federal base rendezvous for Naval Reserves at the foot of 52d Street, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn. Here he was advanced through successive steps to the grade of Ensign, until on Jan. 29, 1918, he was sent to Annapolis in the Third Reserve Officer's Class for the Government course of intensive training. On May 29, 1918, he completed the prescribed course and received his commission with rank as Ensign in the regular Navy as a Temporary Officer; this rendered him eligible for duty on battleships, torpedo boat destroyers, or any other naval vessel. Soon he was



U. S. S. Susquehanna

transferred to the U. S. S. *Virginia*, and then assigned to the troopship *Susquehanna*, formerly the German steamship *Rhine*. Having passed a very creditable examination in Ordnance, Gilbert was appointed Assistant Gunnery Officer, taking charge for two months of the gun crews and ammunition on the *Susquehanna;* when, due to the illness of the senior Gunnery Officer, he performed that officer's duties for eight months. Finally he was transferred, on March 27, 1919, to the Receiving Ship at Norfolk Va. Six months after an armistice had been granted to Germany, Gilbert was honorably discharged from the Navy on May 20, 1919, and returned to his home, resuming the pursuits of civil life; he first re-enlisted, however, in Class 2, Naval Reserve, on May 27, 1919, with his rank of Ensign confirmed.

Germany has strained every nerve to counteract the disadvantage possessed by her enemies in their free use of the seas. At one time it appeared probable that by foul means Germany might sink sufficient shipping to cause famine in France and England; but redoubled vigilance in chasing the submarines and increased energy in building ships made it impossible for Germany to wrest the advantage of sea transportation from her enemies.

The possession of sea power enabled the United States to transport across the Atlantic Ocean armies of millions at will, with very small loss.

The Navy has been on guard always, night and day, patrolling the seas, convoying troops, protecting merchant ships, destroying submarines at all seasons of the year, eager at an instant's notice to grapple with and destroy the enemy's fleet.

Although the *Susquehanna* did not get into any very important action and suffered no serious casualties, eternal vigilance was nevertheless the price of safety. While serving on that ship, Gilbert made eight round trips to France, carrying a full capacity of troops on each voyage, approximately 2,500 men each trip, or a total of about 20,000 men transported oversea.

The Commanding officer on the *Susquehanna* was Commander A. B. Read, U. S. N., and the strictest naval discipline was enforced on board at all times.

On one occasion, when Ensign Parmele was in charge of the gun crew, they fired eight shots at a submarine. Whether or not the submarine was sunk is not definitely known, but it is known that this submarine had been sunk when the destroyers, which were close at hand, completed their firing.

When approaching the harbor of St. Nazaire, France, the *Susquehanna* had a narrow escape and but for the Burney gear for mine sweeping which was attached to the ship and cut the cable, the *Susquehanna* would have been blown up by a German mine.

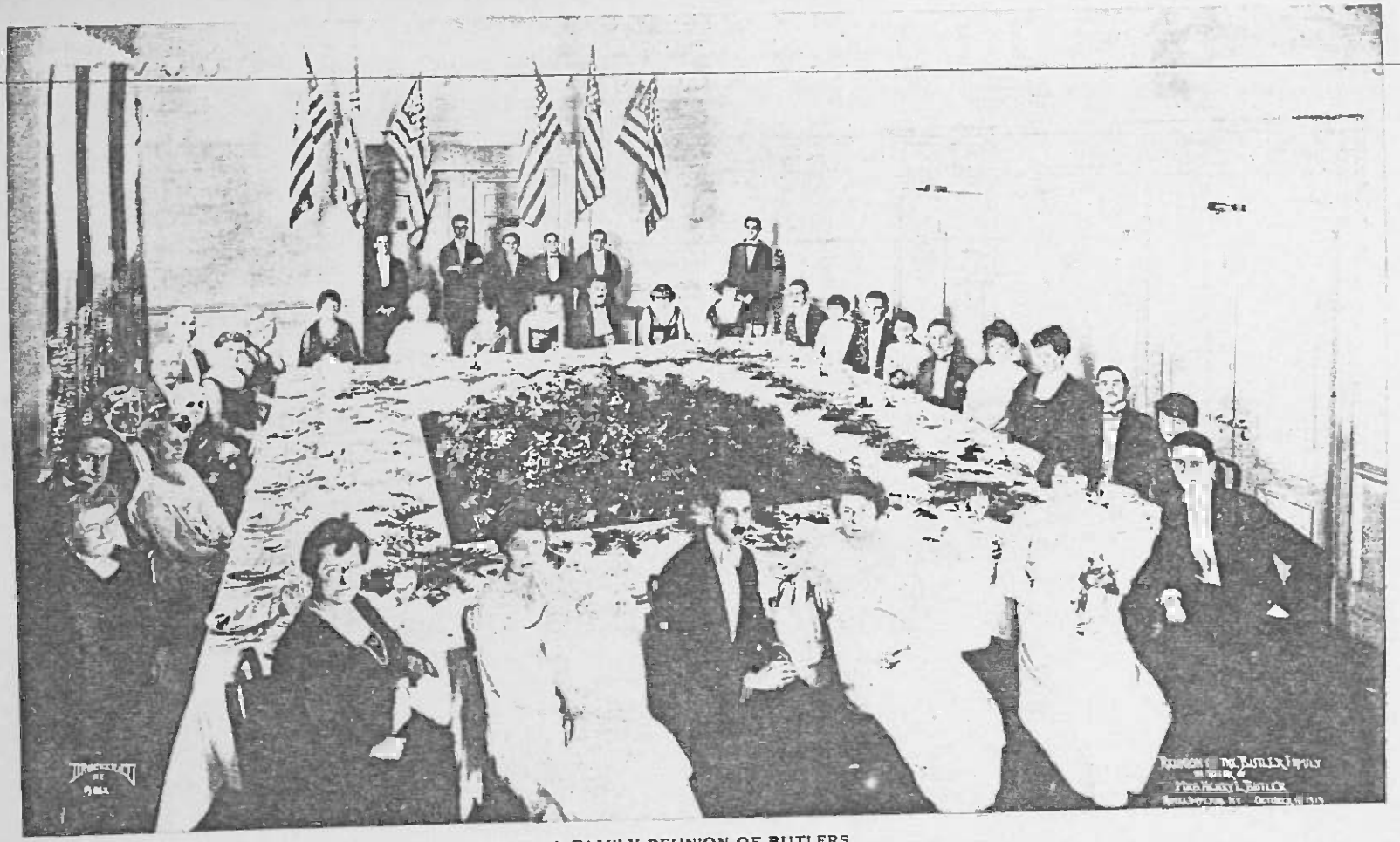
The disastrous influenza epidemic of 1918 raged aboard this ship on one voyage. Of 35 watch officers (deck and engineers), only 10 men were available to stand the five naval watches. This was a very severe strain on the 10. Those incapacitated were the captain, executive officer, navigator, chief engineer, four engineers, two ship surgeons and 13 ensigns.

Ensign Parmele stood senior watch on the bridge and when not on the bridge in the daytime, he stood watch on the gun deck, so short was the vessel of its necessary quota of officers.

He was in charge of the gun deck when the firing at the German submarine occurred.

While in France, on leave of absence, he visited Paris, Nantes and Tours.

Gilbert is at present unmarried. He is loyal, patriotic, and like his brothers and sister, has a keen appreciation of humor and good music. He resides with his parents at 102 Hamilton Avenue, New Brighton, Staten Island.



A FAMILY REUNION OF BUTLERS

This celebration, twice postponed for unavoidable causes, was originally intended to commemorate "Grandma Butler's" ninetieth birthday anniversary, although it was not held until a year and a half afterward, October 18, 1919, at the Imperial Hotel, 32nd Street and Broadway, New York City.

Seated in the order named, commencing extreme right foreground and reading toward left around the table are: H. Gilbert W. Parmele, Miss Blanche Louise Butler, Mrs. J. Holmes Butler, Jr., Charles R. Parmele, Jr., Mrs. H. B. Parmele, Mrs. William MacGuffogg, Mrs. J. Holmes Butler, Bayard L. Peck, Mrs. Charles Roome Parmele, T. Linton Alburger, Mrs. Henry L. Butler, Charles Roome Parmele, Mrs. T. Linton Alburger, H. Langdon Butler, Mrs. Samuel S. Butler, Mrs. Edward M. Butler (waiters standing), Mrs. Helen Morris Griffin, E. Morris Butler, Jr., Mrs. E. Morris Butler, J. Holmes Butler, Jr., Mrs. H. Langdon Butler, Mrs. Charles R. Parmele, Jr., Harry B. Parmele, Mrs. Leeman R. Browne, E. Morris Butler, Miss Emilie L. Parmele, T. Linton Alburger, Jr., Mrs. Bayard L. Peck, Mrs. Winfield S. Potter, Leeman R. Browne, Miss Margaret Seiple.

THE GREAT WAR AGAINST GERMANY, 1914-1919.

THE INTERNATIONAL STRUGGLE THAT UPSET THE WORLD, COST 10,000,000 LIVES AND $50,000,000,000 IN PROPERTY, BROUGHT 29 NATIONS TO ARMS AND RESULTED IN CRUSHING OF PRUSSIAN AUTOCRACY.

The pistol shot which put an end to the life of Archduke Francis Joseph, heir presumptive to the Austro-Hungarian throne, at Serajevo, June 28, 1914, turned Europe into a battlefield six weeks later.

The Serbians were blamed for the assassination, and on July 23, 1914, the Austrian Government sent an ultimatum to Serbia demanding the punishment of the offenders and Austria's participation in their trial in Serbia.

Russia supported Serbia in rejecting the last demand; Germany supported Austria; England, France and even Italy, then the ally of Austria and Germany, suggested arbitration by the Great Powers.

By treaty, France was obliged to support Russia for a similar reason. By treaty, Italy was obliged to support her allies in case of a defensive war.

Germany deemed Russia's mobilization practically equivalent to a declaration of war against Germany and promptly declared war, on August 1st, against Russia.

Alleging that France had already begun hostile action against her, Germany declared war on France on August 3d.

Germany invaded Belgium in order to attack France, thereby turning into a "scrap of paper" Belgium's covenant of neutrality to which Germany was a partner, Great Britain declared war upon Germany on August 4th. Italy deeming Austria the aggressor, proclaimed her neutrality.

But these were merely the surface expressions of a long standing conspiracy on the part of Germany and Austria-Hungary soon to be revealed by German propaganda. Germany wished

to render France impotent and absorb the Germanic provinces of Russia; she would then be in a position to fight or coerce the power Great Britain enjoyed by reason of the latter's predominance at sea. Austria-Hungary wished to absorb the Balkan Slavs and make her way to the Aegean.

For Germany there was an especial object in the success of the Austro-Hungarian scheme, which, by bribing Turkey, would establish German dominion from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf.

In November, 1914, Turkey entered the war on the side of Germany and Austro-Hungary.

All this was arranged, even to the minutest detail, at the Kaiser's conference on July 5th, at Potsdam, and it was there believed that if the bribe to Turkey did not come into evidence too soon, both Great Britain and Italy would remain neutral.

That Japan would enter the war on account of her treaty with Great Britain was thus discounted.

Germany attempted to defend her position morally on the ground that she had been attacked by Russia on account of the Pan-Slavonic ambitions of that empire and by Great Britain on account of the latter's jealousy of her world trade and industry. She was therefore fighting "for her existence."

Germany's enemies, in defending themselves, acted with some co-operation but for months with no great unity of action or purpose among them. This gave Germany a great advantage until the spring of 1917, when the United States entered the war. That event, besides bringing the material deciding factor to the Allies' cause, established their war aims upon a world basis of a fight for humanity—of republicanism against absolutism, for the rights of small nations and "to make the world safe for democracy."

All this was to be done by annihilating Prussian militarism and Hohenzollern absolutism.

On these humane principles 29 nations arrayed themselves

against Germany, of which 24 declared war. The fighting was prodigious in geographic and social extent and unprecedented in expenditure of lives and treasure.

Through battle, atrocities and massacres, it is estimated that 10,000,000 lives have been sacrificed that $50,000,000,000 of property, not including the wastage of war material, has been destroyed in various ways.

The sinking of the great ocean liner *Lusitania* on May 7, 1915, and the atrocities of the Germans in Belgium; the Austrians and Bulgars in Serbia; the Turks in Armenia, and the criminal propaganda in the United States to prevent supplies from going to the Allies, all tended to lower Germany's moral standard in the war.

The moral and material grievances of the United States against Germany culminated in a series of revelations showing the latter's criminality. On January 31, 1917, she had proclaimed her intensified submarine campaign, repudiating the promise of May 4, 1916, and on February 28th came the revelation of the Zimmerman note to Mexico and Japan.

Up to the time the United States declared war this country had lost by the illegal operation of submarine boats 22 ships, amounting to more than 70,000 tons, together with hundreds of lives, most of which, however, had met their death on other neutral ships or on the passenger ships of Germany's enemies.

In Europe the Allied cause had suffered many discouragements and setbacks, but their morale was kept firm through the rapidly appearing evidences of American aid; even in this country there was apprehension felt, lest this aid could not be taken overseas due to the intensified action of the German submarines, whose toll of merchant shipping for 1917 had been for the first three months 1,619,373 tons; in the second three months 236,931; in the third, 1,494,473; and in the fourth, 1,272,813.

Early in the fourth year of the war saw the complete political collapse of Russia through destructive German propaganda, which at once gave rise to the anarchy known as Bolshevism.

It was known before 1917 closed that Germany, released from war with Russia, was preparing a great offensive against the Allies on the western front, which commenced March 21, 1918, with the object of separating the British and French armies by reaching the channel ports at the mouth of the Somme River and then defeating each army in turn and occupying Paris.

In April, 1918, the Allies had decided on unity of command and had placed the conduct of the war in the hands of General Ferdinand Foch. The arrival of nearly 1,000,000 American bayonets in France gave him the opportunity to organize an army of manoeuvre. His attacks begun between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry against the Marne salient on July 18, 1918, were unceasing down to November 11, 1918, when an armistice was granted to Germany, which effected a cessation of hostilities and led to the Treaty of Peace which was signed at Versailles.

America was woefully unprepared at the time this nation entered the war, notwithstanding the repeated warnings given both in and out of Congress.

The name of Theodore Roosevelt will stand forever associated with the entrance of America into the World War. It was his voice, together with those of Gen. Leonard Wood and Congressman Gardner, of Massachusetts, which roused the soul of our country and brought us to ourselves before it was too late.

He compelled our people to see the truth and to meet their responsibilities in the day when America first stood neutral before the greatest moral crisis in history, when the pacifist spirit was dominant, when the soul of our nation seemed to be dulled and deadened, when men in the highest places were saying that this is Europe's war, that its issues did not concern us, that the war spirit among us was being fomented by the munition makers for personal profit.

Theodore Roosevelt's voice sounded the call to honor and to duty and urged us to the course which after two and a half years of hesitation we took at last. It was he who led the demand that

there should be no terms with Germany but unconditional surrender. The result of his tireless efforts will stand clear in the pages of history.

It is something, indeed, for one to have lived in these stirring days in the time of men like Theodore Roosevelt and John J. Pershing.

The submarine boat, which was a challenge to all the humane principles that civilization has accumulated through centuries was a strong factor in uniting the people of the United States in a determination to enter the great struggle, after repeated acts of the most ruthless and cruel barbarism on the part of these modern day pirates of the high seas.

In Belgium and in northern France barbarities were committed by German troops, which for sheer savagery equal the worst cruelties of the middle ages.

What American would not jump at the chance to give half his property to keep an enemy from repeating in this glorious land what Germany did to Belgium in 1917 and 1918?

It was noticeable that many of the returning soldiers brought home with them a better idea of religious sacrifice than they had known or acquired before they went to war.

Many of these faithful soldiers sacrificed themselves for the love of country, home and friends, for the wounded comrade lying out in No Man's Land, for the honor of his battalion or regiment, or in the hope that coming generations might profit through his acts. Thus, the American soldier's crusade for brotherhood and liberty bought with his own blood or with the blood of others, taught them as nothing else could do, the nobleness of their sacrifice and its inspirational value will certainly be felt in the practical religion of this country in the days to come.

Surely we are richer today because of the fact that America was used by the great Architect of the Universe for the salvation of the world.

Those qualities of honor, truth, justice, pity and human

brotherhood which make up the Christian spirit triumphed and the question has been decided whether the world is to be governed by terrorism and might or by justice and right, and it is inconceivable that any other nation, after Germany's frightful failure, will attempt to force this issue again upon a world set free by the men who fought under command of a French Marshal between Verdun and Ypres. In looking back to July of 1918, when victory for the Allies was only an unconquerable hope, one trembles to contemplate the fate that might have overtaken civilization had Marshal Foch been denied supreme command at the second battle of the Marne. There is no denying the fact that at the time we really entered the war, which was toward the end of May, 1918, 13 months after the war resolution passed Congress, 13 months which were required for the preparation of our entrance into the struggle with our combat troops, the French and the English were in a very serious condition. They had been doing a great deal of hard fighting and nothing can detract from their achievements during the four years when they held the lines against the massed German onslaught. But July 18th turned the scale and July 15th, 1918, was the high tide of German victory, when at Chateau-Thierry the tenacity, the valor, the boldness and the undaunted spirit of the American fighting men won the admiration of the world, and in the St. Mihiel salient again, which was held by the Germans for four years, our men drove them out in practically 27 hours. Before we made that successful attack the French had lost 50,000 men in making an attack at one spur alone, known as Les Esparges.

And they thought we wouldn't fight.

There is no language to express the debt we owe the brave fellows who offered up their lives. The objects for which many thousands of them died have been achieved and these noble heroes will be immortalized in song and story and their memory remain engraved in the hearts of the American people as long as

they cherish freedom and liberty and are willing to lay down their lives for them.

1918 was a wonderful year in the annals of human progress.

In that year all the world awoke to the consciousness that the thing it had tolerated from the dawn of history, the control by one, of the destinies of the many, was in truth an evil, a wrong, and must be ended. In America this is no new story; it is a foundation principle, but history will date from the year 1918 the worldwide acceptance of the principle that government must rest upon the consent of the governed.

All the world now sees that a monstrous wrong was attempted, and the world is resolved that any nation which attempts to perpetrate such a wrong shall be put down as a malefactor.

Nature's forces are slow but constant, and to a world weary in trying to rid itself of autocracy, who will say that the cost, the wounds, the sorrow witnessed in the four titanic years ending in 1918 were in vain?

From the official records of the War Department, compiled by the Statistics Branch of the General Staff in Washington, the war cost America nearly 22 billions of dollars; nearly enough to pay the entire cost of running the United States Government from 1791 up to the outbreak of the European War.

The total armed force of the country when the armistice was signed, on Nov. 11, 1918, was 4,800,000 men, of whom four million were in the Army, the remainder being in the Navy, Marine Corps and other branches. The number of men sent overseas was 2,086,000, and of these, 1,390,000 saw battle service—two out of every three.

The American battle deaths in the European War were a little short of 50,000 men; the wounded totaled approximately 236,000, and deaths from disease 56,991, up to April 30, 1919.

The total battle deaths of all nations in this war were greater than all the deaths in all the wars in the previous 100 years.

The number of American lives lost was 122,500.

For every man killed in battle, seven were wounded, five out of every six men sent to hospitals on account of wounds were cured and returned to duty.

The death rate from disease was lower and the death rate from battle was higher than in any other previous American war.

The total number of men registered for the draft was 24,234,021, and of these, 2,810,296 were called to the colors.

The average American soldier who went to France received six months' training at home, supplemented by two more months of intensive training in France or England before he entered the battle line.

About 200,000 commissioned officers were required for the American Army; of this number less than 9,000 were in the federal service at the beginning of the war, 5,791 being regulars and 3,199 were National Guard officers in federal service.

Out of every six officers, one had previous military training in the Regular Army, the National Guard or in the ranks; three received the training for their commission in the Officer's Training Camps; the other two went from civilian life into the Army with little or no military training.

In France, American engineers built 83 new ship berths and 1,000 miles of standard and 538 miles of narrow-gauge railroads.

The Signal Corps strung 10,000 miles of telephone wires and 40,000 American made motor trucks were shipped overseas for the use of the allied forces.

In this country army construction projects cost twice as much as the Panama Canal and were on nearly as large a scale overseas, while for the last ten months of America's participation in the war the daily average cost to the United States was over $44,000,000.

The loss to the shipping world through the German submarine campaign was nearly 13,000,000 tons. In the four and a half years of the war the Cunard Steamship Company and its allied lines lost in all 45 ships of a total of 389,853 tons.

Under the conditions of the Treaty of Peace, however, Germany, among other requirements, was compelled to surrender her navy, her merchant tonnage and ships then in course of construction suitable for overseas trade. German shipbuilding yards for five years built tonnage destined for the allied governments; Germany, moreover, was forced to renounce her colonies, all her overseas possessions, all her interests and securities in the allied and associated countries and in their colonies, dominions and protectorates.

Could Germany have contented herself with scientific, humanitarian expansion, with leadership in this line of progress, all might have been well with her. Their surplus population could have found new homes in more sparsely settled countries, as they long had been doing, and the great catastrophe of 1914 would not have occurred.

As an enemy, Germany had been terrible in its crimes and their punishment was terrible accordingly. Germany took the world unawares and nearly strangled it; an outlaw and an assassin, defying the laws of God and of nations and attempted to murder Liberty; but the voice of a Greater Power spoke through the American people and our Army and decreed his death.

Germany believed that America would not fight. But Germany did not know; buried in the militarism which her leaders had been teaching them so long, they could not foresee the great outburst of idealism started resolutely by the most pacific people in the world.

The German Kaiser thought to win that war by inspiring horror and hatred. That was in fact a chief reason why Germany could not win.

Germans of the sort of which the Kaiser was proud had either to be reformed or annihilated. The latter fate fell to countless thousands of them.

There developed in the United States a determination, calm but inexorable, to hunt out and exterminate the political system

devoted to the preparation of that hell which the Germans had let loose on earth. A grim but glorious opportunity for America.

Indifference was quickly changed to preparedness. Everywhere there was military stir. In the larger cities the business men devoted themselves to learning military tactics. In our seaport towns naval militiamen were trained by the thousands; ships were built, gunpowder, shells, guns, aeroplanes and munitions were manufactured in astonishing quantities, and while the gallant Allied armies with their new American comrades kept the enemy on the move, the United States cleared for action on a scale worthy of the New World.

An event of tremendous importance in the history of the war then occurred in this country, without sound or battle alarm, as silently as grass grows.

When that which is going on abroad was observed it was seen that in this kind of war it meant the mobilization of a whole nation and that to leave it for volunteers to solve that problem would have resulted only in injustice and great industrial and commercial disorganization.

So Congress said, we will recognize at the outset the obligation of universal service and pass a law in obedience to public sentiment which will select from the young men of the nation those who are best qualified to serve in the great cause between the ages of 18 and 45, inclusive.

Finally the law was passed and a day was set for the registration. In a single day ten million of these young men registered for military service.

The majesty of this mobilization was scarcely apparent.

There was no pomp and circumstance of war to make it visible and to thrill the soul, yet by a vote of 336 to 2 the House of Representatives in Washington and by unanimous vote in the Senate the United States called upon its whole effective manhood to defeat Germany.

The message was carried to every home, every farm, shop and

factory with such thoroughness that virtually not a man remained in the country who failed to receive the knowledge of his duty and the inspiration to fulfill it, with the result that there was a gigantic rising of the nation en masse to sign up for liberty and democracy. It meant that the country was unanimously in the war to win it completely, decisively and forever.

This tremendous event could never have been performed contrary to the people's will.

Therefore, in the most literal and direct sense, America's manhood volunteered en masse.

That will stand as one of the most sublime spectacles of all time. It was the visible evidence that the cause of Liberty was to triumph over every foe, no matter how strong, how cunning, or how numerous.

No other country in recorded history ever did such a thing, and it was done by the American people with a spirit of acceptance so simply and naturally that it passed by without adequate notice of its significance.

This Army was assembled in 16 national cantonments and trained to stand shoulder to shoulder with Great Britain and France in the great struggle to make the world safe for democracy.

It is a wonderful story, the alignment of nations which can truly be called civilized against the ancient mediaevalism which existed in the heart of Europe; that we are equal partners and could join hands with other people, who though older, were still committed to the same spirit and ideals.

In a surprisingly short space of time a vast army was put into the field. The individuality of the American soldier who was sent overseas attracted wide attention abroad; their individual marksmanship told on the adversary. By comparison he proved to be more of an individual than was customary among the soldiers of Europe. He possessed confidence and a fundamental moral basis for a participation in the war and he proved himself

to be quiet and undismayed even when alone under the most severe tests.

For forty years Germany had been making all Germans very much alike, suppressing individuality except in particular lines; men were permitted to be as individual as they liked about religion or about chemistry, but not about themselves or their relations to one another or to the State, and as a consequence the raw material of the German soldier was more of a uniform, machine-like type. But we had the individual American, with the wide diversities of talents which America produces, and we had to discover the method of conversion into military talents and virtues of the native qualifications in a man whose occupation had previously been felling trees in the great Northwest or gathering cotton in the fields of the South.

The war awakened also a great spirit of nationalism in the United States against this monster of military autocracy.

It was a sympathizing, co-operating, unifying spirit which, today, is probably more fully developed in this country than in any other. We are the latest born of the great nations; endowed with the fruits of liberty, the love of freedom and fair play is in our blood, and the response of this country to the appeal from England and France for aid against the eruption of the modern Goths and Vandals is one of the most beautiful and inspiring chapters in history.

The great nations of liberty and right went forward shoulder to shoulder in the most stupendous crash of armaments ever witnessed by mankind.

When America appealed to France for assistance in our war for freedom and independence, they sent us, under Rochambeau, five or six thousand troops across the ocean; they were 77 days in crossing from the time they left a French port until they landed at Newport, R. I., afflicted with disease and chased every mile of the way by a British fleet, and it has been wisely said that were

it not for the timely help afforded by France the result of the American Revolution might have been a very different story.

We love to think of helping France in her fight for Liberty. It took a long time for her "bread cast upon the waters" to return but when General John J. Pershing stood at the tomb of the immortal Lafayette in the cemetery of Picpus, in the suburbs of Paris, saluted and said, "Lafayette, we are here!" the world knew our debt of gratitude to France was to be repaid a thousand fold.

The passionate love of freedom that made the Pilgrim fathers set sail in fragile ships to brave the unknown terrors of the New England coast drove us back over the same seas in dreadnoughts to face the known horrors of modern warfare. Years of prosperity and peace had not served to make us less eager for the chance to pour out our strength and our wealth without stint for the spread of democracy, an eloquent witness that we love freedom more than life itself.

No one can read the story of the War of Independence, or the recorded utterances of the men of that time and not see that freedom was the mainspring of our forefathers' patriotism and valor.

In countless thousands the American soldiers poured across the seas and the monster of might and crime recoiled and was crushed; but millions of men have died or been wounded for us; millions of innocents suffered that we may have homes of happiness and plenty.

Thus have we beheld and felt the sublime spirit of sacrifice; giving the best there is in life for the consciousness of the good done to others—the sacrifice of self.

Did a people ever before spring to arms with such alacrity and gay whole-heartedness for an ideal?

It was the spirit of grim determination, with set teeth and clutched rifle, going to battle for the salvation of the world, that it might be a decent place for our children to live in.

Thousands of our young men offered their lives as they answered the stirring call to arms and went gaily forth to the fields

of France, many of whom never returned to their native shore, and on the battlefields of western Europe the principle was settled and German policies and methods went down in ignominious defeat, a great moral failure.

America helped win the war, not only with the heroic men who left their homes to fight and die, but also with patriotic men and women at home who toiled, saved and sacrificed to sustain them in their hours of trial.

Men in all walks of life who remained behind, poured their money into the Government Treasury through the purchase of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps. They curtailed their business and conformed to all the orders and regulations of the government authorities with a willingness which was spontaneous.

The women of the cities, villages and countryside vied with each other in the Red Cross work and other similar missions. Their contribution to the carrying on of the war can not be measured; their only longing was that out of the peace conference at Versailles might come a lasting peace and some system that would make impossible any great world war in the future.

One of the many forms of practical economy practised during the war was the saving of daylight. At midnight on March 30, 1918, all clocks were advanced by proclamation of the President one hour in time, and so remained until midnight October 26, 1918, when they were retarded to their original positions.

Thus, between March 30 and October 26, 1918, the standard time was one hour in advance of the mean astronomical time, with the result that less coal, gaslight and illuminating oil was burned during daylight hours while people pursued their ordinary vocations.

In the fall of that year an enormous saving of gasoline was also effected. The branch of government work having charge of fuel material of all descriptions sent out an official request making an earnest appeal to the patriotism of all persons owning or

operating automobiles, motorcycles and other gasoline consuming vehicles to desist from using same on Sundays for purely pleasure riding.

For seven Sundays scarcely an automobile could be seen on the streets or public highways excepting those which were operated for urgent business, such as physicians calling upon the sick, ambulances, mail wagons and army officers engaged on official business, in which cases the vehicle carried an appropriately inscribed placard. In this manner over 31 million gallons of gasoline were saved, half of which quantity at least is known to have been sent overseas for the use of gasoline consuming vehicles of war in France.

Our soldiers in France and in the camps at home set an inspiring example in the purchase of Liberty Bonds.

From the officer's Training Camps and from the camps of the National Guard and the National Army came a grand record. America will always be proud of the noble example of these soldiers, who in addition to risking their lives, gave of their pay to help provide the sinews of war.

When the sun went down on the Third Liberty Loan the total subscriptions by the boys in khaki amounted to nearly fifty million dollars. General Pershing reported that in some regiments every man came forward with his contribution for the purchase of shell and cartridges to be used in the war.

The far-reaching effect of all these efforts may not be apparent to the world until the stirring events of the times in which this book is written have become history.

The memorable years of 1917, 1918 and 1919 have written a notable page in our history. It will leave us a priceless heritage, the traditions of our race which were not found wanting when the freedom of humanity was at stake, which we believed was not born to suffer extinction at the hands of a German autocrat.

Our entry into the great war has had a vast influence in shaping our national destiny. America will hereafter be a far more

conspicuous figure in the world's markets than we had ever dreamed of in our most sanguine moments. The United States will be busy as never before in productive industries.

Now we face a new day and its great responsibilities and duties awakened in us by a new and greater national spirit.

Into our country men and women of foreign birth have come and will continue to come with their dreams of liberty and freedom.

In their ways, their manners, their appearance, they are very foreign to us. We can not close our lives to them as the early fathers would have shut out those with whom they disagreed.

They have much to give us, to enrich and expand our lives. They are here to quicken our artistic sensibilities, to throw into the common fund, their own joy of life, to lend their physical and mental energies to our common tasks, to teach us what they know of how to live and love and serve.

Whatever of virility, of energy and capacity they can give to round out and complete our national life should not only be welcomed but encouraged. Yet, no man should be permitted to stay here unless he becomes an American and nothing else.

Let them be loyal to the principles established by Washington and his compatriots in 1776, and perpetuated by Lincoln and his comrades in 1861 and 1865.

We must have in this country only one flag—the stars and stripes—only one language—English—the language of the Declaration of Independence, of Washington's Farewell Address, of Lincoln's Gettysburg speech and his second inaugural, and but one loyalty, that to the United States, and with these virtues we may turn our minds hopefully away from the horrors of war and the great crime of the Germans to the time when others shall inhabit the earth and be wiser and freer for the suffering of this generation and this war.

THE NATIONAL GUARD.

From the time Peter Minuit, first Dutch governor of New York, organized a few colonists into a defensive force against the Indians and until a comparatively recent date, it was fashionable to refer scornfully to "the militia."

Van Twiller, Minuit's successor, gained popularity by garrisoning Fort Aansterdam with 100 "regular" soldiers from Holland.

When the imported warriors, sleeping late one morning in 1634, allowed a ship to enter the harbor unobserved and terrify the populace with a daybreak salute, the citizen soldiers asserted their claim to popular appreciation and the militia versus the regulars controversy, destined to continue for nearly three centuries, was on.

One of the principles upon which our government was founded was that military service is an obligation which every able-bodied citizen owes the Government; our early military policy was based on this doctrine. Gradually this method was abandoned, for the reason that the volunteer system produced sufficient military protection for the time being; the volunteer system has, however, always placed a more or less handicap upon the willing and patriotic citizen.

By volunteering for a fixed period of time the National Guardsman consecrated himself to the military service of his State and Nation; supported by an oath of allegiance, he proclaimed, in effect, that the nation may depend upon him for such service during a certain period, whatever might be the emergency or consequences.

In 1812 and 1861 the nation was preserved by its citizen soldiers. In later years the National Guard was occupied in quelling local disorder and preserving the structure of government intact in the various States.

Despite these services, it was ever the butt of ridicule for the

"regular" military and the subject of incessant wrangles in the legislatures of the states and nation and the declarations of their officers that the organization could be of service to the country in war were met with contempt.

In 1916 the National Guard of nearly all the States was mobilized on the Mexican border to take part in the expedition against the bandits of Pancho Villa. They showed unquestionable military capacity.

Nevertheless, a few months later, a Senate sub-committee on military affairs was gravely informed by the nation's highest military authorities that the National Guard was a "tragic failure" and a "broken reed."

"The men," said a high regular army officer, describing the guardsmen for the benefit of that committee, "are entirely lacking in that mental attitude called discipline."

This hostility to the National Guard had been for so long a time a tenet of faith in the Regular Army that it was clung to by short-sighted regular officers long after National Guard troops had proved on the field of battle that these volunteers were as good fighting men as were their fathers and grandfathers in 1861, and that their officers were frequently in field tactics the equal, if not superior to the West Point graduate.

As organized under the National Defense Act of June 3, 1916, and containing some 379,000 officers and men, the National Guard was drafted intact into federal service for the war against Germany and passed into history as such. The volunteer system for United States troops in time of war was thus ended and superseded by the selective draft, first of men between the ages of 21 and 31 years, inclusive, and later of those men from 18 to 45 years, based upon the theory of universal liability of every able-bodied man to bear arms at the call of the President, and the Government insisted that no contrast should be made between those who voluntarily entered the service and those selected by the draft method. The use of posters was prohibited in which

any reference was made to those who "went" as preferable to those who were "sent."

Two years after the passage of the above-mentioned act, 18 National Guard Divisions were well organized as fighting units. Fifteen of these units, by reason of their previous training, were in early readiness for service overseas.

Many individual members of these divisions distinguished themselves and have been cited by their commanders for "extraordinary heroism in action," or have received decorations from the Allied governments for gallantry in action, as well as the military decorations awarded by the United States and honors conferred by Congress. Among many others the case may be cited of 1st Lieut. W. B. Turner, a former member of Squadron A Cavalry, New York National Guard, and assigned to the 105th Infantry in France:

The acts which constituted the extraordinary valor and leadership displayed by this gallant officer are worthy of recital. In the battle of the Hindenburg Line, Lieut. Turner led a small group of men to the attack under terrific artillery and machine-gun fire, after they had become separated from the rest of the company in the darkness.

Single-handed, he rushed an enemy machine-gun which had suddenly opened fire on his group and killed the crew with his pistol.

He then pressed forward to another machine-gun post 25 yards away and had killed one gunner himself by the time the remainder of the detachment arrived and put the gun out of action.

With the utmost bravery he continued to lead his men over three lines of hostile trenches, cleaning up each one as they advanced, regardless of the fact that he had been wounded three times, and killed several of the enemy in hand-to-hand encounters. After his pistol ammunition was exhausted this intrepid officer seized the rifle of a dead soldier, bayoneted several men-

bers of a machine-gun crew and shot the others. Upon reaching the fourth line trench, which was his objective, Lieut. Turner captured it with the nine men remaining in his group and resisted a hostile counter attack until he was finally surrounded by the enemy and killed.

The Congressional Medal of Honor was awarded posthumously and was sent to his mother.

Many hundreds of National Guard officers, from Chateau-Thierry to the Argonne, have led their men like veterans against the best shock troops of the German army and have whipped them.

In the Soissons-Chateau-Thierry-Rheims sector of the fighting line, late in July, 1918, the crack troops of the Kaiser's army which faced the advancing Americans were routed and demoralized.

The 4th Division of the famous Prussian Guards, professional soldiers of the German regular army, who are used only when things look desperate and who never before had failed their imperial master, went down in defeat before National Guardsmen from the United States.

These were the 28th Division from Pennsylvania and the 42d Division, popularly known as the Rainbow Division, because it was composed of National Guard troops from 26 States and the District of Columbia.

Five divisions bore the brunt of all our fighting in France from the time of our entrance into the war up to the day the armistice was signed. Other divisions played a splendid part in the hard fighting our soldiers did, but the war ended before most of them were in a condition fit to be called combat troops.

These five divisions which heroically sustained the terrible burden of war while America gathered strength and prepared other troops by draft to aid them were the 1st and 2d regular divisions and the 26th, 32d and 42d National Guard Divisions.

Throughout France they are known for their wonderful work.

They were second to none as the bravest and gamest lot of men that ever wore the uniform of their country.

The number of prisoners taken by the 32d Division was more than half as many as the total number of Americans who were taken prisoners by the whole German army.

The 26th were boys from the New England States; the 32d was composed of the Wisconsin and Michigan State troops, and they made enviable records in the fighting. They demonstrated primarily that their militia training gave them a distinct advantage because it shortened their training period. After reaching the battle zone they showed the stuff in them and proved that the citizen soldiers from the States could make a record which will always be a credit to them.

How magnificently they upheld the traditions of America on every American battle-front in France during the war is imperishably written in history. Other divisions reached the front, also, but suffered no such casualties as were sustained by the group of five divisions that bore the brunt because they were ready first to go into the line.

From the time they first went into the line these five divisions fought continuously on every front, in every defense and in every offensive in which Americans took part. They were the best shock troops we had and they were used to the limit of human endurance, yet never faltered. When their ranks were thinned by shot and shell they were filled by replacements and the old spirit of the National Guard enabled them to absorb the new men and make them veterans. They bore the brunt of the fighting at Chateau-Thierry and on the Marne, from June to August, 1918, and came out shattered in all but heart and courage. Without rest they had to be put into the St. Mihiel offensive in September, where again they were the shock troops. Without rest they were thrown into the fighting in the Argonne. It had to be done. We were unprepared at the start and the other divisions were not yet sufficiently seasoned to fight alone. When

they came out of the offensive near Verdun (with the exception of the 26th), these divisions were sent right off on the long march into Germany.

Every soldier is proud of his own division, and he has a right to be, but the men who were in France know the truth and give the credit to these five divisions to a large extent, and if the National Guard, or a great part of it, had not been ready with the outbreak of the war we could not have achieved what was done.

The National Guard, moreover, not only supplied most of the officers for their own 18 divisions but also supplied many hundreds of officers to the National Army with the result that a majority of officers on the fighting line in France came originally from the National Guard.

The New York Division alone furnished 5,000 officers for the American Army, many of whom served in France, while others less fortunate did not get overseas service.

A considerable number of these fought as officers of regular divisions, but they had gained their knowledge and instruction in the National Guard.

Everywhere these officers were commented upon for their discipline, sense of responsibility and military bearing. They were represented in nearly all the corps and divisions in the Army, at the Staff College and at the schools as instructors.

General Pershing said, "The gallantry of the troops of the 27th Division (National Guard) has been conspicuous."

Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig's comment was, "The work of these divisions (the 27th and 30th) will rank among the highest achievements of the war. I am proud to have had you under my command."

When these two divisions, in September, 1918, had shattered the vaunted Hindenburg Line in Flanders, Lieut. Col. Arthur Murray, of the Australian forces, in an official report, stated, "There was a very large number of dead, all lying with their faces toward the front. Not in one case was there a man moving

backward when killed. I am convinced that the officers and men of the 27th Division have done all that was humanly possible for brave men to do. Their gallantry must stand out through all time in American history."

The following extract is taken from a communication addressed, subsequent to the signing of the armistice, to the 107th U. S. Infantry (formerly the 7th N. Y. National Guard) by Major General John F. O'Ryan, commanding the 27th Division:

"I write to express my admiration and respect for the valor and endurance of the officers and men of the 107th Infantry, so continuously demonstrated during the past 30 days.

"Since the great battle for the breaking of the Hindenburg line, our advance has given opportunity to inspect the defences of that system. Our attack of September 29th was directed against what was probably the most highly organized system of field defences ever constructed. In that battle the 107th Infantry attacked on the left half of the divisional sector of 4,000 yards, and during its advance had to defend its flank against heavy forces of the enemy operating from Vandhuille and holding back the division on our left.

"In the face of veritable hurricanes of fire from weapons of every calibre and class, the regiment by the leadership of its officers and the gallantry and determination of its men broke the back of the main defence line resistance, and at the time shattered all counter attacks directed upon its flank.

"Almost continuously since that time the division has been fighting and marching, and the 107th Infantry has continued its inspiring record for discipline and cheerful endurance in battle. Lying in shell holes at night, attacking at dawn, fighting all day against the most determined and cunning machine gun resistance supported by artillery—repeating this the following day until the relief, which meant lying in other shell holes and pits of close support— to experience these privations, with confidence and cheerfulness unimpaired, requires physical fitness and spirit in superlative degree, and well indeed have you demonstrated their possession.

"In the 10 days of operation in which you played so prominent a part the division forced the crossing of the Le Selle River, captured Dandival Farm, the town of Arbre Guernon, and in cooperation with flanking divisions compelled the enemy to retire to the Canal de la Sambre. It also captured many hundreds of prisoners, and a great amount of war material. In the operations of the past month the regi-

ment has written some brilliant pages of regimental history. All honor to the memory of those gallant comrades who died in the accomplishment of what was achieved."

Thus has the National Guard proved itself to be a real, tangible military asset to the nation in time of peril; their military value has been admitted by the soldiers of Europe, both friend and foe, and history will record the full acknowledgment of their services by a grateful nation.

We entered the war on April 6, 1917, and of the 28 American combat divisions in the battle areas when the war ended, 11 were National Guard, about 40 per cent. Ten were National Army divisions, and seven were regular divisions.

Many regular army officers, hitherto the severest critics of the National Guard, are now its warmest defenders. We could not have helped the Allies to win the war without the selective draft, nor could we have done what we did without the National Guard, but we must never again call upon our sons to endure what these men went through.

No American soldiers deserve more of praise and honorable recognition than those who voluntarily served and fought with the National Guard in the Expeditionary Forces in France; 417,000 of them answered the call and made possible the calling into service of the Rainbow Division, the Yankee, Wildcat, Old Hickory, and all other National Guard Divisions that won distinction on the Marne, in the Argonne, against the Hindenburg Line and the many other places that they helped to make famous while winning immortal and imperishable glory for the American arms and the flag they served so well.

With years of patient and willing effort in learning how to be of service to their country in time of need they were proud of their identity.

Yet in making up the great army for the campaigns abroad, many of their organizations were broken up to become component units of other organizations, thus entirely losing their

former identity which distinguished them in their home communities from all others.

As the record, unmarred by a single discredit, abundantly shows, they went where duty called and many of them died heroically in the great cause. They went abroad to fight for democracy, for they represented people who enjoyed the highest right of American democracy, the right to vote and choose their own leaders.

Didn't know much, but knew something;
Learned while the other men played;
Didn't hold back for commissions,
Went when the other men stayed.
Took no degrees up at Plattsburg,
Needed too soon for the game,
Ready, awaiting the roll-call—
Orders said, "Come!" and they came.

Didn't get bars on their shoulders—
Each knew his job where he stood.
Didn't get classed with the reg'lars
Or think they were equally good:
Just got a job and got busy,
Awkward sometimes, but intent;
Filing no claims for exemption—
Orders said, "Go!" and they went.

Didn't get farewell processions,
Yearned for no newspaper praise;
Eager to get at the monster
And throttle his devilish ways:
Left work-bench, salesroom and office,
Dug in and awaited their chance—
Orders said, "First line trenches!"
They held them with glory in France.

All honor to the fine, brave manhood in the Army from the country's National Guard. They never murmured at the demand which consigned their cherished regimental names to practical oblivion. They suffered every casualty of war, killed in action, wounded in action, death by disease and accident, many of the survivors crippled or smitten with lasting injuries.

The American people will always cherish the memory of these fallen sons and keep high in pride and warm in affection the survivors of that dauntless throng of guardsmen who have happily lived through the hardships and perils of war.

There is no prize of honor for deeds or service for American soldiers which the men of the National Guard do not deserve.

It was an inspiring scene at Romagne, in the Argonne cemetery, where more than 9,000 American soldiers are buried, when, on Memorial Day, 1919, General Pershing closed his address with these words:

"Farewell, dear comrades. Here under the clear skies on the green hillside and amid the flowering fields of France, in the quiet hush of peace, we leave you forever in God's keeping."

General Degoutte, representing the French government, and Marshal Foch, also being present on that occasion, spoke briefly, mentioning the battles in which the Americans had participated and dwelling upon the everlasting memory in which those who had died for the cause of liberty, justice and civilization would be held by all France.

THEY LIE IN FRANCE WHERE LILIES BLOOM.

They lie in France
Where lilies bloom;
Those flowers pale
That guard each tomb
Are s a i n t l y souls
That smiling stand
Close by them in
That martyred land.
And nutely there the long night shadows creep
From quiet hills to mourn for them who sleep,
While o'er them through the dusk go silently
The grieving clouds that slowly drift to sea.
And lately round them moaned the winter wind
Whose voice, lamenting, sounds so coldly kind.
Yet in their faith those waiting hearts abide
The time when turns forever that false tide.

In France they lie
Where lilies bloom.
Those flowers fair
For them made room.
Not v a i n l y placed
The crosses stand
Within that brave
And stricken land;
Their h o n o r lives.
Their love endures.
Their n o b l e death
The right assures.
For they shall have their hearts' desire
They who, unflinching, braved the fire.
Across the fields their eyes at last shall see
Through clouds and mist the hosts of victory.

NATIONAL PREPAREDNESS.

To be an American citizen in these days is to have a guarantee of welcome all over the civilized world.

If we may judge the future progress of our country by its progress in the past, it does not require a prophetic vision to predict that, woven of the stoutest fibers of other races, the manifest destiny of this young Republic is to light the torch of freedom and liberty till it illumines the entire pathway of the earth.

For over 50 years, until 1917, the country had enjoyed an era of peace and prosperity, with the exception of the brief period of the Spanish War, which was, comparatively speaking, little more than a succession of skirmishes and two or three more important naval engagements, with victory easily won, because of the foe's lack of strength.

Heretofore we have never had to concern ourselves very much with the matter of national preparedness. The defeat of an organized army of Great Britain at Bunker Hill in 1775 by an unorganized militia was the unplanned beginning of a so-called military policy of our nation; the traditional policy was then established against the organization of a trained standing army to be called into service whenever the emergency required.

General Washington devoted much of his time in appealing to a Continental Congress and to the States to assist in organizing an army that might be victorious. But the lack of organization which was decried by the commanding officer and others of Revolutionary times and criticized since, are the same troubles which confront us today.

We should have an army organized and raised under a system of national military training which will make us absolutely unconquerable.

On the other hand, we must not lose sight of the danger of transferring the menace of German militarism to America, and give abnormal strength to the military class, such as the condi-

tion which existed in Germany before the war, which was implanted so indelibly in the German minds and turned their people into a nation of military paranoiacs.

The United States will soon have to protect over two hundred millions of prosperous and peaceful citizens.

The expense to the nation in being ready to powerfully resist hostile aggression is small compared with the cost to a rich nation caught unprepared.

We are not going to be a "military" nation, but we shall have need to maintain an army that in the days gone by would have seemed preposterous. Certainly 500,000 men will be needed for protection, as a guarantee of order at home and for security against foreign invasion, thereby hastening that fortunate day when peace may be enforced and it will become reasonable for us to think more about plowshares and less about swords. A great effort must be made to establish, by some international organization or supreme tribunal, an alternative to war as a means of settling the disputes of nations in the future; a moral substitute for war.

After all, war is a relic of barbarism, and just as law has superceded violence as a means of settling disputes between individuals so it is destined ultimately to take the place of war in the settlement of international controversies, and out of the noise of battle and the smoke of the battlefields of this war rises the picture of a new fraternity of nations, the sons of civilization, joining hands to protect the priceless and sacred principles upon which the freedom of mankind rests; for among nations, as among men, "the wages of sin is death."

If a nation, however, neglects preparation for war and leaves itself exposed to every hostile aggression, that nation will be exterminated pursuant to the law which dooms all weaker beings in the struggle for existence.

A nation which neglects preparedness is a weak or decadent nation. It is a nation which has decided to neglect its progeny

and its future. Deliberately such a nation has chosen to be trampled on in the end by the more aggressive and more enduring types of men and nations.

America is *not* such a nation. It will end in being prepared for all eventualities. That is the only preparedness.

This presents the problem of how best to defend the country against hostile attack from any or all directions.

Preparedness in America is not an aggressive but a defensive policy for a country which is naturally peaceful and rich.

The extent of territory to be defended must be taken into consideration. America has four military fronts open to enemy attack.

The Pacific coast line is exposed to attack by any great Asiatic power. The Atlantic coast is exposed to the hostile actions of any European power at war with United States. Mexico and Canada would not be able to defend their neutrality any more than Belgium was able to in 1914, and their territory may be used as a base by any great power or combination of powers at war with us. A group of powers, allied for the time being, would be able to make an attack on America simultaneously on all its fronts, and to land on our shores in a comparatively brief space of time a million trained soldiers, properly equipped.

Our first line of defense would naturally be exclusively on the high seas; the second line of defense consists of the modern fortifications necessary to guard the harbors and landing places available for an enemy. The third is the army.

With a coast line of over 6,000 miles to guard, a little navy is of no use to the country. It would be better for America to abolish the naval service altogether than to trust its defense to a small navy. In the Pacific our fleet must equal in fighting strength that of the greatest Asiatic power, and in the Atlantic America should maintain a fleet equal to that of the greatest European power.

The second line of defense must be kept fully equipped with

heavy ordnance of the greatest power and range and with the most advanced appliances of modern defense.

The third line must be a national army based upon universal military service, preferably on the Swiss plan. This is the most democratic and least expensive method for the army of a Republic. The time it requires for training its citizens is comparatively short; it interferes little with the ordinary pursuits of the young men of the nation and its cost to the country is relatively small.

The old militia system is obsolete and useless for defense. The testimony of the leading military authorities in America is, that however well disposed and patriotic the militia may be, it requires immediate reorganization in every war, and for this reason it must give way to universal military service.

In modern warfare neither arms nor their proper employment can be suddenly improvised. In the employment of the old rifle or musket, American farmers and frontiersmen of the old days needed little training to make them efficient with their weapons for they were accustomed to the use of them. With the disappearance of large game and the old frontier life, all this former advantage has been lost and in their production and skilful use a considerable period in times of peace is required. Modern military movements are so swift that there is no time given to create an army, and modern warfare once begun leaves little time for preparations. Consequently, if America wishes to continue as it is, it must live under a national scheme for minimum preparation against war.

Before the war there was no obligatory military training for army service and we had to do all this training during the war itself. In consequence we were not able to deliver any telling blows with our man-power until over a year after we went to war.

Had the war been directed primarily against the United States, we would have been absolutely helpless during the first year against our antagonists had we not been protected by the armies

and navies of our allies. While we were hardening our manpower and making it ready, we were saved from the strength and fury of our enemy only by the strength and valor of our allies.

If we had had universal military training, so that a large number of trained men would have been available immediately when called for, infinite bloodshed and treasure would have been spared and the war would have ended much sooner.

Another time we may not be in such a fortunate position, with allies to protect us. Our latent strength is such that if we prepare it in advance the chances are strong for our imposing an almost immediate peace in any conflict into which we are obliged to enter, and if we do not prepare it in advance we are doomed to sure defeat in any war in which there is no time given to spend in hurried and extravagant effort to do that which we should have done long before.

For us, the lesson of the war is plain; as it has also been for France and England. If America had been prepared, if her young men had military training, Germany would never have risked forcing her into the war. It was precisely because Germany knew us to be unprepared and felt sure that we could not get ready to fight in time to hinder her plans that she trod so insolently upon our rights. Nor does the end of the war at all remove the need for such training.

Now that the conflict is over and the David of Democracy has dealt with the Goliath of Autocracy, there is still work for David to do, worthy of his best efforts.

We have responsibilities to ourselves and to our descendants. America faces great national problems, and her soldiers have seen what men can accomplish for the common good when they act together under constituted leadership; they have also seen the dreadful evil which ultimately reaches all, when every man is a law unto himself.

The combined nations which have overcome Germany must

now make ample provision against the unpreparedness which indirectly brought upon the world the fearful catastrophe of 1914.

Obviously, a nation prepared for war holds the bond of every other nation to keep the peace and a nation, rich, populous and asleep or indifferent to the dangers of war, making little or no military preparation, paves the way for the enemy's invasion, for as long as the possibility of a dispute between nations continues—that is to say, so long as men and women are dominated by impassioned ambition and war is the only means of settling a dispute, all nations must not only, from time to time, engage in it, but be ready for its possible outbreak.

A policy of sound rational preparedness is absolutely necessary if the United States is to remain in a state of peace.

We Americans are still a pioneer race. The ancestral impulse is still ours in spite of our "high finance," our industrial despotisms and our political corruptions; then let every good American urge that our young men shall be trained in the art and science of warfare and let us not send them into war under the tremendous handicap of national unpreparedness.

Whoever has had the opportunity to compare the thousands of young Americans going into the military camps and cantonments in the United States during the past two years, with the same young men coming out later, will have been convinced that military training and discipline have been of great benefit for both the physique and morale of these young men.

These same benefits should then be obtained permanently for the country.

AIRPLANES.

There was once a Governor of New Jersey who had his picture taken seated in an airplane—on the ground. He was a large, handsome man, with a magnetic smile and the air of command; but when invited to go aloft by the affable pilot the Governor scrambled out of the machine. At that time there was no public confidence in airplanes and for once the Governor had the courage of his convictions.

It would be unprogressive and idle not to predict the world taking to the air. Will not flying become a necessity of business?

Automobiles may become as obsolete as the high-wheeled "ordinary" bicycle. Fortunately the air is wide. Even so, there will be traffic policemen up there on aerial cross-roads and popular thoroughfares. Any time-conquering feat performed in an automobile now will be done in and with a flying machine before the world is much older. How can there be any doubt when Major M. J. Boots makes a continuous flight from Mt. Clemens, Mich., to Yonkers, N. Y., 700 miles in four hours and fifty minutes; when Lieut. John E. Davis, U. S. Air Service, flies all the way from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes in 61 hours, without a mechanic; when Lieut. William T. Campbell loops the loop 155 consecutive times and is none the worse for his gyrations; when the Rev. John Moran flies about among our soldiers on the French battle front to say mass; when Capt. Gabrielle D'Annunzio soars aloft at 9 A. M. and comes down at Chalons at noon, 290 miles in three hours, and crossing the Alps in the trip. In 1918, so we read, a party of nine argonauts ate their Thanksgiving dinner on board a high powered airplane, 2,800 feet above the ancient city of Elizabeth, N. J. This innovation is at least suggestive. The touring air car of the future must have a kitchenette and a chef. People will eat course dinners while flying over Mount Washington. An aero mail carrier between New York and Washington carries his luncheon with him and enjoys it at

noon daily, thanks to a patented knee control; but an air postman has no nerves.

They are all coming, the commonplace things we all do now with automobiles. "Home James," the urban lady will say, after paying a round of visits at Hartford, Springfield, Albany and Poughkeepsie.

The New York man will keep a dinner engagement in Chicago after looking over his mail in the morning. Lawyers with their briefs, surgeons with their instrument cases, will fly from State to State; it will be all in the day's work.

There will be passenger and freight services. New York to London in 25 hours will be possible. Caproni's and Handley-Page's are being built this moment to make non-stop flights across the Atlantic. People will see "America First" in luxurious air touring cars. They will fly to their summer cottages on the Maine coast, taking their trunks along. Refrigerator planes will deliver cod caught in the Atlantic in the morning, at Pittsburgh in the afternoon.

No boy's summer camp will be complete without airplanes for recreation. Of course, there will be elopements by airplane and we are already awaiting expectantly news of the first couple to attempt an air wedding where the knot will be tied nearer heaven.

Statute writers will turn out ponderous volumes upon the law of the air, which will become a source of revenue for the profession. The airplane will certainly be utilized by explorers and sportsmen. Capt. Bartlett is now planning to fly across the North Pole. The wilds of Africa will have to reckon with the naturalists and hunters who drop from the clouds. The remotest wilderness will be accessible to adventurous sportsmen. Science, pleasure, business and government will all make general use of the airplane, dating from the peace that followed the great war.

Lieutenant Commander Albert C. Read, navigator of the NC-4,

the first aeroplane to successfully cross the Atlantic in the summer of 1919, stated at a dinner given in his honor at the Commodore Hotel in New York, on the evening of July 2, 1919, that while at a luncheon at Paris he met some of the foremost designers and engineers of aircraft. Some of the things they said would appear so visionary to most of the people at this time that he scarcely ventured to repeat their prophecies.

Anyone, however, who says that an altitude of 60,000 feet will never be attained, or that we will never be able to cross to Europe in the forenoon and return in the afternoon is a most courageous person, with a courage similar to those in other days gone by who said that iron ships would never be successful.

If war should break out 20 years from now between the United States and a European nation it might presumably begin by an attack on New York from the sky. Such attacks have done negligible damage in this war; but the greatest attack on London was made by some 30 planes; the attack on New York, beginning a war about 1940, would most probably be made by three of four thousand, and machines with far greater bomb carrying capacity than those used today. Such an air fleet could carry twenty million pounds of bombs, which would do a great deal of damage to New York.

THANKSGIVING.

Those old Pilgrims and Puritans whose Thanksgiving Day has been passed down to easier times often had small reason enough to give thanks. Their mercies were often outnumbered by their "chastisements." Sometimes the women, the children and the men were cut off by mysterious diseases, by the pitiless winters; Cotton Mather wrote that his inksland froze by the fire in his library; by hardship, by the rough labors of winning from a thankless soil, by tomahawks of the savages. They fought not only the Tawnies and the French, but the powers of Satan as real to many of them as the rattlesnake which coiled up on the steps of one of their primitive churches to hear "congenial doctrine."

They fought the devil and the climate; they kept Thanksgiving as a symbol of gratitude to the "Father of Mercies" for what He was pleased to send of good or ill.

It is a strange turning from Seventeenth Century New England to the Thanksgiving of 1919 with all its sombre contrasts as compared with those of careless years, a day of thanks of infinitely higher blessings than those of the full grist mill and ripening fields.

A graver thought, a broadening of the mind, sobriety of habit, industry, self-sacrifice, a warmer heart, a kinder hand, have been bred of the war. Generosity, unselfishness, thought and labor for others prevailed. These are but indications of the larger national outlook, the breaking down of accidental barriers of position, "class" and the welding together that common duty brings to work and light and endure and conquer?

Americans were one in purpose and in hope.

For these things, amid ruined nations and infinite sorrow, we have ample cause for thanks. Duty and honor, courage and labor are better masters than pleasure and moneymaking.

The abounding prosperity of our country with its untold opportunities for material success, the loosening of the hold of

some of the old religious and ethical sanctions of conduct and discipline have united to place upon American character a burden which in too many instances it has not been able to bear. This is God's country. But the need of the hour is to come back to a real recognition of Almighty God; there may be and there is a verbal and formal recognition, but the vital want of the day is one which shows itself in the nation's life and in the conduct and manners of our people.

It was faith in and worship of the God of their fathers which marked plainly the characters of many of our ancestors. Their religion, like ours, is the accumulation of the experience of the ages which have gone before. It is a wonderful thing to contemplate, that what we are physically and mentally is the contribution of our forbears before us and what we are spiritually is likewise the gift of those who have been in closest contact with our lives.

The ages to come must of necessity be the reflection of what we are today.

The place which religion shall occupy in the future men and women will be determined by the place which we give it in our lives today.

The Church furnishes the means by which men are helped to live their best life in this world. If we hope to have the future make use of this means, we must make full use of it ourselves, that our children may enter upon the habits which we ourselves have formed.

Religious worship may be practiced apart from the established order of the church, but it is true that away from the church, men and women do not worship God.

Our responsibility to the future should make it possible to say with St. Paul,* "So worship I the God of my fathers," who has ever been an unfailing source of help, strength and comfort to all who have trusted in Him.

"Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children, another generation." Joel 1: 3.

*Acts 24: 14.

NEW YORK OF TODAY.

THE IMPERMANENCE OF THE KALEIDOSCOPIC METROPOLIS.

The New York of today, as it would appear to one seeing it for the first time, is well described by Philip Gibbs, a noted English journalist who came to America in February, 1919, for the purpose of delivering a course of lectures to the American people concerning the war in Europe. He said:

"Our steamer had passed Staten Island and was drawing near to the Statue of Liberty when I had my first glimpse of New York.

"I stood in the bow of the ship staring out eager to see the view which had been described a thousand times by many great writers, so that I had a mental vision of it.

"Gradually it appeared, a phantom city towering faintly through the sunlit mists and then appeared in sharper outline, but still vague and ghostlike out of the water. I drew my breath and felt a queer excitement and awe. It was more wonderful and more beautiful than any description I had read.

"The great city with its high, straight towers and immense masses of architecture upon which the sunlight gleamed between gulfs of black shadow-worlds, was like some visionary's dream of a new world capital not yet materialized.

"It was fantastic, colossal, but unsubstantial.

"It seemed to have no actuality and to be no more than a mirage created by the fevered imagination of man.

"But gradually as the ship made her way forward and the mists were dispelled, the city became real. Those great, vague masses of architecture, those immense sky-reaching towers, had sharp outlines and solidity.

"I tried to count the windows and the stories in the Woolworth Building, which rose high like an immense cathedral in the midst of buildings almost as tall as that, until I lost count. This city was real. When I left the steamer and passed the customs and drove into the City of New York, I was scared—'scared stiff,' as the English soldiers say. I felt absurdly and pitifully ignorant of a city which was a world away from anything I had seen in other parts of the world. I had come with the idea of telling the American people something of the war on the Western front, but the audacity of such a thing appalled me. When for the first time I drove through New York streets, I felt the smallest thing on earth, smaller than any 'cootie' hiding in the trenches under the bombardment of 2,000 guns.

"Through the windows of the automobile I could see topmost heights of the buildings on either side. They towered up to vast altitudes story upon story, and I seemed to be driving down deep canyons with high cliffs rising sheer and straight on both sides, but cliffs pierced with innumerable windows and in every window a display of wealth and elegance of civilization which put the remembrance of cities like Paris and London into insignificance.

"New York appeared to me stupendous, and on a vaster scale.

"I was caught up in the whirl of it."

New Yorkers, during the last decade, have given up all idea that human intelligence and engineering skill can plan a structure that will have a really permanent place on Manhattan Island. Apparently, however, a limit in the upward multiplication of Manhattan has been reached, not because the engineers are unwilling or unable to build edifices higher than the Woolworth Building, but because in terms of the almighty dollar it is not found profitable to rent space above certain levels. It costs too much to carry and set brick and building material so far from the earth; it costs too much to lift people in elevators a seventh of a mile; too much money has been charged off to the indirect advertising that may come from owning the highest building in the world. Everyone supposed that the purchasers of the Equitable site, 120 Broadway, would straightway strive to out-top the Woolworth Building. Instead, they decided to build only 36 stories and content themselves with having the largest floor area under a single roof.

It is historic New Amsterdam which has put the surest limit on the number and height of our skyscrapers.

The downtown streets are too narrow for the pedestrians and vehicles which now attempt to use them. Their width was sufficient for the inhabitants of three and four-story dwellings, but when the space occupied by one block is multiplied 30 times upon itself and its inhabitants must pass in the same narrow roadway, street traffic becomes a problem.

Buildings can not accommodate more people than can make

their way to them by means of the street. So the original cow-paths, reputed to have decided the direction of certain streets, have called a halt on our Twentieth Century engineers. Yet the year 2019 may see the Equitable Building torn down to give way to a hundred and fifty-story structure with a Transatlantic Aeroplane station on its roof.

Never in the history of New York, though it has been the scene of countless deeds and spectacular events which will live long in history, have there been so many thrills and extraordinary activities in the city's every-day life as during the last year of the great war, 1918.

For youth and old age, for whoever loved adventure and whose heart beat faster to martial sights and sounds, there was an unending source of interest in the war-like sights to be seen continually on every hand.

War relics were gathered and displayed in public; there were to be seen the 77 millimeter guns captured from the Germans at Chateau-Thierry.

Never were there more interesting tales of adventure told than by men who had just come from the great war and who had taken an actual part in the fighting.

There were Pershing's heroes, young Americans who had been in the thick of the fighting in France and who had won distinction by their deeds. Then came a number of the Blue Devils, as the crack Alpine Chasseurs of France were called, who won applause every time they marched.

Then there came to be reviewed by New York the Anzacs from Australia and New Zealand; the foreign Legion; the Italian Bersaglieri, and the Polish Veterans, all arousing tremendous enthusiasm and all this occurred before the armistice was signed.

Truly these were memorable days, in addition to the fact that it was the year in which America threw into the scales against Germany the weight of 2,000,000 fighting men on the side

of right against might and brought back a victory worthy of the sacrifice.

In store windows were war scenes and panoramas; parades there were of all descriptions; boxing matches were staged; a great ball was rolled all the way from Buffalo to New York; there were moving pictures shown on street corners; war tanks rolled through the city; men competed in walking and running matches on a treadmill in Times Square; well-known actors and actresses appeared; the best singers were heard free of charge, while painters and cartoonists were seen painting and drawing.

Thousands were thrilled with the sight of the "human squirrel" going up the side of tall buildings in 42d Street or stood in breathless interest watching him dangling on a rope outside the 30th floor, while the searchlight on the Times Building traveled up and down the side of the building. So-called "human flies" climbed the sides of the tallest buildings and hung suspended by their hands a hundred feet above the street. Then there was "Divo," who jumped from heights, struck an inclined chute arranged in the street below and was shot up into the air again, to land on his feet unharmed.

It was an unusual sight during the Red Cross drive when city policemen on traffic duty appeared on the streets carrying flags marked with the Red Cross and used them to wave vehicles up and down the streets.

A new feature of city life during the year was the block party, neighborhood gatherings, where young and old danced on the street and then stopped long enough to listen to an address by some neighborhood celebrity. To allow uninterrupted pleasure, the police roped off blocks and no vehicular traffic was allowed to go through while the parties were on.

A feature of the Liberty Loan drive was a carrier pigeon derby. On this occasion the pigeons were released from points equally distant in the five boroughs and they flew to the Liberty Altar in Madison Square. The event had been widely advertised

as a feature of the day and a great crowd gathered at the finishing point to watch the birds bring in their messages; the race brought a substantial return in the way of increased bond sales.

The great open-air amusement centres in New York during these various activities were the steps of the Sub-Treasury in Wall Street; the Liberty Bell in front of the City Hall; the steps of the Public Library, 5th Avenue at 42d Street, which was the greatest centre of interest. Here nearly all day could be heard the sputtering of the Browning machine gun shown to purchasers of War Savings stamps and the volleying of the imitation gun on the model of the war tank that occupied the centre of the Library plaza and helped enlistments in the Tank Corps of the Army.

The old days were good, but I believe in every step of progress, and in spite of din and roar, in spite of crowds, in spite of foreign population massing into what was long the American section of the city, I *still* lift my head with St. Paul and say, "I am a citizen of no mean city."

The contrasts between the New York of today and the same city when it was known as New Amsterdam, are marvelous to contemplate. With the steady march of progress and improvement nearly everything has changed.

Could time be turned back 250 years, how interesting would be a peep at the old Dutch city in its thriving heyday; how quaint and curious would our remote ancestors appear to us now and with what interest would we search them out, see what they looked like, how they dressed, what were their pursuits and their experiences during the great events of the country's history through which they passed.

There are those of the present and coming generations of us to whose imagination such reflections will appeal, as they have to the writer, which led him to believe that it should not be his fault if an authentic work of this character was not at least honestly attempted and a copy find its place on the bookshelf in the

library of every home having an interest in the Butler ancestry.

It is hoped that as the years pass, another descendant of our line will supply an added volume which will furnish later material and facts to perpetuate for future generations as a sacred duty to those who bear the family name, that the archives should be rich with records describing the lives and services of our Butler kinsfolk.

"That ye may tell it to the generation following."

Ps. xlviii: 13.

FAMILY RECORD

Births

NAMES	DATE	PLACE

FAMILY RECORD

Deaths

NAME	DATE	PLACE

FAMILY RECORD

Marriages

NAMES	DATE	PLACE

On this page affix the photograph of a member of your family, with name and dates below same

On this page affix the photograph of a member of your family, with name and dates below same

On this page affix the photograph of a member of your family, with name and dates below same

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